Collier's

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PITTSBURGH 13, PA.

FEBRUARY 4, 1955

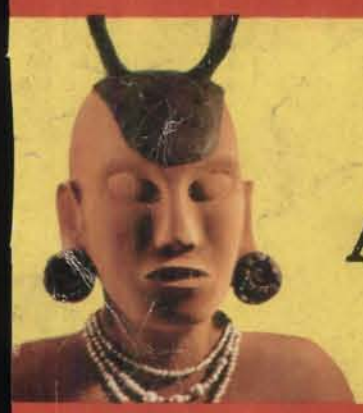
FIFTEEN CENTS

GERMANY—
Friend or Foe?

Special Report by Theodore H. White

Truman in Retirement

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE



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Listerine does what non-antiseptic tonics, shampoos—even lanolin—do not do. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs, instantly, by millions!

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Scientists showed germs produced dandruff symptoms

Scientists have actually developed dandruff symptoms artificially by infecting people and test animals with germs (see picture above). When test animals were treated regularly with Listerine Antiseptic, dandruff symptoms disappeared. When they were not treated with Listerine Antiseptic, the dandruff symptoms remained.

Listerine kills germs by millions—ordinary non-antiseptic "remedies" do not

Non-antiseptic shampoos, tonics, even lanolin do not kill germs like Listerine does. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions . . . instantly. So if you have any of the symptoms of infectious dandruff—whether or not you use shampoos or tonics—remember, you should have *antiseptic* action to kill germs. Start . . . and continue . . . with the tested germ-killing Listerine Antiseptic treatment and massage.

Non-antiseptic shampoos, tonics . . . even lanolin . . . do not kill germs like Listerine does.

Listerine really gets down to work at the point where these non-antiseptic "remedies" stop. It gets after germs themselves . . . kills them by millions.

Rabbits, infected with dandruff, were treated daily with Listerine on one side only.

In two weeks on the average, the sides treated with Listerine were free of dandruff symptoms; the untreated sides retained the symptoms.

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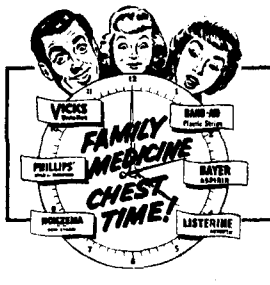

Look for Listerine Antiseptic in the "FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST TIME" display at your favorite store.

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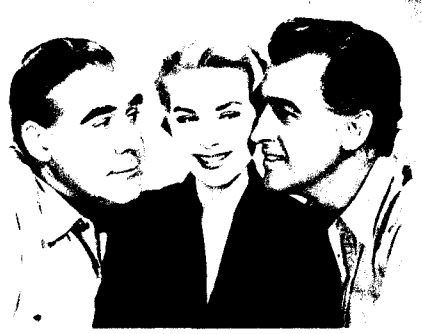
Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

True to its title, M-G-M's "Green Fire" flames with the color and glitter of emeralds and jealousies, the shade and flash of lightning desires, the hue and cry of romantic adventure in faraway wild places!

For "Green Fire" is *screen* fire – sweeping in CinemaScope, ablaze with Color! It was authentically filmed at white heat on remote South American spots never before exposed to *any* lens; and it stars Stewart Granger, Grace Kelly, Paul Douglas, and John Ericson in a corrosive story of explosive emotion and action.



If anybody here has NOT seen Grace Kelly, if by some mischance you missed her dazzling debut in "Mogambo", we're glad to say her special low-banked fires are to be seen and felt at their most coolly provocative in the by-play and love-play with Granger. The latter is at the peak of his powerful form as the emerald-hunter Rian Mitchell, who has courted sudden death seeking sudden wealth in the world's most fascinating danger-spots. We meet him at the foot of Carrere, fabled mountain cache of the "Green Fire" lodes, just as he strikes pay dirt – and just as a bullet strikes *him*!

His rescue, his recovery, the arrival of his cynical two-fisted sidekick (splendidly played by Paul Douglas) all devastate the peace of a tropic plantation, run by Miss Kelly and the youthful excitement-seeker, John Ericson. From the first smoldering clinch to the gun-smoked, thrill-cloaked climax in the crag-capped Andes, the far-ranging CinemaScope cameras yield a wealth of scenic beauty and excitement.

Action all the way! We come to grips with the colorful streets of Barranquilla, riotous waterfront cafes and gambling casinos . . . leaping jaguars, jungles swarming with banditos . . . the course of a vast river being changed and finally the most tremendous, torrential avalanche ever!

Director Andrew Marton and producer Armand Deutsch polished this giant M-G-M gem to radiant perfection. "Green Fire" is all anyone may desire in entertainment!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE STEWART GRANGER, GRACE KELLY, PAUL DOUGLAS in "GREEN FIRE", co-starring JOHN ERICSON, with Murvyn Vye. Written for the screen by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Andrew Marton. Produced by Armand Deutsch. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

FEBRUARY 4, 1955

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ARTICLES

TRUMAN IN RETIREMENT . . . . . Helen Worden Erskine 19
HOW TO THINK YOUR WAY TO THE TOP . . . . . Bill Davidson 26
EVERYBODY SKIS AT STEAMBOAT . . . . . Lucile Maxfield Bogue 30
DOES HE GET WATER FROM ROCK? . . . . . Robert de Roos 32
AMERICAN INDIANS . . . . . Photographed by Arthur Lavine 60
(The Marvels in Our Museums)
WHO WRITES TO DR. SCHWEITZER? . . . . . Sam Rosenberg 68
INTO SURGERY FOR: "NOT AS A STRANGER" . . . . . Stanley Kramer 78

SPECIAL

GERMANY—FRIEND OR FOE? . . . . . Theodore H. White 46

SHORT STORIES

VISITOR AT DAWN (The Short Short Story) . . . . . Godfrey Barrass 14
THE GOOD HUSBAND . . . . . Martha Gellhorn 24
TIN-STAR POSSE . . . . . Harry Sylvester 38

SERIAL

RAWHIDE RIVER (Conclusion) . . . . . Cliff Farrell 70

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . . John O'Hara 6
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . . Walter Davenport 10
LETTERS 11
COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 16
COLLIER'S COMMENT 82

THE COVER

From this issue's varied and exciting index, we've picked four articles to feature on the cover. In a special report, a distinguished foreign correspondent tells what's *really* going on in Germany today (page 46). On page 19 you see how retirement's working out for our energetic former President. In the second article of our series, The Marvels in Our Museums, Collier's looks in on the American Indian (page 60). The fourth featured article (page 78) follows Olivia de Havilland and her co-stars inside the operating room for vivid background to the movie Not as a Stranger, based on the best seller about doctors

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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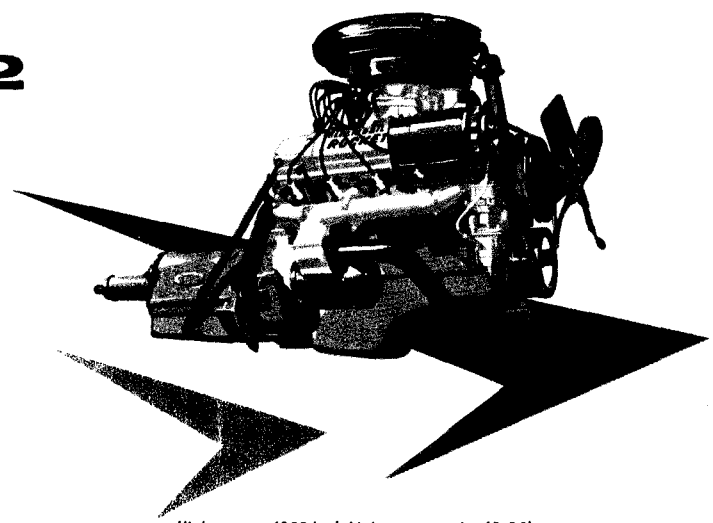

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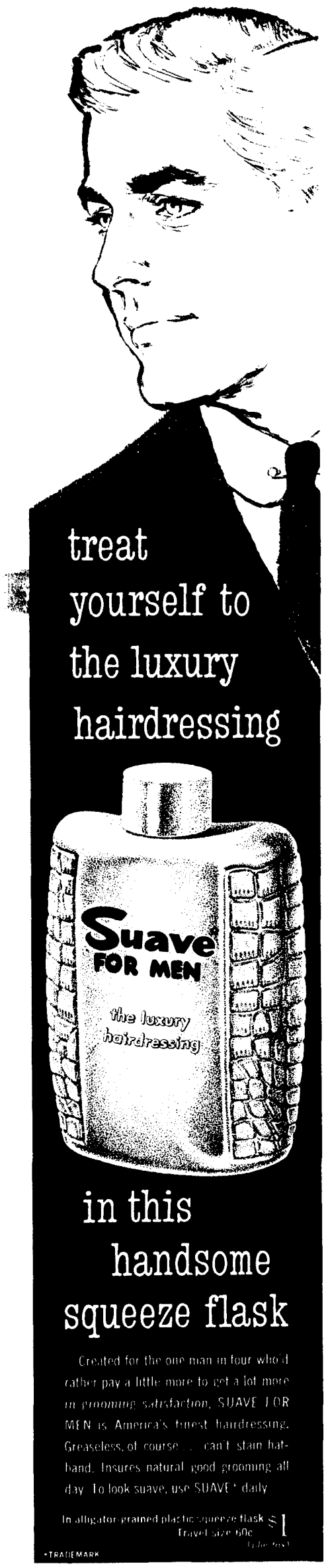
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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

ALL right, so you do come home at night tired from throwing 100-pound sacks of flour all day, or robbing pillars in the colliery, or inspecting groovers in the groover mill, or tapping reamers at the tap and reamer factory, or rolling firkins at the cheesery. At least you got nothing to worry about till the next day. You can leave your work at the plant. If Junior wants to borrow the Alfa-Romeo to go to the high-school dance, or the wife has invited the bunch in to play euchre, those aren't big problems. The guy with the big 24-hour problem is the vice-president of NBC who is assigned the job of thinking up a TV program that will murder Jackie Gleason.

I hear tell that when a man is given that job he is led to Sarnoff's office and told that his family will be taken care of and a suitable monument erected over his grave. The general drapes the NBC medal of honor around the man's neck, and Sarnoff says: "You can still back out, Renfrew. We'll understand." Then the man is given an appropriate number of ruffles and flourishes as he goes back to his headquarters. On his desk he finds a wicked-looking automatic in which there is a single silver bullet. A pretty secretary brings him a container of coffee and then he is left alone.

On one wall of the room are photographs of Gleason, Art Carney and Audrey Meadows. On the floor beside the man's desk is a box of stones to throw at the pictures. As a rule all that is ever heard from the room is the tattoo of the stones as they are hurled at the hated likenesses, followed by an agonized, "I can't, I can't!" Then the muffled explosion and . . . silence. *Bung, bing, bong.* The NBC chimes.

You think you got troubles?

★ ★ ★

I'VE BEEN here a year now, and in this business when you've lasted a year you think about hitting the boss for a raise. But I happened, as part of this delightful job, to see two movies in less than twenty-four hours, and seeing those movies has made me hesitate. It may not last, but for the moment I have renounced avarice.

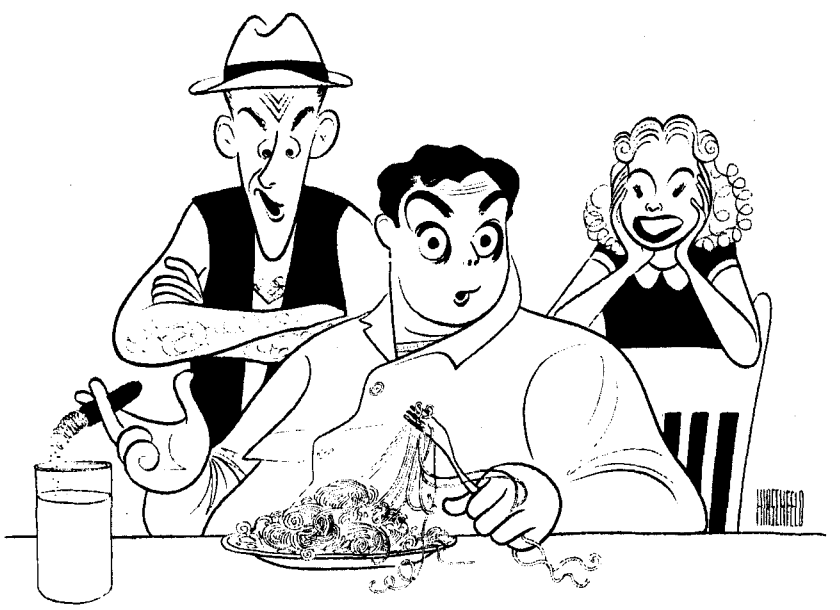
The first movie is one called Green Fire and it, of course, stars Grace Kelly. How could any other actress be starred in a movie called Green Fire? True, the title refers to emeralds and not to the star, but you can't tell me that Metro, an organization that simply teems with poets, was unaware of the subtler implications in the association of leading woman and title. In this picture the Problem, or the About (under Mr. Schary all Metro pictures have to be about something), is whether it's better to have a coffee plantation or an emerald mine. Is it better for the Colombian natives to work peacefully at the cultivation of the bean than to quarrel among themselves over who saw the Green Fire first? (This quarrel, I may say, extends far beyond the film, for you can stir up a critical controversy over who saw Grace Kelly first. The controversy, as you regular readers know, should have been settled a couple of issues ago when I told you that Miss Kelly told me that a little colored boy asked for her autograph while she was still doing TV commercials. He knew she wasn't a star, but he knew she would be. So that should stash that one.) The picture, a pretty good one, has Stewart Granger digging for emeralds with his pal Paul Douglas and causing a flood that threatens Miss Kelly's plantation. I can tell you, without bankrupting Metro, that coffee emerges triumphant, and I have tried to tell you without any wisecracks about the comparative prices of coffee and emeralds. And so much for Lesson I.

Lesson II, which I took the next afternoon, had that well-known Princeton architect James Stewart playing an awfully greedy man in a movie called The Far Country. At the opening you learn that Stewart has killed two men who tried to run off with the cattle he is escorting to Alaska, and while I did not have my gun-notcher with me, I saw him knock off an undetermined number of desperadoes who were jumping claims and stealing gold dust. From being a cynic in *chaparajos* Stewart mellows into the marshal of Dawson, with the promise of schools and churches and, I dare say, eventually a University Club in the town. The mellowing, by the way, is done without the aid of a good woman. Ruth Roman plays a ruthless saloonkeeper, ruthless except for her love for Stewart, and then she is ruth, or ruthful.

Now aside from the fact that there is a great deal of plinking in both pictures, the big thing they have in common is the attitude of Metro and Universal toward the fast buck. I felt ashamed of myself for liking money as much as I do. All I wanted was enough to buy a saddle horse for my daughter and a certain motorcar for myself, but by the time Metro and Universal got through with me I not only didn't ask for a raise: I broke the basic rule of the Fourth Estate Free Loaders and spent six dollars of my own money on a Metro press agent.

I just hope Miss Kelly and Stewart don't see their own pictures. Grace's father is said to be worth more than 10 million of the very best, and while Jimmy Stewart's father was a modest hardware-store owner, Jimmy himself has made more glue than the LePage family. What if, under the influence of their respective films, Miss

AL HIRSCHFELD



The guy with a problem is the NBC veep assigned to get up a show to murder Jackie Gleason and cast, Art Carney and Audrey Meadows

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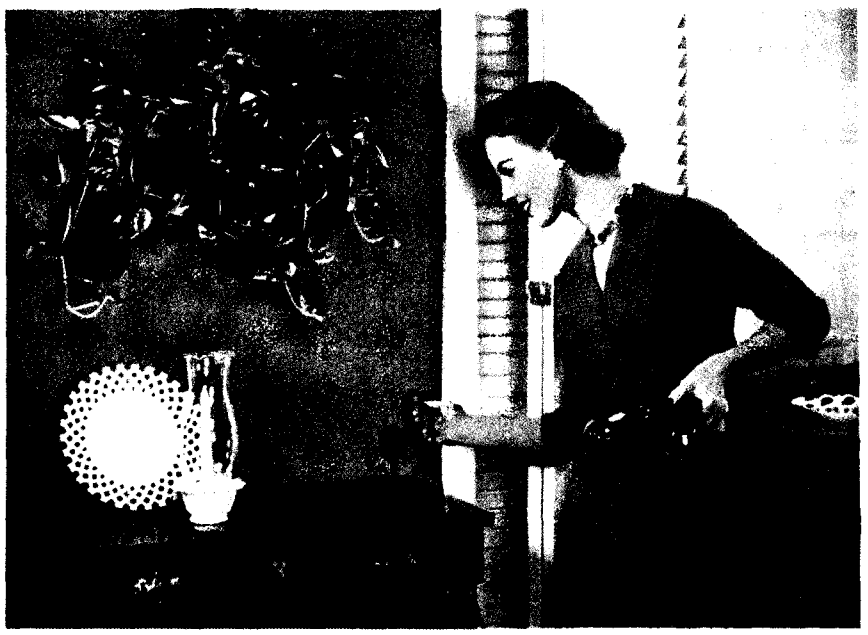

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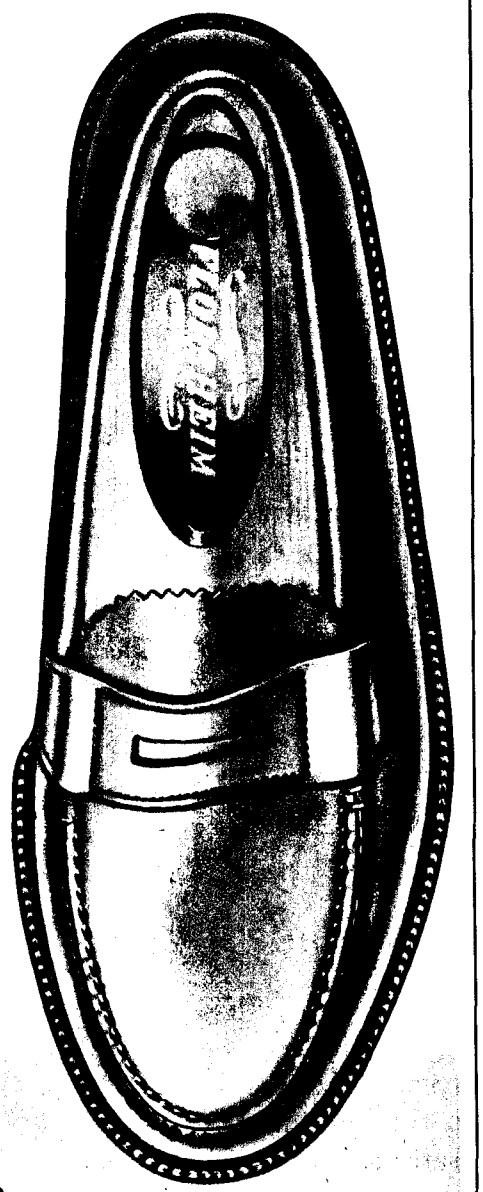

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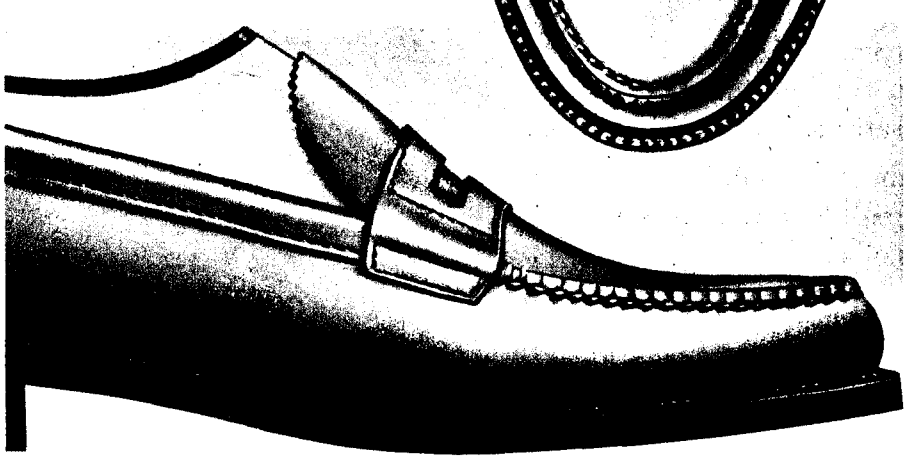

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

Kelly and Stewart should start off on an eleemosynary kick and not know when to stop? Two such attractive people could easily cause creeping socialism to became fashionable.

But then there was a picture called The Treasure of the Sierra Madre a little while back, a much better picture than the two under discussion, and preaching the same warning against gold. I saw that one in the company of its stars, Humphrey Bogart and Walter Huston. If they gave any money away, I never got any of it.

Boss, you know I've been here a year, now . . .

★ ★ ★

MENTION of emeralds does not drive me crazy, the way the mere word does some men. In fact, mention of Grace Kelly doesn't really drive me crazy, although she gets so many mentions in this department that I could list my occupation as Grace Kelly Editor of Collier's. What the word emeralds does to me is take me back to a Christmas Eve of a year when I was, for me, in the chips. I had not bought my wife a Christmas present, so a little before six o'clock I entered Tiffany's and asked to see an emerald ring. I had recalled hearing her express a fondness for emeralds.

A ring was produced, I looked at it, asked to see another one in a different setting. The salesman bent down to get out some more rings, but while bending he let out a cry of pain. Lumbago, I thought. But no. It seems that in absent-minded fashion I was rubbing the first ring over the top of the glass showcase. "Emeralds are the softest of the precious stones," said the salesman. "You could have ruined that stone."

"I'm sorry," I said. "How much is this ring worth?"

"Twenty thousand," said the salesman.

It was my turn to feel pain. Imagine paying $20,000 for a stone you've just ruined. I didn't ruin that stone, but you can bet that what I bought that Christmas was the hardest gem of them all. You can also bet that when I got home I didn't ask for a cup of coffee.

★ ★ ★

TWO OF THE MOST popular songs ever written contain the names of American cities in the titles, and if you're going to sing the songs you have to mispronounce the names of the towns: Way Down Yonder in Nwalluns, and St. Looiss Blues. I wonder what an educated Yankee would do with Versailles, Kentucky.

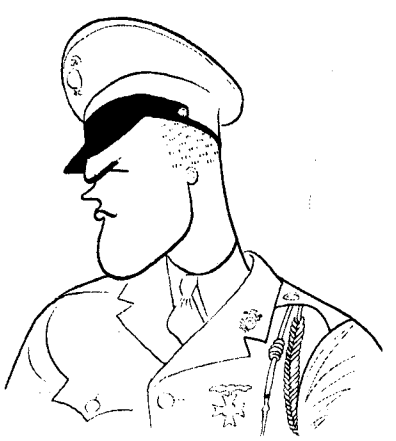
I know: Versailles in the Sunset.

★ ★ ★

I MAKE no secret of my admiration for the Marine Corps. A boyhood friend of mine had a cousin who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in War I while with the Marine Brigade, where he was a doctor and a Navy transfer. He went back to the Navy after the war, but it was as a gyrene that he won the Big Badge. (His name is Joel T. Boone, and he is now a retired admiral.) He was a handsome man with a waxed mustache and wearing a beautifully cut forestry green uniform and carrying a swagger stick when he got back from the war. Later, under Coolidge, he was White House physician, and as a doctor he was a strong advocate of the general practitioner.

I didn't mean to do a biographical sketch of Admiral Boone, M.D., but I can field it gracefully by wondering out loud what he is going to think when he sees a movie called Battle Cry. The scuttlebutt—and by the way, I wonder how many people know what that word means—has it that the high gyrene brass is quite displeased with the film. Ordinarily, when the high brass of Army, Navy or Air Force burns, my instinctive reaction is to defend the object of their censure. But in this case I concede they have a point. If all you ever saw of the Marine Corps was Battle Cry, you would carry around the impression that womanizing was the first duty of the outfit. You never saw such a lupine bunch. The All-American Boy type, played by Tab Hunter in this one, has a conventional sweetheart at home, but gets himself into an affair with a handsome older woman, Dorothy Malone. The bookish Harvard type falls for a call girl. The rugged lumberjack type, who has no respect for dames, falls for a young New Zealand widow and just barely gets under the wire before they have a wee one. Another Marine, who gets the Dear John letter, is being lushrolled in a dive when the Marines come to the rescue and wreck the joint. Now you know, and I know, and hell, we all know that boys like girls. Marines like girls. Eagle Scouts like girls. But this picture could just as honestly have been titled Wolf Call. It is intended to be the Warner answer to From Here to Eternity, or so I presume. The Warners always have an answer.

I notice that among the credits a Marine colonel is listed as technical adviser. I guess he was there to see that the shirts were tucked in right and the *fourragères* were worn on the proper shoulder. Most of the technical advice could have been supplied by Mae West. And if this were a true picture of the Marine Corps they wouldn't have turned me down for a lousy ulcer. ▲▲▲



In Battle Cry, Tab Hunter plays the role of an All-American Boy

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Although Mr. Abe Bostock is not on the State Department's payroll he generously and patriotically writes the secretary regularly from Seattle, Washington. His latest epistle commends the department on its recent punch swaps with Moscow, but he appends a warning postscript: "You are doing okay but don't let it go to your head. Don't turn your back on those guys to take a bow."

★ ★ ★

Here's a bit of timely advice to those of you who contemplate raising the Jolly Roger and setting forth for a spot of freebooting in Indiana. Don't. Try some other state where a go at piracy is regarded as a mere eccentricity. There's a law in Indiana stipulating that it's

IRWIN CAPLAN

unlawful even to *assist* in fitting out a boat for piracy there. The penalty for buccaneering on the banks of the Wabash: up to twenty-one years in the cooler and a ten-grand fine. And you can't alibi yourself either by saying you were merely running for office meaning no harm.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Ard Quicker, who is always reading something that doesn't agree with him, read somewhere that the average man gets mad six times a week. Scarcely able to control his pen, he denounces such "peace-at-any-price pacifists" as sissies. Says he's been in a torrential rage for years without a calm moment. Doesn't say why. Probably sore because he has forgotten. Lives in Detroit, Michigan, anyway.

★ ★ ★

Thinking in our foolish way that the Civil War had been over for some time, we were understandably shocked to read that headline in the Louisville Courier-Journal: Union Soldier Is Killed by Blast from Shotgun. Thinking desegregation, the Dixon-Yates affair or maybe the old offshore-oil argument had got the Blue and Gray at it again, we read further. Mystery cleared up at once. Seems that the unhappy warrior lived in Union County.

★ ★ ★

Somebody looking around for something to do has found out that while there are 82,000,000 people in Indonesia, there are also 82,000,000 chickens. How we got along without knowing this before baffles us. The information comes from Admiral Min Miller, of New York, who asks: "What could be fairer?" But suppose an unexpected guest who dropped in for dinner forgot to bring his own chicken . . .

★ ★ ★

It was a coldish night in Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Edmund MacBrayer and his host were having a comfortable discussion about the trials and tribulations of mankind, including an occasional yearning for the good old days. Came a dolorous silence during which Mr. MacBrayer's host groaned to his feet, turned up the thermostat, switched on the TV, rolled the portable bar within easier reach, groaned back into his chair (touching a concealed button as he did so to slant the back at a more comfortable angle) and wearily closed his eyes. "Yes," sighed Mr. MacBrayer's host, "life's getting tougher and tougher all the time."

★ ★ ★

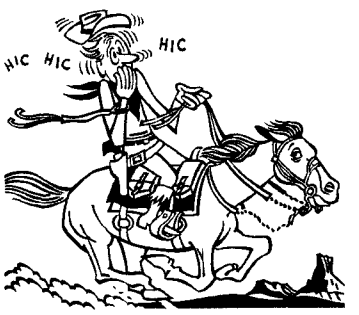
Another sliver of file-away-and-forget information landing on this desk is the contribution of Mr. Jere Conkling, of Norway, Maine. It is to the effect that Americans use the telephone 188,000,000 times a day. Fine, just fine. But there are days when we'd just as lief they'd call somebody else.

★ ★ ★

Gentleman who works for the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio Railroad tells us that an important letter from the Interstate Commerce Commission was recently received by his employers. In the letter the ICC gave the road permission to discontinue passenger service into New Orleans. "Did us all no end of good," the GM & O man said. "You can't imagine the thrill you get from being told by the government that it's all right not to do something you haven't been doing."

★ ★ ★

At a livestock sale in Duncan, Oklahoma, a gentleman in the crowd hiccuped. The auctioneer immediately announced him the successful bidder for six ponies. We are indebted to Mrs.



Donald Tipton for this valuable information. But she had to spoil everything by continuing with a postscript to her letter: "Successful bidder," said she, "is thinking of reviving the pony hicspress." ▲▲▲

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LETTERS

Final Tribute

EDITOR: "A New and Brighter Future" (Dec. 10th), which describes the wonderful job the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration is doing to find new homes for millions of European refugees, stands as a warm, final tribute to Hugh Gibson, ICEM's director. Soon after the article appeared, Mr. Gibson, a veteran of 46 years in international affairs, died in Geneva.

MRS. LARRY SUMERGRADE,
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Hugh Gibson

Twain Met

EDITOR: Apropos of Alan Moorehead's fascinating and illuminating A New Life of Winston Churchill (Dec. 10th), you may be interested in this letter received in 1943 from Mr. Churchill after he was awarded the International Mark Twain Society's Gold Medal:

". . . It will serve to keep fresh my memory of a great American (Mark Twain), who showed me much kindness when I visited New York as a young man by taking the Chair at my first public lecture and by autographing copies of his works, which still form a valued part of my library."

Incidentally, Mark Twain's and Winston Churchill's birthdays both fall on November 30th.

CYRIL CLEMENS, Editor, Mark Twain Journal, Kirkwood, Mo.

. . . A very fine character study. Profound thanks to the author for shedding additional light on Winston Spencer Churchill, with emphasis on "the formative years" when traits of character which dominate the dynamic personality of the man were just taking shape.

E. H. BEEKMAN, New Orleans, La.

Battle of the Bulge

EDITOR: Congratulations on an excellent job on the overweight problem. Martin Lederman's Slim Down with Your Favorite Foods (Dec. 24th) tackles the problem right at its source: the need to diet and yet maintain a reasonable relationship with the foods one has learned to enjoy.

WILFRED DORFMAN, M.D.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Reading

EDITOR: I was delighted to see Howard Whitman's article "Why Don't They Teach My Child to Read?" (Nov. 26th). It is something parents have been wondering about for years. Mr. Whitman is right when he says that, except for the "bootlegging" of phonics by some sensible teachers, our poor readers would number many thousands more.

Today, many educators blame television and radio for a child's lack of interest in reading; the educators should blame only themselves for foisting upon our children the "modern" method of teaching.

MRS. PAUL C. NOBLE, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . My children, now in Grades 4 and 6, can read! Astonishing, isn't it, considering that they were taught by a combination of methods as opposed to a phonetic approach? As a matter of fact, they read well.

I have taught children who have had a great deal of phonics, along with those who have learned by the combined approach, and those with the larger phonetic background do *not* surpass the rest. . . .

MRS. JAMES C. HOSFORD, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . Between football, physical education and band, my three haven't learned a thing in school. Your cartoon in the December 10th issue (below) may be a joke to some people, but it is a fact to me.

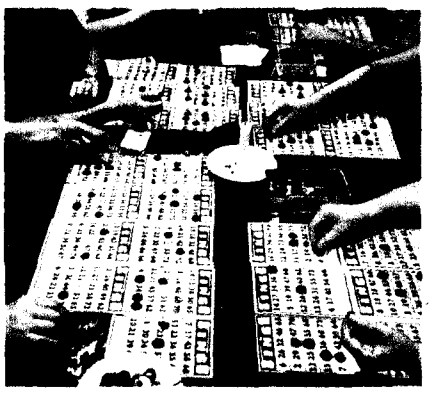
J. M. MCCANN,
West Pensacola, Fla.

"What's this I hear about you staying up until all hours of the night, studying?"

Bingo

EDITOR: Is Bingo Getting Too Big? (Dec. 10th) was one of the finest articles I have read in a long time. I am no moralist, but I feel that a great deal of today's increase in crime can be laid to bingo. Breaking any law has a bad psychological effect—especially on youngsters. They are not mature enough to differentiate between one law and another. When a church runs an illegal bingo game, what must be the effect on these youngsters' minds?

J. W. ROBINSON, Los Angeles, Cal.



. . . Bingo is a harmless game of pleasure and gives enjoyment to thousands of good citizens of New Jersey. Racketeers do not control the game here. On the contrary, through bingo, funds are being raised for worth-while charitable institutions.

SAMUEL BALL, Newark, N.J.

Tut-Tut!

EDITOR: I was very interested in Everybody's Making Like Cleopatra (Nov. 26th). However, one part of the story I feel is incorrect: the statement that Tom Terriss is the last living survivor of the party which entered King Tut's tomb 32 years ago. Another living survivor is Dr. J. O. Kinnaman, of Long Beach, California. He is now eighty-eight years of age and still very keen of mind and memory . . .

BERNHARD OTT, Lakeland, Fla.

Matter of Taste

EDITOR: It was enlightening to read Are You Bitter-Sweet or Bitter-Bitter? (Dec. 10th). Until now, I have thought my husband was eccentric when he professed to dislike so many foods that seemed both wholesome and delicious to me and to others. Now, after reading this article, I am convinced he belongs in the bitter-bitter group, who are very hard to please. . . .

MRS. ROY R. GIBSON, Bard, N.M.

. . . The taste buds have no weight with us folks who are well posted as to vitamins, calories, bodily needs and so on. At age seventy-five, I am, according to Dr. Fox's taste chart, a "bitter-salty" gastronome, but I eat and drink anything I have found that keeps my weight uniform, my digestive mechanics on the beam and my appetite keen. Taste buds? They behave, because I'm not their slave.

ROBERT E. SHAFER, Bethlehem, Pa.

. . . Research on taste should enable scientists to determine once and for all if pregnant women are merely being capricious when they develop aversions to various foods, or if they are victims of an actual physiological change.

I have never met a pregnant woman who professed the strawberries-at-midnight craving, but I have run across many examples of aversions so strong that normally delicious food appears repulsive.

MRS. MARION TURNER, Chesaw, Wash.

Nunnery Artistry

EDITOR: The response to your article Nuns Turn to Modern Art (Dec. 24th) was overwhelming. Our gallery, as the main New York outlet for the prints, was filled with people who found the nuns' work refreshingly natural, vivid and alive. One week after your story appeared, we had sold prints of almost every picture you showed on your pages. Perhaps the most unusual sale, though, was that of two prints—one of St. Cecelia—to an interior decorator. He wanted the pictures to hang over a public bar!

MARGARET LOWENGRUND, Director, The Contemporaries, New York, N.Y.

. . . Truly inspiring. It is interesting to note that The Immaculate Heart Style bears a close resemblance to the work of the modern French artist, Rouault. However, that is understandable enough, since the French painter, whose paintings are also deeply religious, began his career as apprentice to a designer of stained-glass windows for churches.

CHARLES J. NIER, Lake Forest, Ill.

Nun's work (detail)

Rouault's The Holy Face

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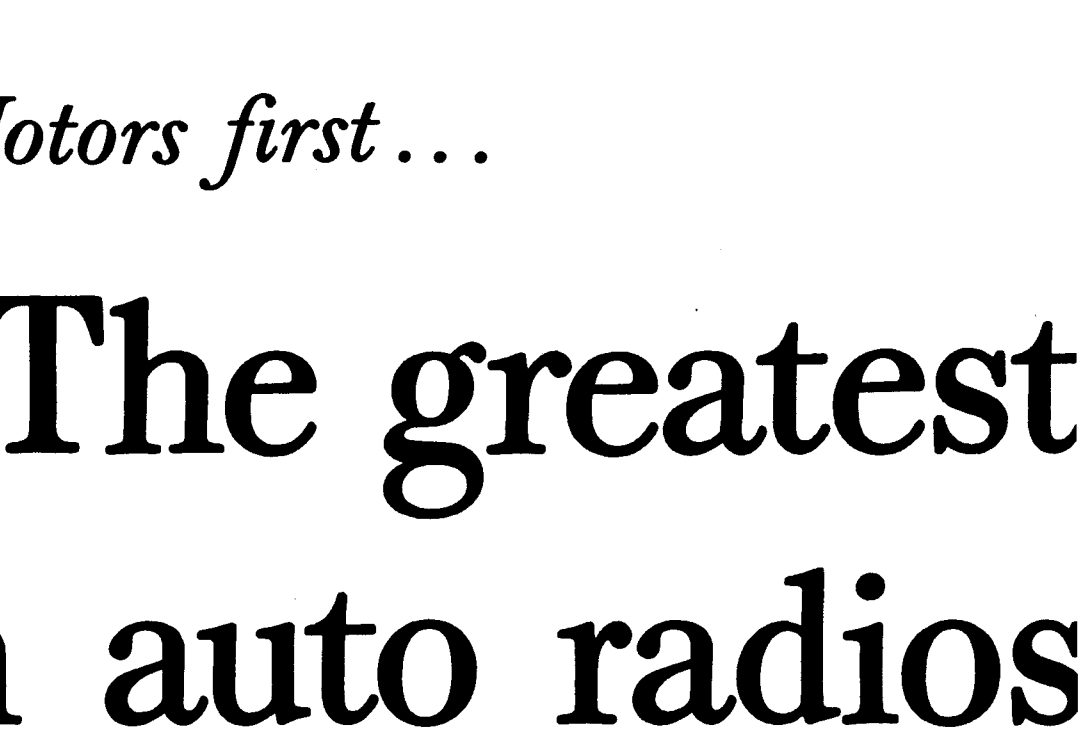

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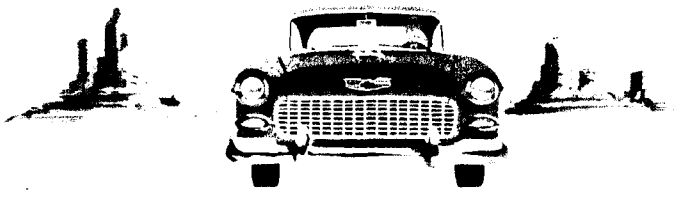

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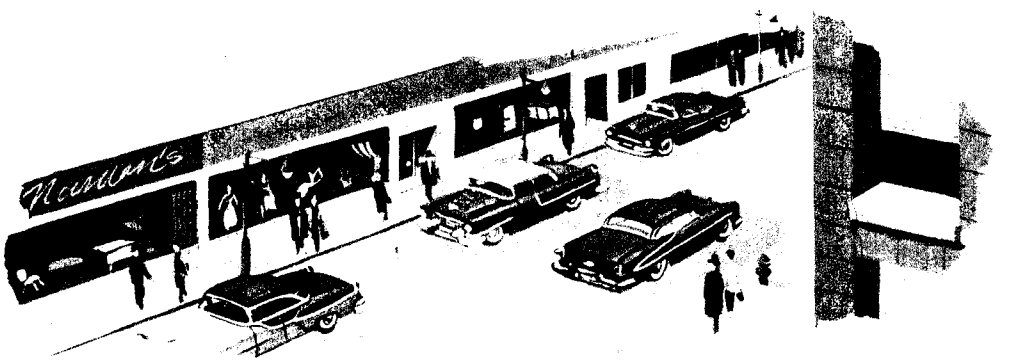

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Visitor AT DAWN

By GODFREY BARRASS

RICHARD HOOK

She reached back and began to raise the lid of the chest. Her eyes never left the panther

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

WHILE Amat, the Malay houseboy, cleared the breakfast table, Margaret changed from the shorts and tennis shoes she always put on when she first got up. She chose a simple frock of crisp, off-pink cotton, which she knew went well with her honey-blonde hair and brown eyes. After powdering her nose, she gazed for a moment at her reflection and told herself that she was beginning to get that "old-married" look.

Was that the trouble? Or was it just that after a year of marriage a husband became bored, or perhaps restless? Not that she could complain, not really. Harvey was tall, dark-haired and distinguished-looking in a way that made him seem older than twenty-eight. But he was always so busy; she saw so little of him. If only he had *more time for her.*

She sighed and started out to the veranda. In the sitting room, her eyes flicked over the Tommy gun on the wall—where it had hung, loaded and ready, since Communist terrorists had become active in the vicinity. Harvey had spent hours showing her how to shoot the gun, but she still couldn't imagine herself using it. She lighted a cigarette and went on out to the veranda where she could see the forests of rubber trees, seemingly endless.

She saw a movement among the trees and felt a moment of panic, for during the past few weeks the area had been plagued by a man-eating panther. Only the week before, it had taken a coolie on Albert Craven's division. It might be anywhere out there in the scrub jungle behind the bungalow, Margaret thought. But the panic passed when she remembered what one of the division managers, George Bissen, had said.

"A panther turned man-eater doesn't lose his fear of humans," George had told them. "Unlike a tiger, he won't come around during the daylight." Margaret found it a comforting thought.

The hot morning sun was already penetrating the thick foliage of the rubber trees, casting scattered dots of light on the ground like chippings from an ax. And even this early, a sticky heat was rising from the ground.

There were only two seasons on a rubber estate, Margaret thought: the dry one, when it rained part of every day; and the wet one when it rained all day every day. And in both seasons, she found life there monotonous.

Days began with Harvey's leaving at dawn to call roll, while she wandered in the garden in the cool of early morning. Harvey was usually back soon for a bath and a shave, and after breakfast he went off to the office and the daily chores of superintending his division. Her own household duties were hardly exhausting. Except for occasional gossip parties with other wives, her days consisted mostly of waiting for the evening cool, when Harvey returned and they could play tennis, visit some other bungalow or entertain in their own. On Saturdays there'd be a dance at some station club, and on Sundays maybe a picnic. Because of the Communists, no one went far unarmed, but she had got used to that.

So far, their own estate had suffered only the occasional slashing of a few trees, but on others there had been hour-long battles, with bungalows burned and whole divisions of rubber trees slashed.

Waiting for that sort of thing, even when it didn't happen, was hard on the nerves, she thought. Perhaps that was their trouble, hers and Harvey's. Not that anything actually was wrong between them, but he seemed preoccupied, less attentive than he had been. The morning kiss before he left for roll call had stopped weeks ago, and for nearly a week he hadn't kissed her at all. She shrugged. Perhaps every husband was like that after being married a year. And yet they'd had only one real quarrel, a silly argument over the huge ironwood chest that stood against the back wall of the sitting room.

Harvey had wanted to get rid of it and put an

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

De Roos (l.) interviews Riess as antisocial Colonel looks on

SOME years ago, during his newspaper-reporter days in San Francisco, Robert de Roos wrote a story about a dancer who had trained a couple of parrots to fly on and off the stage, untying knots and aiding in the removal of various parts of her costume. The nature of the performance didn't make it any easier for young De Roos to gather his facts swiftly and accurately.

Once again he finds parrots complicating his job. When he went out to California's Black Canyon, above the Simi Valley, to interview Stephan Riess (page 32), he found that Mr. and Mrs. Riess have a couple of dozen parrots and cockatoos which they raise for the fun of it. De Roos watched as one of them, a big fellow named Colonel, idly tore a huge splinter from the side of the house and snapped and crunched it. As Riess walked around the place with Colonel on one shoulder and De Roos at the other, he said: "He won't hurt you, but he doesn't like visitors very much."

De Roos hoped that Riess knew parrots as well as he knew underground water, kept back in case Colonel might mistake his nose for a splinter, and thought wistfully of kindly parrots that could untie knots.

★ ★ ★

WE WERE playing with somebody's toy trains a few days after Christmas when a familiar face and accent emerged from the television set. It was our young English actor friend, David Cole, playing the part of David Copperfield on the Robert Montgomery Presents show. We hadn't seen him since he returned to his home in London in 1953 after 16 months as manuscript clerk in Collier's fiction department. When he came to us at seventeen, he was already a veteran of the London stage and screen, and of a Broadway play (The Innocents, for which he won a New York Drama Critics' Award in 1950), of summer stock and radio and television. His soldierly bearing and impeccable diction and courteous ways lent an air of distinction to our establishment which has scarcely been duplicated since.

"I arrived in December," David told us when we looked him up, "and it's all because of my bad ear. In August, I decided to postpone my acting career, and I joined the Grenadier Guards. They're the chaps who wear the scarlet tunics and big bearskin caps, you know.

"One day in November the sergeant shouted an order at us. I turned my head slightly and he noticed it. The doctors found I am deaf in one ear. So here I am back in New York. Come back to Collier's? I'd love to, but I hope I'm too busy as an actor to be a clerk again."

TED WHITE got out of Harvard in 1938 *(summa cum laude)*, picked out the place farthest from Boston, packed an old valise and went there. It was Chungking, China. "Fifteen years later I came home—with a wife, two children and three tons of gear—to what seemed the end of my wanderings." And then we sent him to Germany, to write the article in this issue.

In those fifteen years, of course, White became a top-notch foreign correspondent. In Asia he saw famine, Communism, war and peace, and (with Annalee Jacoby) wrote his fine book, Thunder Out of China.

"I got to Europe in 1948," Ted reports to us, "and stayed there for five years. I had all of Western Europe as my beat, and in a way it was more exciting than the war years in Asia." Out of this experience came his second best-selling book, Fire in the Ashes.

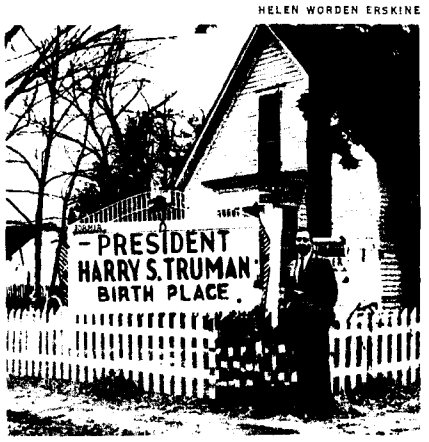
"When I went back to Germany for Collier's I was lucky to have photographer Bill Vandivert with me. The last story we did together was in 1943, a trek through Turkistan across the Takla Makan Desert. We used to go to sleep in those days stretching out in the sand, without guards, hearing caravans shuffling along the trail in the night, and we'd muse on how curious it was to lie so peacefully and at ease in a land so wild and turbulent as Turkistan. That memory was with us all through this trip, for Germany is like that—wild, savage and turbulent when the madness takes it, yet as peaceful, content and homelike as you could wish when it is quiet, as it is now."

★ ★ ★

MARVIN KONER has a bit of medical information to add to the excellent photographs he made for our piece on Harry Truman. When one Everett Earp, who owns the house now, was showing Koner the ex-President's birthplace in Lamar, Missouri, he said, "Here was where the President of the United States was born." And, vividly reconstructing the scene for the impressed visitor, he continued, "My dad saw him when he was eight hours old—said he was a mighty puny baby."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE



Cameraman Marvin Koner, caught like any old tourist in Lamar, Mo.

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT continued

extra settee there. "It's too damp in this climate," he had argued. "You never keep anything in it."

In this he was right, but the empty chest had stayed where it was. Margaret's stand had been that she liked it, that it was the only solid piece of furniture they had, and that, besides, the bungalow was *her* department. So Harvey had given in; but, she reflected moodily, she didn't care if the chest stayed or went, and Harvey probably didn't either. It was as though they had argued about the chest instead of their real differences because it was a safe topic, because it didn't really matter.

WHEN Harvey came in at noon for lunch he seemed preoccupied. "The panther's been at it again," he announced morosely.

Margaret gasped. "No!"

He nodded. "Grabbed a Tamil girl this morning."

"Harvey, how awful! Where?"

"Albert's division again," he said; "and it was about the same time, just before dawn."

"Have they found her?"

"What's left of her. The whole labor force is scared stiff. We won't be able to get any tapping done at all if that panther isn't shot soon."

"But, Harvey, *can't* someone shoot it?" Margaret asked.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's a tricky business going after a man-eater. You heard what George said the other night about its not coming in daylight. Well, each time George has had to wait for daylight before going after it. He's just got back—lost its tracks in a watercourse and couldn't pick them up again. I didn't know about it till I got to the office. Not that he'd have wanted me with him—he wouldn't take Albert. He said stalking a man-eater was a job for an expert. I suppose he's right."

"Well, I'm not sorry you didn't manage to go," Margaret said frankly.

He grinned. "Oh, I don't know. You'd look good in black."

"Harvey," she said, her voice rising with annoyance, "if that's a compliment, it's not the sort I like."

He looked at her oddly, as though he couldn't understand the bitterness in her voice. When he broke the silence, he was back on a safe topic, the panther. "You'd think there was enough barbed wire around to keep it out," he said. "But then the divisions aren't completely enclosed, and some of the fences aren't high enough."

"It doesn't seem very high in back of the bungalow," Margaret said.

Amat brought in the coffee, and when he had padded out again Harvey glanced at his wife critically. "Margaret, are you all right?"

"Of course. Don't I look all right?"

"Y-yes," he said awkwardly. "I just thought you looked—well—a little washed out."

"It must be the thought of that Tamil girl," she said. . . .

Just before dawn the next morning Margaret, in shorts and tennis shoes, was about to cross the sitting room when she heard a slight sound like the creaking of a stair. Involuntarily she paused. Harvey had already left for roll call, and at this hour Amat and Ah Wong, the cook, were always in the kitchen. Another creak, faint but distinct, reached her from the veranda stairs. She stood stock-still and felt her heart beating. Perhaps it was nothing—damp wood could creak as it dried. But her eyes sought the Tommy gun on the wall. Some instinct held her motionless. And then she saw it—sticking up just above the sill of the open window—the tip of a yellow, black-spotted tail.

Her hands felt ice-cold. The Tommy gun was several yards out of her reach, but the panther's head couldn't be more than a foot or so from the open doorway. She was steadying herself to turn and leap for the gun when she remembered, with a wave of relief, the empty ironwood chest. Her eyes never left the panther's tail as she moved silently backward and, with her hands behind her, began noiselessly to raise the heavy lid. Before it closed above her head, she managed to insert a tightly rolled handkerchief under the lid.

She peered out through the chink and saw the panther come cautiously into the room. Except for its size it might have been an ordinary domestic cat. There was one awful moment when it faced the chest, sniffing ominously. Then with a wary but typically feline curiosity, it turned away to prowl the room.

Suddenly—and the movement had been so quick that she had not seen it—the panther was crouching with its back toward her. And at that moment she heard footsteps on the gravel and Harvey's voice calling, "Are you home, darling?"

Harvey! For a split second she thought of answering. But unless she raised the lid he wouldn't hear, and even then he probably wouldn't comprehend the danger. A nausea of fear gripped her. He wouldn't have a chance even to draw the automatic he always carried. The panther's movements were those of a cat after a bird. It had reached the doorway and was crawling stealthily around below the window sill when she made her decision. As the panther vanished from her view, she raised the lid of the chest and stepped silently into the room. As she took down the Tommy gun, Harvey called again from the bottom of the stairs. She had a brief, rearview glimpse of the huge spotted cat framed in the doorway, frozen for the spring. Then its tail twitched, and as it leaped down the stairs her finger squeezed the trigger of the Tommy gun.

MARGARET didn't hear the shots from Harvey's automatic that finished the wounded animal. When she came to she was lying on the settee with Harvey on his knees beside her holding something cold and wet to her forehead.

"Darling," she murmured, "do you love me?"

Harvey stared at her. "Well, of all the damn'-fool questions at a time like this!"

Margaret smiled faintly. "Yes, but do you?"

He raised his hands to heaven. "Women!" he said, while Amat and Ah Wong looked at him in amazement. "They shoot up a man-eater, and without even bothering to ask if it's dead want to know if you love them! But since you've asked me," he went on, smiling and bending down to kiss her, "I do."

—GODFREY BARRASS

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1955 LINCOLN

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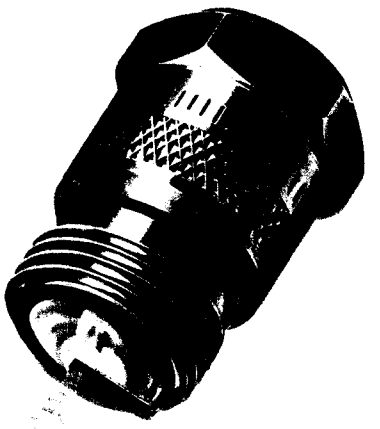
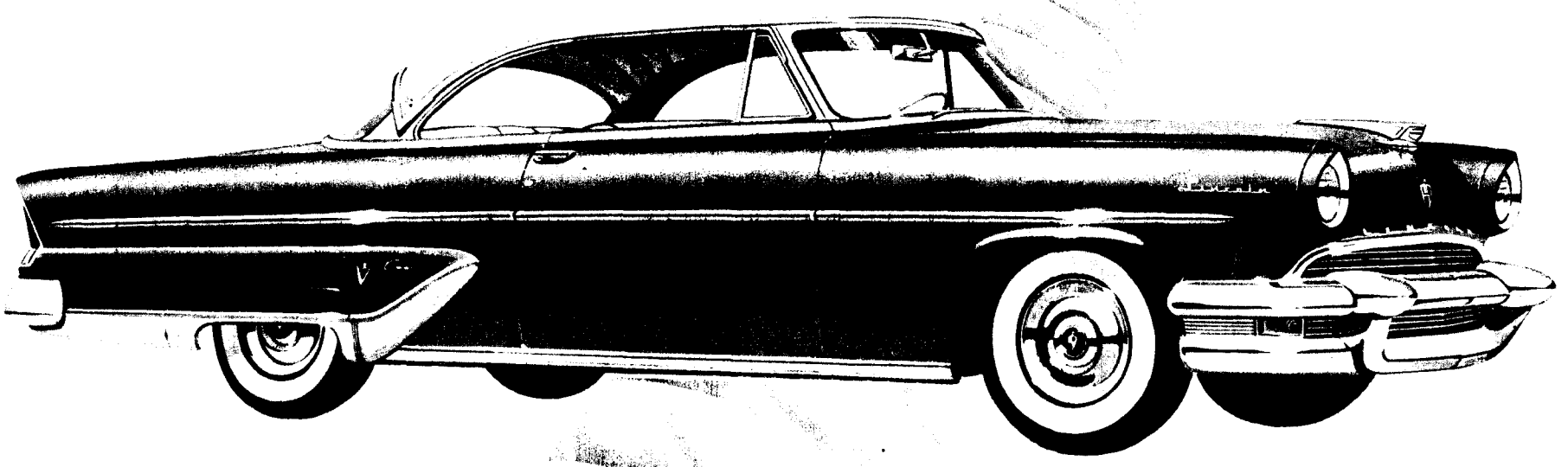
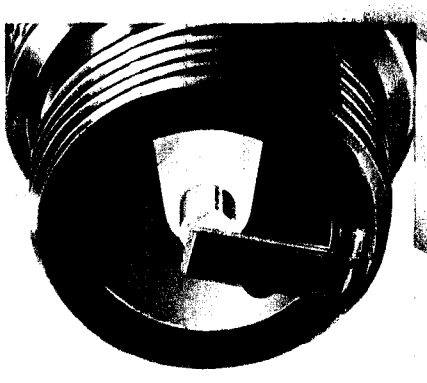
NEW *TURBO-ACTION* CHAMPIONS!

CHAMPION







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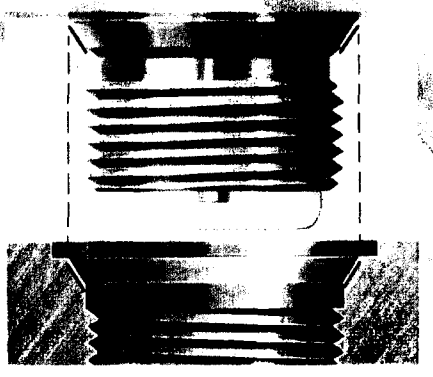

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Your present car will continue to give you top performance with regular, standard Champion Spark Plugs.

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Ex-President greets a young admirer at auction sale in Independence. Mrs. Truman is at right

TRUMAN IN RETIREMENT

BY [illegible]

Citizen Harry S. Truman went back to his old home town seeking to recapture the simple life of his pre-White House days. How's he making out in Independence?

AT HALF past five of a recent frosty morning, the town of Independence, Missouri, slumbered in the soft blackness of predawn. Blinds were drawn in its unpretentious frame houses. The courthouse clock struck the half hour; it was a moment of suspended motion—tree branches still, streets silent. Pale against the dark heavens loomed what is locally known as the "Wallace-Gates place," an old white building at 219 North Delaware, with rambling porches and peaked roof.

The eastern sky deepened to rose, and a small truck turned into North Delaware. The driver tossed a copy of the Kansas City Times over the iron fence encircling 219. Almost immediately, the porch door rasped and out came a wiry little man—Harry S. Truman. The rays of the corner street lamp touched his glasses, highlighting his old brown sweater and pants; his usually sleek hair was rumpled. The 33rd President of the United States retrieved the newspapers, went back up the steps, and latched the porch door behind him.

As the sun came up, a reminder of Mr. Truman's White House years became discernible—a guardhouse, built for the use of Secret Service men, now untenanted. Independence began to stir. John Luff, boyhood friend of Mr. Truman, ambled forth from his bungalow opposite 219 and picked up his morning paper. Two motorcycle cops zoomed past, automatically giving 219 a look. A local bus rattled along nearby. At seven fifteen a taxi

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Truman welcomes daughter Margaret at Union Station in Kansas City. The former President and his wife closely follow Margaret's concert and TV career. To them she's still "Baby"

stopped at the side gate of the Truman residence and a pleasant-faced Negro woman got out. Vietta Garr, the family's maid-of-all-work for the past 25 years, was coming to prepare Mr. Truman's breakfast. Because of his recent illness, he should be on a bland diet but he now eats whatever strikes his fancy—usually cakes, sausage or bacon, and eggs. He goes light on coffee, preferring a glass of milk instead.

At eight twenty-five, Mr. Truman, wearing a snappy pepper-and-salt tweed topcoat and jauntily tilted light-gray felt hat, emerged from the back-porch door. Methodically he locked it after him, just as methodically unlocked the rear gate, and headed for the two-car garage which had once been the old barn. He climbed into his two-tone green Dodge, started the engine, cautiously backed into a side alley and drove off.

He Didn't Stop to Watch the Accident

At a filling station one block west he stopped for gas and a chat with the proprietor, Ray Wills, then bowled briskly along Truman Road as far as Holmes, a back route into the heart of Kansas City, 11 miles from his home. Unnoticed among hundreds of work-bound motorists, he drove purposefully. A slight accident engaged other drivers' curiosity; Mr. Truman kept going.

He parked his car in an open lot a block from the Federal Reserve Bank Building where his office is located, paid the day's tariff—$1 in advance—and strode off. In his hand was the small aluminum suitcase without which he is rarely seen these days.

As he walked into the bank building, two boys, around ten and eleven, stopped him. "You're President, aren't you?" one asked. He smiled: "I was." The questioner shook his head. "Well, as far as we're concerned, you still are."

A tip of his hat to Kay Walker, the elevator starter, and Mr. Truman was on his way upstairs. At the eleventh floor he got out and walked down the hall to the corner suite—reception room and four private offices—which he rents for $400 a month. On a door marked 1107 the name Harry S. Truman was painted in block letters. A sign pointed to the entrance next door. He stepped in, shutting the door behind him.

So began a typical day in the life of Harry S. Truman, private citizen.

The nation's only other living ex-President, Herbert Hoover, has said: "The problem of post-White House living has proved difficult for many former Presidents to solve." None, in recent decades at any rate, has attempted what Harry Truman has—a return back to the land which gave him root, where he was born and bred and schooled; to the very county which saw his political beginnings, to the selfsame home where he lived as a young husband and father.

Home, however, is no longer quite the same for the Trumans, however strongly they may have hoped that it could be, however hard they try to make it be. It is the same neither for them, for their friends and neighbors, nor for the old house itself. The mixture of affection and curiosity which Americans feel for the men who make an imprint on their lives, the semiproprietary interest they retain long after these men have left public office, will not permit a former President to slip back into obscurity.

The gate-locks at 219 North Delaware are now electrically controlled from the house. Visitors phone first; once they arrive, they must be sighted by someone inside the house before a button is pressed to admit them. The residence remains a magnet for tourists. Cars and sight-seeing buses stream by all day long; whole families pose for snapshots in front of the gate; many loiter just to stare. Mr. Truman, when he returns from his Kansas City office, goes in the back door. As if to defend itself against the onslaught of the curious, the old house has taken on a withdrawn look: no matter what the hour, the yard is deserted, the front door closed, the blinds lowered.

A similar problem in reverse confronts Harry and Bess Truman on the relatively few social occasions—other than frankly public affairs—when they venture beyond the immediate circle of family and intimates. At a wedding reception some time ago, for example, their entry into a roomful of talking and laughing people caused a sudden, respectful hush.

"It was terrible," the host recalls. "You couldn't break the ice with a crowbar."

Former First Lady Shuns Public Gaze

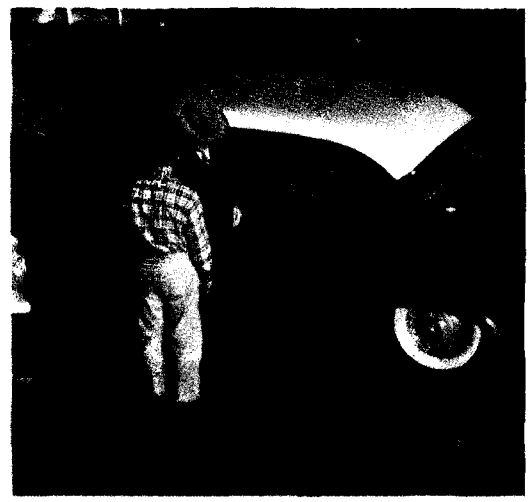
The tendency of erstwhile easygoing Independence to stiffen up in the presence of its two most famous citizens also manifests itself under less formal circumstances. Bess used to do her own marketing at Powell Cook's grocery, browse through Bundschu's Clothing and Department Store, go to Pearl Wood's for a shampoo and finger wave. Now she telephones her store orders, and Pearl comes to the house to do her hair. Last summer, when someone sent her a garden umbrella, table and chairs, she placed them in the back yard and tried sitting there one afternoon. But so many people gathered at the fence to stare that she soon retired into the house.

Even ordinary Truman belongings are becoming collectors' items. An old-time tin bathtub on display in Raymond Blake's historical museum carries the sign "Harry Truman's bath tub." It came out of an Independence house where Mr. Truman lived as a boy. When Mrs. Truman sent some of her husband's clothes to a rummage sale of the Episcopal church in Independence, word spread that one of the articles, an overcoat, had been worn by him at Potsdam. It brought a big price.

A stickler for historical detail, Mr. Truman contends that he was 32nd, not 33rd, President of the United States, because Grover Cleveland served twice. As if to refute him on his own home ground, a rustic sign, spotlighted at night, stands on the platform of the Independence railroad station. It reads: "Independence, the Home of Harry S. Truman, 33rd President of the United States." The Missouri Pacific Railway pays for the sign's upkeep.

If all these changes irk the Trumans, they are nevertheless buoyed by a genuine liking for life back home in Missouri. However, the Presidential years have not instilled in them a sense of resignation about public demands on celebrities. The former President manages to conceal his allergy to reporters better than his wife, but occasionally he speaks his mind. At the polling place last

Trumans have retired to this sprawling 14-room house in Independence. It was erected in 1866



Truman turns car over to a parking-lot attendant on way to Kansas City office

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husband: "I sure have a time getting him to take care of himself"

Election Day, when confronted by reporters, cameramen, radio technicians and TV lights, Mr. Truman said in an impatient aside to the election captain: "I wonder if this is ever going to let up," but added: "I suppose I'll have to take it for the rest of my life."

For Mrs. Truman the days have resumed their old pattern far more than for her husband. She can better indulge her never-diminished preference for housewifely anonymity. The need for a social secretary and for the extensive wardrobe of a first lady is gone; on many of her informal public appearances she has worn the same simple camel's-hair coat and black beanie. For special occasions, like the time the Wentworth Military Academy made Mr. Truman an honorary colonel, she wears her mink jacket and two-strand Oriental pearl necklace. Mrs. Truman's main social contact outside the home is, as in years gone by, the ladies' bridge club which meets at members' homes, in alphabetical rotation, every other Tuesday. On Thursdays, Vietta's day off, she usually heads for Kansas City, driving her own black Chrysler. One noon a friend of the Trumans met them walking along Baltimore Street. "We're going to the Kansas City Club," Mr. Truman said, smiling. "I'm taking my wife to lunch for the first time in a long while."

Most of the time, Bess Truman busies herself about the house, a sprawling 14-room Victorian affair built in 1866, valued at $25,000, and, according to Mr. Truman, "haunted just like the White House—it creaks and groans." Actually, Mrs. Truman has been mistress of the old place only since her return from Washington, for although she and her husband have called it home all 35 years of their married life, it was owned by her mother, Mrs. David Wallace, until her death in December, 1952. In July of the following year the deed was transferred to the Trumans.

Retaining Some Victorian Features

Mrs. Truman has supervised a number of changes. Her mother's downstairs suite has been converted to a guest bedroom and bath, retaining the Victorian theme in furnishings, flowered ivory wallpaper and cheery draperies. Although daughter Margaret's sojourns in Independence have been comparatively infrequent since the Trumans moved back, her pleasant second-floor bedroom—directly over the sitting room where her parents now spend most of their time at home—has a new, personally chosen color scheme: mauve pink cotton carpet to match the ceiling, soft blue woodwork to match the flowered wallpaper. Vietta's kitchen domain has been done in green; the basement is repainted in its old, utilitarian hospital-white and is complete with home freezer.

The house has a big, old-fashioned attic, and the stairs leading to it are steep. One morning last January, Mrs. Truman called her brother George Wallace to come over to help Harry move an old chest of drawers up to the attic. The ex-President and his brother-in-law were halfway up the attic stairs when the chest suddenly slid down on George, breaking his ankle. George still limps.

One change Mrs. Truman wants to effect but has not yet been able to is the removal of the guardhouse built for the Secret Service men. She'd like to get rid of it, but thus far has not found anyone willing to cart it off.

Mrs. Truman is also occupied with fitting the mementos and possessions acquired in Washington into the Victorian *décor* and family heirlooms of the house. Gifts still flow in; some are kept, others not. Mr. Truman retained two hand-tailored suits made for him by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Probably the most useful gift has been an air-conditioning unit—presented by his wife after Mr. Truman's serious illness during Missouri's sweltering heat last summer.

That crisis has made Mrs. Truman even more watchful of "Papa," as she calls her husband (to him she remains "the Boss"). She tells friends, "I sure have a tough time getting him to take care of himself." It is she who says, when she thinks he is overdoing, "Now, Papa, it's time to stop." It is she, too, who enforces the doctor's fiat: home from the office by three, or, at the very latest, four; an hour's rest immediately thereafter; a minimum of handshaking (it puts a strain on the incision of his operation).

Mr. Truman has bounced back from his illness with amazing vigor. His weight is 170, within two pounds of normal. He moves briskly, a man of force and vitality defying his septuagenarian years. His only stiffness is due not to age but to a waist brace necessitated by last summer's operation.

He is the same confident, convivial, bluntly outspoken, picturesquely cussing Harry Truman, beloved by his friends, hated by his enemies, underestimated by neither. Mere mention of his name in Missouri arouses violent emotions either for or against him.

Departure from Washington has not signaled his retirement from the political arena. He is in frequent telephonic contact with Democratic leaders throughout the country; many a delegate en route to the recent Democratic National Committee meeting in New Orleans stopped at the Kansas City airport to get a full airing of Harry Truman's views on the choice of a new national chairman. Occasionally an old friend of the political wars, like Major General Harry Vaughan or former New York Mayor Bill O'Dwyer will come for a visit.

Nor are Mr. Truman's politics all on the plane of elder statesmanship. He zestfully and actively participates in the local fray. He is conceded to have swung a crucial 30,000 primary votes to victorious Congressman George Christopher against a coalition of Democratic factions. He has stepped back, with obvious gusto, into a nettlesome patch of political and personal rancors and feuds. Kansas City's "best families," essentially Southern in ideals and hospitality, Democrats by tradition, disdain the Fair Deal and its author. Other local Democrats have never forgiven him for what they feel was a cold shoulder after his ascent to high office. "His new Washington friends got the nod," one of them told me bitterly, "while folks back here who really slaved to put him in office were ignored."

Political Foes Are Always Alerted

Virtually no move made by or for Harry Truman goes unremarked by his local foes. His choice of the Slover Park area in Independence as the site for the Truman Library raised temperatures because it necessitated the tearing down or moving of 11 homes at a cost to the city of Independence of $110,000. The assignment of state troopers as an escort for six months after his return home stirred more ire.

Such criticism stings Mr. Truman, and he fights back. "He'll die fighting," one of his close friends, Jack Toliver, told me. "He's got spunk."

It was Toliver who introduced Harry Truman to Boss Tom Pendergast, his political mentor. "I was born seven miles from the Truman farm at Grandview," Toliver recalled. "We'd always had bad roads—big mudholes, hard to haul produce on. Our section of the county had no real representation. One day I dropped in to see Harry. He was in the haberdashery business, but wanted to get into politics. It occurred to me that here was the man to fight for good roads in our district. He mentioned that he'd like to meet Pendergast.

"I asked him how the job of county commissioner struck him. He said fine. I said okay, let's put it up to the boss. He came along to headquarters with me. I can see it now. He stood there straight as an arrow before T. P. I said, 'Boss, I want you to meet "Judge" Truman.' T. P. laughed and said, 'I've already got a candidate for county commissioner. But go out and see how many friends you can make. There'll always be another election coming up.'

"I knew a young whippersnapper like Harry would get out and hustle. He was good political material. I said, 'Okay, Boss, we'll get Harry circulating.'

"After that a lot of other folks took Harry up to Big Tom and said, 'Here's a young fellow we ought to support.' I started calling him 'Judge' and or-

Mrs. Truman leaves Trinity Episcopal Church, Independence, after attending Sunday service

At $100-a-plate Kansas City dinner to aid Truman Library, Trumans chat with attorney H. Roe Bartle

Trumans sit in front row at Independence auction held to raise funds for library

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

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Does Truman plan to seek public office again? No, he says—but adds:

Truman leaves a Kansas City restaurant with friends after lunch. They are (from left to right): Judge Albert Ridge, ex-partner Eddie Jacobson, ex-Washington aide Charles Murphy

Former President talks with group of students at Wentworth Military Academy in Lexington, Missouri. The school made Truman an honorary colonel after he addressed the student body

ganizing for him. When '34 came, we had a hard time getting anyone to run for the Senate—couldn't get anybody to risk their necks. That little ole fighter Harry says, 'Sure, I'll run.' There was a fighting chance and he took it—and won. I don't think he ever dreamed of being President. His ambition was to be governor."

More than three decades after his crucial encounter with Tom Pendergast, Mr. Truman, having reached and relinquished the peak of U. S. politics, is now concerned with the historical record of his administration.

Two major projects fill his time. One is the setting down of his memoirs, for which he will receive $600,000 (according to his friend and adviser, Judge Samuel Rosenman, who negotiated the deal, the payments will be spread across a period of years instead of being taken as a capital gain). The second project is the erection of the library to house the vital documents of his administration.

Truckloads of Important Documents

The most private of these papers repose in cabinets lining the walls of Mr. Truman's own office. The rest, in gray file boxes, were until recently stored on the fourth floor of the county courthouse in Kansas City. Then, at his order, they were whisked by truck to Memorial Hall in Independence—each of the many truckloads comprising close to a thousand files.

Mr. Truman is much concerned about the protection of these papers. At the courthouse, the room holding the files was wired, at his direction, by Associated District Telegraph, so that any intrusion would set off alarms simultaneously at police headquarters, the sheriff's office and the ADT switchboard. The alarm actually has gone off, three times. Each time, police, sheriff's men and ADT guards closed in, guns drawn—on Mr. Truman himself. Preoccupied with the quest for a paper, he had forgotten to advise ADT of his visit. "Well," he said, the third time, "at least I know my files are well guarded."

Library fund-raising events frequently coax the Trumans from the quiet of 219 North Delaware. One recent such affair was a $100-a-plate dinner at the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City, attended by more than 700 people, which a jubilant Harry Truman hailed as proof that a "prophet was not without honor in his own country." Another was a homey box-supper auction at Independence's new armory, headquarters of his old World War I outfit. Mrs. Truman herself donated a pair of Chinese bowls for the auction (they brought $50), and friends, admirers and town merchants contributed a variety of wares ranging from a white china Victorian washbowl, complete with pitcher and slop pail, to a blooded boxer puppy.

The Trumans' private social life is negligible. They rarely entertain; when they do, it's usually members of the family in for an evening of canasta.

Mr. Truman gets over to Grandview, about 28 miles away, about once a week. His brother Vivian still farms there—a 720-acre tract including land which the brothers once plowed as boys. (Harry still retains a one-third interest in the farm.) "Together we handled eight mules," Vivian told me. "Farming was pretty hard goin' then."

Mary Jane Truman, Mr. Truman's sister, lives in a trim pink-brick-and-white-shingle bungalow within sound of the bells of the Grandview First Baptist Church of which her famous brother is still a member. Miss Truman is patently proud of Harry but glad he didn't run again for the Presidency. "Some wish he were back there now," she said. "I don't. Yes, Harry talks a lot about what's going on in Washington. He said he could have made the same peace the Republicans did and got into the same mess."

On infrequent occasions, Harry and Bess Truman will go out to a private dinner party. If it's at the home of a very close friend, like Tom Evans,

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owner of a TV and radio station and chairman of the library drive, Mr. Truman sometimes sits down at the piano. He declares that his fingers are getting stiff, but he can still play. His favorite, he says, is a Chopin étude, Opus 42; he does not play the Missouri Waltz, which he says he has never especially liked.

The $4,785 Steinway grand presented to him by James C. Petrillo's Musicians Union will eventually be placed in the library. Until then, it remains on the fourth floor of the Jenkins Music Company store in Kansas City. Every now and then the former President drops by and runs his fingers over the keys.

Mr. Truman occasionally enjoys "an evening with the boys"—generally an evening of poker with old friends like Judge Albert A. Ridge, attorney A. J. Granoff, Circuit Court Judge John Haskie Collet and his former business partner Eddie Jacobson. Fridays they lunch in the rear room at Bretton's in Kansas City (Mr. Truman usually eats cottage cheese and apricot salad, washed down with Liebfraumilch wine), and that evening they repair to a basement card room at the Oakwood Country Club for their game.

On evenings at home Mr. Truman may classify some of the papers in his files, or catch up on his reading of magazines and Eastern newspapers. He and Mrs. Truman follow Margaret's TV and concert singing career closely. To her parents, she is still "Baby." On her return from Los Angeles to spend the Christmas holidays with her family, Mr. Truman himself phoned the stationmaster to request a guard, a redcap and permission to take his daughter out the back way. As it turned out, no precautions were needed. When, swathed in a sable cape, she stepped off the train at five fifty-five of a cold Missouri morning, the station was empty. (Margaret has a spring recital tour scheduled, but no immediate TV commitments. Although her $20,000 NBC contract lasts till next summer, her RCA Victor recording contract was not renewed; she hopes however to make some RCA children's albums.)

On a normal evening at 219 North Delaware, the lights go off at nine thirty—a fact which played an odd role in Mr. Truman's illness last summer. On the night which was to end, for him, in a rush trip to a Kansas City hospital for his emergency operation, neighbors noticed the lights at 219 ablaze at midnight. They began phoning one another: "Something must be wrong at the Trumans'." Judge Henry Bundschu, who lives a block west, got up to see for himself. Mrs. Alvessa Cochran, who manages the judge's household, called Mrs. George Wallace, Bess Truman's sister-in-law. "Harry's got an attack of indigestion," Mrs. Wallace reported. "We think he'll be all right." But when she described her brother-in-law's symptoms, Mrs. Cochran, who has experience in nursing, said they ought to rush him to the hospital.

"Harry all but floated through the pearly gates," Judge Bundschu recalls. "Now, if we hadn't seen those lights . . ."

Anxious to Know What People Think of Him

While Mr. Truman was convalescing from his illness, more than 100,000 letters poured in. Mail still comes in quantity. Today it averages between 40 and 70 pounds a day. Mr. Truman wants to see the letters that damn as well as praise him. "I like to know what they think of me," he says. When mail swamps the office staff, Mrs. Truman will pitch in and help. She's a more conscientious letter writer than her husband.

Most of the letters are friendly. The affection they show for private citizen Harry Truman also crops up in the words of his close friend, Eddie Jacobson:

"We were two men of different denominations—he a Baptist, I a Jew. But we've always got along. We fought side by side in the war. Harry Truman was a good shot—busted six wine bottles at 75 feet. Because we were buddies, we went in the haberdashery business together after the war. We went broke—as most everybody knows. I stayed in the clothing business. Harry went to Washington. I've never asked him a favor for myself, but I did speak for my people. When Mr. Truman did things for Israel, it was because of me."

The same affection, too, crops up in the words of Everett Earp, of Lamar, Missouri, owner of the house where Harry Truman was born, and cousin of Wyatt Earp, the renowned two-gun sheriff. "I was a two-gun man myself," he told me. "Served as constable here. My boy's a sheriff in California right now. When those Puerto Ricans started shooting at Harry back in Washington, me and my boy was all for going to help out. We'd 'a' knowed what to do."

Harry Truman's Missouri admirers believe he will go down as one of our greatest Presidents. His numerous enemies, not surprisingly, disagree with equal vehemence. One morning, in a cab in Independence, the driver turned to me and said: "Any objections to driving on Truman Road?" I was startled: "No, why?" He grinned. "Well, a fellow got in my cab the other day and when he saw me hit Truman Road he yelled, 'I'll not ride on a road named for that man. Get off it as quick as you got on!' "

His critics fail to deter Mr. Truman. At a luncheon not long ago for Senator Tom Hennings, he said: "There are some here who will be glad to know that I'm never going to run for office again." Then, with a twinkle, he added: "At least not till I'm ninety." In a more serious vein, he has told friends: "I am approaching adjustment to civilian life. As for my being homesick for Washington, I've always been homesick for Missouri. Now I am here. I am a native Missourian. They understand me and I understand them."

On one point both his admirers and detractors heartily agree: the phrase "Truman in retirement" is a contradiction in terms. The 33rd President of the United States is going to continue to make himself heard, and people are going to listen—whether they agree or not.

Harry Truman finishes busy day at his Kansas City office and heads for parking lot to reclaim his car and drive back to Independence

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He urged her to have a hobby, an interest outside of their marriage. And so she decided to try collecting men

The *Good Husband*

By MARTHA GELLHORN

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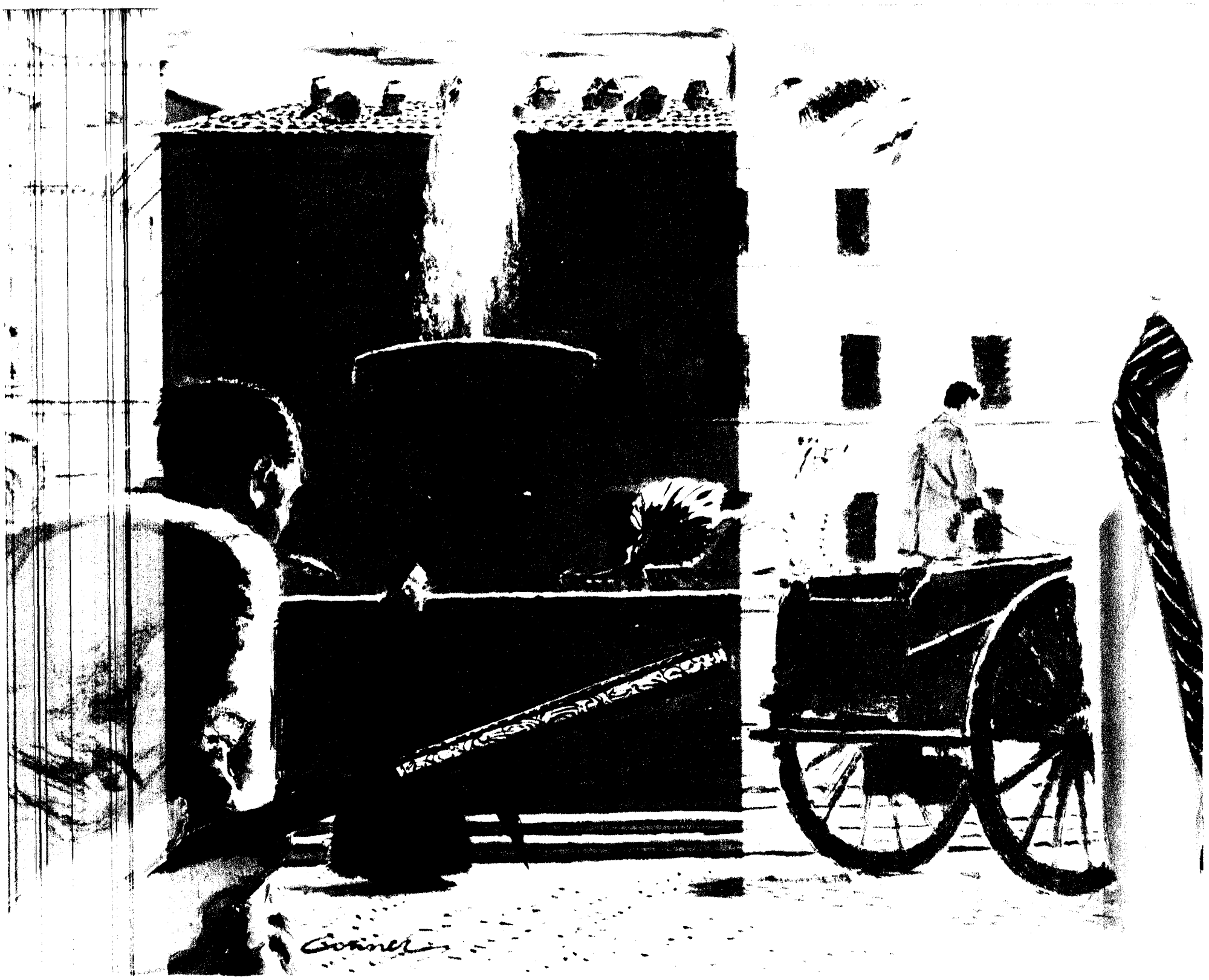

IT WAS a most beautiful Cinderella story. It had everything. Prince Charming, in this case, was a self-made man; he was even what the papers called a "mystery man," meaning that he had so much money he hardly knew what it amounted to, and that he was shy and inexperienced in everything except the making of money, so he kept to himself and very few people had ever met him.

The girl was what the papers called "a wild English rose," which meant that she had naturally pink cheeks and waving golden hair; she was a farmer's daughter, in the bargain. And they had met under the best modern conditions; his Bentley knocked her off her bicycle. You could not do better than that—the newspapers were delighted. When Mr. Rufus Hardy married (quietly) Miss Christabel Gwendoline Naomi Jenkinson, the newspapers in both England and America made enough fuss for five weddings.

But since Mr. Rufus Hardy was a man who never talked if he could help it, and since Miss Jenkinson was innocent and bemused and did not understand what the fuss was about, the newspapers did not have the inside dope. They imagined love at first sight, sweeping passion and all the trappings of high romance. Romance was exactly what was lacking.

Rufus Hardy was thirty-seven and had never married nor even been in love, because he had no time for such diversions. He had started life on an Oklahoma farm, with very small prospects of ever getting off it. Whereupon oil was discovered in some remote corner of his property, and with the oil, Rufus Hardy discovered that he had a real talent for making money. It may be that money makes more money, as people without money are apt to think; in any event, Mr. Hardy moved steadily and wisely forward, until he owned not only oil wells but also ships and radio stations and the controlling shares in various successful companies, and just lately he had launched himself into the manufacture of airplanes.

During the years when he was acquiring millions, Rufus Hardy lost everything of the Oklahoma farm boy except his lean height. He did not get fat or soft or even vaguely paunchy, but he did acquire a suitable city stoop. His brown hair was graying, which pleased him; he had been trying to look older all his life. He wore rimless octagonal glasses, mainly because all the other businessmen he knew went in for some sort of glasses. He dressed in gray, but not in handsome stylish flannels; his suits were pepper-and-salt affairs which he might well be wearing when he was sixty.

He attended to business and remained as obscure as possible in his private life. In fact he had no private life, and when the day's work was done he went home, to whatever expensive apartment he kept in the expensive hotels in the various cities he frequented. He had absolutely no need of any money at all, since he could not imagine how to spend it—aside, of course, from generous checks to charities, which his secretary took care of.

This exemplary and dreary life continued, while the millions grew, until one night, suffering from insomnia from overwork, Mr. Rufus Hardy sat up in bed and asked himself: What am I doing? This is a fatal question. Mr. Hardy could not think of the answer. He also noted his age and felt a sense of panic; he was on the verge of becoming middle-aged, and he had never been young. First he had been too poor to be young, and then too rich. He had business colleagues and acquaintances, and no friends. He was wary of women, having a suspicion that they could not be interested in him but only in his money.

He thought suddenly, at three o'clock on a spring morning in New York City, that he had nothing to look forward to except getting richer. The next day he was in the largest suite of the finest transatlantic liner, bound for Europe.

During the crossing, Mr. Hardy walked the decks, looked at the sky, and thought. He was thinking about his future and what he was going to do in Europe. He needed an interest in life, that was certain; an interest in life was called a hobby. So he, Rufus Hardy, would travel Europe with his eyes open for a hobby. He would survey culture, as if it were a business he *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

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To get ahead in today's competitive world, you've got to do more than just work hard and persevere. Business and industry desperately need creative thinkers, and a searching mind is a surer key to success than a college diploma. Here's . . .

How to Think Your Way

NEXT to religion, politics and sex, almost no subject holds more fascination for Americans than How to Get Ahead. From Horatio Alger to Dale Carnegie, popular authors have bombarded aspiring young men with advice—ranging from "work hard and persevere" to "join the right club" and "save the boss's daughter from a team of runaway horses."

In the 1920s through the 1940s, having a smile-on-the-face-and-shine-on-the-shoes personality was considered the principal way of getting ahead. Today, the business world is using scientific methods—for example, psychological tests and management development programs—to locate and promote its best people.

Yet in speaking with dozens of top executives, I discovered that there is a greater need now than ever before for men displaying one of the oldest qualities known to commerce. Most executives called it "creative thinking"; others referred to it in more homely terms, such as "old-fashioned Yankee ingenuity" and "a searching mind." Perhaps the best definition of the elusive, desperately-sought-after quality was supplied by research executive Dr. Daniel Alpert of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation. He said, "What we need is composers, not pianists."

A good example of a "composer" is Burton Wagner, a fast-rising young engineer in the General Electric Company. Wagner had a fairly prosaic job working on aircraft instrumentation at GE's Lynn, Massachusetts, plant, but his fertile and restless mind refused to be confined. One night at home he couldn't locate a lamp switch in a dark room, so he invented a method of turning on a lamp merely by touching its base. Another time, Wagner became annoyed over the fact that whenever he turned on his radio at home, it came on too loud or too soft after warming up. The trouble was that the off-on switch and the volume control were operated by the same knob. So he invented a new type push-pull switch whereby a radio could be turned on without affecting the volume setting.

GE adopted Wagner's switch for nine of its radio models. The company is also considering more than 50 other Wagner ideas for waffle irons, electric toasters, electric blankets, a wall paint that radiates heat. And Wagner has been promoted to a key job in the company's main plant at Schnectady, New York.

Another type of creative thinking was exhibited by forty-three-year-old John Mihalic, whom baseball fans may remember as a second baseman for the Washington Senators in 1937 and 1938. As Mihalic's active playing career was nearing an end, he looked around for a job. The son of Yugoslav immigrants, he hadn't gone beyond high school and the only work he could find was as a "Clerk, Grade B," the lowest-ranking, lowest-paid job ($31.20 a week) in the old Consolidated Vultee aircraft plant in Nashville.

Mihalic took the job. During the next two years he studied the plant's assembly line in his spare time, and he found that there was a tremendous waste of manpower. "The people had no definite assignments," he says. "It was a hit-or-miss proposition." As a result, the company was falling behind its daily quota of three dive-bomber engines for the Air Corps.

Working at night—and with no formal engineering education to guide him—Mihalic drew up detailed plans for a new assembly-line procedure, with each worker given a simple timed assignment. When the general foreman went on vacation, Mihalic saw his chance and talked his immediate superior into trying the new plan. It cut the plant's work schedule from three shifts to one—and three engines a day began coming off the assembly line as regular as clockwork.

That was the beginning of a remarkable career. Despite his lack of formal education (he read books on trigonometry and other basic scientific subjects at night), Mihalic was appointed a full-fledged manufacturing engineer just one year later. He went on to become one of the top technical minds in AVCO Manufacturing Corporation—probably one of the few self-educated men ever to supervise the development and manufacture of such complex products as fighter planes, electric kitchen ranges and turrets for atomic bombers. A few weeks ago he was made general operations manager of all AVCO's Crosley and Bendix appliances—just one step below the vice-presidential level.

Mihalic and Wagner are not isolated examples. Wherever I went I found men being pushed ahead because they had thrown off the shackles of conformity and were thinking creatively. I also found that industrial leaders were competing in a grim race to find more men like them. A spokesman for Procter & Gamble, Robert Eagen, told me, "We *have* to have creative thinking. We'd die without it." A General Motors executive, D. G. Morse, said, "There's no better way for a man to call attention to himself than to suggest the ideas which every company needs to survive in the face of today's bitter postwar competition." A. C. Monteith, Westinghouse's vice-president in charge of engineering and research, flatly stated, "Creative thinking has become the spark plug of American business. If we don't find enough imaginative men to supply that spark plug, the machine will run down."

Are We Getting to Be a Nation of Plodders?

How is it that a nation which became great on ingenuity now has a shortage of ingenious minds? General Electric's vice-president in charge of engineering, Clarence Linder, has one explanation. He told me: "I'm afraid we've become a nation of plodders who feel that all the problems can be found in books, and that all the answers are on a certain page. It's too easy for a man to become stratified and not turn himself loose in the fields in which he's working."

And so the big man hunt is on. Industry needs diversification to avert depression. Also, for the first time since the beginning of World War II, it must battle for customers. This, then, is the age of opportunity if you have a creative mind. The search for imaginative thinkers extends through all levels of industry, from the laborer to the executive.

Rarely, too, have so many small businessmen rocketed into the millionaire class simply by letting their imaginations soar. In Hamilton, Ohio, not long ago, a struggling young manufacturer named Herbert Piker sat staring at a minnow bucket (one can fitted inside another, used by fishermen) in the office of the little strongbox factory he had inherited from his father. Suddenly he got an idea. "Why not," he asked himself, "put a layer of insulation between those two cans? Then, with a cover on top and ice cubes inside, it would be a perfect picnic box, in which food and drinks could be kept cold for long periods of time." That was the origin of the now-famous Scotch Kooler, which basically resembles a lard can inside a fruit can. In four years, Piker's company jumped from a run-down maker of strongboxes to a concern grossing more than $5,000,000 a year.

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By BILL DAVIDSON

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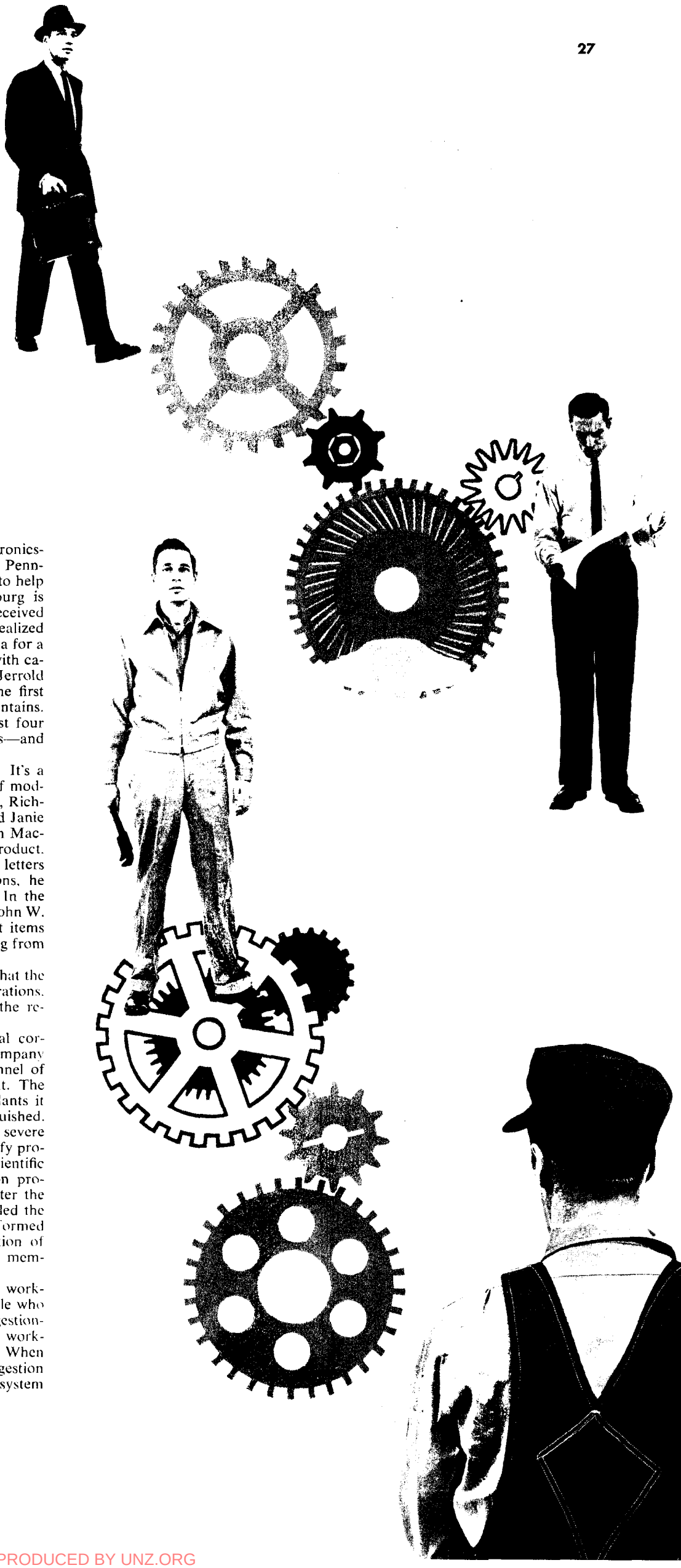

Then there was Milton Shapp, of Philadelphia, an electronics-equipment salesman. Forced to stay overnight in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, several years ago, he looked in vain for a television set to help him while away the lonely evening hours. Although Harrisburg is within normal range of several TV stations, no signal could be received because the city is blocked off by intervening mountains. Shapp realized other areas must have the same problem and came up with an idea for a community TV antenna, perched on top of a nearby mountain with cables running to all homes desiring television. He formed the Jerrold Electronics Corporation to produce the antenna and erected the first one at Lansford, Pennsylvania, like Harrisburg walled off by mountains. (Harrisburg by then had its own television station.) In the last four years, the Jerrold company has erected 290 community antennas—and Shapp heads a million-dollar firm.

But creativity isn't limited to just mechanical inventiveness. It's a get-ahead quality in marketing, finance and every other phase of modern-day business. In Long Island, New York, an ex-Army major, Richard S. Cowen, came upon a remarkable spot-remover stick called Janie that was making less than $5,000 a year for its inventor, Duncan MacKenzie. He talked MacKenzie into letting him distribute the product, and after three years of writing thousands of persuasive personal letters to department-store buyers and editors of women's publications, he pushed the sales of the product to close to $100,000 a year. In the same way, Delaware's thirty-eight-year-old lieutenant governor, John W. Rollins, amassed a fortune by founding a company to rent out items that people are reluctant to buy; it now furnishes on lease anything from a fleet of trucks to a kayak.

Many big industries are striving to convince their employees that the same old-fashioned Yankee ingenuity can advance them in corporations. One of the most dramatic illustrations of this trend has been the resurgence of the suggestion box.

The suggestion box was devised in the 1890s when several corporation presidents—among them National Cash Register Company founder John H. Patterson—discovered that there was no channel of communication for workers to transmit their ideas to management. The suggestion-box system worked well for a while, but in most plants it was run on haphazard, nonscientific lines and eventually it languished.

During World War II, however, industry ran head on into severe manpower shortages, and ideas were desperately needed to simplify production methods. The suggestion system was revived on a scientific basis. Thousands of ideas were contributed and the suggestion programs worked so well that many companies expanded them after the war. A new type of personnel executive emerged, generally called the suggestion-system administrator. Several banded together and formed an information-exchanging organization, the National Association of Suggestion Systems. Today, the association has more than 850 members in the United States, Canada and other foreign countries.

The new suggestion systems have been a particular boon for workers who are not adept at expressing themselves in writing—people who had no way to communicate their ideas under the prewar suggestion-box plan. General Motors, for example, has several foreign-born workers who are good creative thinkers but cannot write English. When one of them has an idea, he merely puts his name on the suggestion form and forwards the otherwise blank paper to the suggestion-system

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administrator. The administrator sends a skilled investigator to see the worker.

The value of this system was shown recently at the American Steel Foundries plant in Hammond, Indiana. For months the company's engineers had been struggling to develop a forged brakehead for locomotives and railroad cars. Steve Sabo, a Hungarian immigrant who had never completed grade school, watched their activities from the forge shop, where he had worked for 35 years. Then one day he laboriously scrawled a message on a suggestion form. He wrote that he knew how to make the forging but couldn't put it on paper.

Forge-Shop Worker Won Maximum Bonus

Incredulous, the engineers went to the forge shop—and, sure enough, Sabo had worked out the method they had been searching for. American Steel Foundries now makes Sabo's forged breakhead, and the worker was given the company's maximum bonus of $2,500.

Until recently, a monetary award was the only incentive provided by the suggestion systems—and big companies gladly paid out millions of dollars for employee ideas. (GM gave $13,497,998 from 1942 to September, 1954. One out of every four suggestions was accepted, and the average award last year was $52.38.) Now, however, executive after executive told me, companies are also looking to the suggestion system as a source of promotable people.

Take the Joseph T. Ryerson & Son Steel Company of Chicago. Recently, two young Ryerson workers were elevated to supervisory jobs despite the handicap of limited education. One, Robert Carlson, won many awards for suggesting improvements in handling steel and was made foreman of the day shift in his department. The second man, Joseph Cetera, came up with a clever invention which made it easy to handle a heavy 90-pound gauge. He now is night foreman in the same department. The moral is obvious. If you want to get ahead in an office or plant where a suggestion system is open to you, take advantage of it. That's where the talent scouts are searching for the creative thinkers.

But suppose your company doesn't believe in formal suggestion systems. The chances are, still, that your boss is anxious to encourage creativity. One such employer is Robert Hamilton, president of the Dumore Company, of Racine, Wisconsin, which makes precision machinery. Hamilton says, "I don't believe in the mechanical forms of inspiring people, but I'm convinced that management must establish an atmosphere that stimulates the use of the imagination." Hamilton encourages his workers to set up little businesses of their own in their spare time, and provides financial advice and technical assistance. His people are part-time taxidermists, mink farmers, beekeepers, TV repairmen. "It pays off for me," says Hamilton, "because the people have to think creatively in their own businesses and that stimulates them to think creatively for me, too."

Hamilton also prowls the plant looking for idea men. A few years ago he found a modelmaker named James Steibel, who had only an eighth-grade education. Hamilton was impressed by Steibel's hobby—making imaginative toys and gadgets, including a full-sized three-wheeled automobile.

One day Hamilton asked Steibel to help him. "I'm building some cupboards at home," he said. "Would you like to come out and give me a hand?" Hamilton could have hired a carpenter to do the job, but he wanted to talk informally with Steibel. While they built the cupboards together, Hamilton learned that the man had read many technical books and was full of ideas. One was for an automatic drill press to make tiny precision holes in plastic and metal, a device badly needed in the textile and aircraft industries.

Hamilton promoted Steibel to a job in which he could develop the drill press. The company recently put the product on the market, and it seems certain to add about 20 per cent to the firm's sales volume. Steibel is now director of research and development for Hamilton's company.

It is probable that even if your company has no formal program to seek out creative thinkers, at least one executive knows their value. Send your ideas to him. If there are no such executives, you might as well look for another job; it's doubtful that any company can survive without them.

In fact, nowhere is the search for creative talent more frenzied than on the managerial and professional levels of big corporations. Mark W. Cresap, Jr., brilliant young vice-president and assistant to the president of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, told me: "On those levels we have a two-fold problem. Not only do we have to seek out the creative thinker, but after we find him, we must nurture and protect him. We now know that American business needs two definite types: the idea man and the bureaucrat. The bureaucrats far outnumber the idea men. Our big task is to prevent the unorthodox guy with imagination from being smothered by the bureaucrat types."

In each of Westinghouse's 36 manufacturing divisions, creative people have been isolated from production routine to dream of products and processes for five or ten years from now. In the company's Pittsburgh headquarters, there is also a sort of "super ivory tower" for creative thinkers, called the New Products Engineering Group. Their imaginations roam even further into the future.

Westinghouse hires 600 to 1,000 graduating college students every year, and almost immediately begins to separate the creative thinkers from the bureaucrats. The young trainees are given interest and achievement tests and must participate in basic-training programs. Some are chosen for creative-design school. Here they are asked, for example, how to design a completely different butter-keeper for refrigerators. Those who show evidence of creative thinking are put into so-called advance development groups; the others are assigned regular engineering-development work.

Until a short time ago, the only way to get ahead in Westinghouse was to become an executive. "This system really wrecked the careers of some of our most creative people," says engineering vice-president A. C. Monteith, "because in order to pay them what they were worth, we had to make them managers. But when they became managers, they no longer were able to be creative—and they weren't good managers, either." Today, a creative man at Westinghouse can earn as much as, or more than, any manager. While I was visiting the company, one creative man was given a raise in salary to $30,000 a year.

But Westinghouse's big new drive for creativity is not limited to the thousand or so people in the advance development groups. Research executive Dr. Daniel Alpert says: "An administrator must be creative, too. He not only must iron out difficulties between Joe and Mike. He must also dream up an arrangement whereby all the other Joes and Mikes can get along." So Westinghouse executives must also take part in planning programs.

Other companies, too, emphasize that creativity must not be limited to mechanical ingenuity. Bendix Home Appliances, for example, points to William A. MacDonough, a sales executive at the former South Bend, Indiana, plant, who worried over the fact that automatic clothes driers were not selling well in the South. The sun there dried clothes so quickly that the housewives felt there wasn't any need for artificial drying.

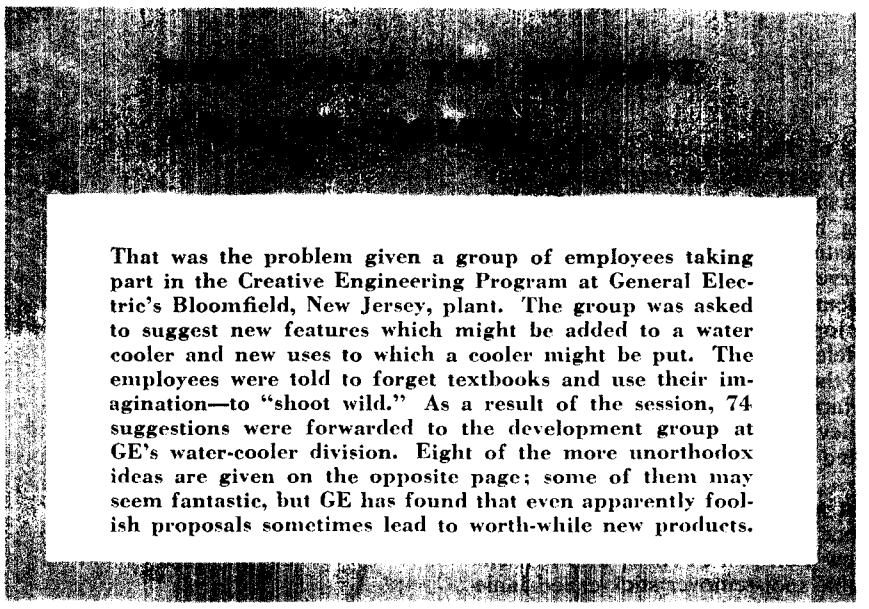
One day while at his summer cottage, however, MacDonough noticed his eight-year-old daughter's blue jeans had faded. He asked his wife about it, and she blamed the fading on the sun; since she had no drier at the cottage she, too, hung her clothes in the back yard to dry. "We throw away more clothes because they've faded than we wear out," she told him. The reply gave MacDonough an idea: Why not run a sales campaign to show the Southern housewife that she can save considerable money by using a drier instead of exposing clothes to the fading damage of the powerful Dixie sun? He proved his theory scientifically and in 1952 began a sales campaign in Florida featuring comparison color photographs. Drier sales skyrocketed in the Southern states and elsewhere—and MacDonough skyrocketed to the position of general manager of distributing and merchandising for Bendix.

Industry Seeks Hidden Creative Talent

But suppose you've never demonstrated any creative ability. Does that mean you're automatically eliminated from industry's great new talent hunt? Certainly not. There is such a shortage of obviously creative people that some companies have launched programs to draw out any *hidden* creativity in their employees.

The leader in this drive is the General Electric Company. GE has set up a series of courses designed to shake men loose from the dogmatic approach and force them to think along creative lines. As C. F. Hix, able young supervisor of GE's creative-engineering program, puts it, "It's a matter of getting people loosened up and shooting wild for a while, to consider things that are not bound by tradition. Our big trouble is that the young fellows just out of school are bound by the textbooks and the older fellows are bound by experience."

Under the program, therefore, the men are given problems which they can't possibly solve by referring to textbooks or by falling back on experience. For example, a young engineer who knows nothing about aircraft is told: "Suppose you're a pilot in the cockpit of an airplane. It's dark outside. You look down and you're momentarily blinded by bright lights on the ground below. When you turn



That was the problem given a group of employees taking part in the Creative Engineering Program at General Electric's Bloomfield, New Jersey, plant. The group was asked to suggest new features which might be added to a water cooler and new uses to which a cooler might be put. The employees were told to forget textbooks and use their imagination—to "shoot wild." As a result of the session, 74 suggestions were forwarded to the development group at GE's water-cooler division. Eight of the more unorthodox ideas are given on the opposite page; some of them may seem fantastic, but GE has found that even apparently foolish proposals sometimes lead to worth-while new products.

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...uy with imagination from being smothered by the bureaucrat types"

back to your instrument panel, you can't see the instruments. Your problem is to design instruments that can be seen under those circumstances."

Every week students are required to think up ideas for new products, no matter how improbable. Some of the ideas are fantastic—like a water cooler that shines your shoes as you drink the water. But others—like a portable electric dishwasher—have gone on to become regular GE products.

The students are given solid training in how to solve problems. They are taught how to combine ideas, how to work with other men in "brain-storm sessions," how to drop an idea and then come back to it, how to find the best hours for creative thinking. If a man finds that he thinks best between midnight and 4:00 A.M., say, his work schedule is rearranged so he can take advantage of those fertile hours.

GE's creative program began as a single course in Schenectady, New York, for hand-picked young engineers entering the company directly from college. Next the company established a similar course for 13 draftsmen, older nonprofessional workers in the 35-to-55 age group. None of the draftsmen had ever done creative work, but at the end of the first year three of them had applied for patents on inventions. All 13 ultimately were promoted to better jobs. GE now has Creative Approach Seminars in 17 of its plants and hopes to start them in 53 other major factories.

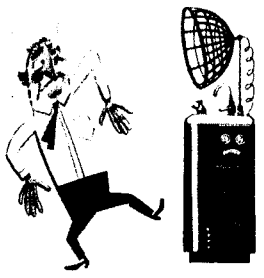
Thus industry is opening up many paths to find and develop creative thinkers. Corning Glass ran an "out-of-this-world" contest to get new-product ideas from its employees; among the items suggested were a glass doghouse to enable a dog to watch for intruders without getting wet in the rain, glass chessmen, glass BB shot, glass structural beams and glass H-bomb parts. The Carborundum Company, International Business Machines and some divisions of General Motors have established creativity courses. So have the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Buffalo and the University of Nebraska.

There's even a popular textbook on creative thinking. The author, Alex F. Osborn, one of the founders of the Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn advertising agency, writes: "The history of civilization is essentially the record of man's creative ability. Imagination is the cornerstone of human endeavor; it is, without doubt, responsible for man's survival as an animal, and it has caused him, as a human being, to conquer the world. It may well lead him to subdue the universe."

In other words, to get ahead, follow the advice that the Aluminum Company of America gives its employees: "Let your imagination soar—and then engineer it down to earth."

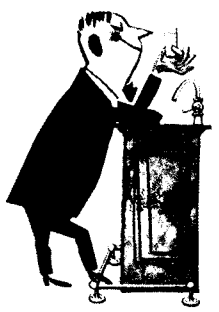
...WAYS: *These suggestions for improving or adapting water coolers to prospective buyers were among 74 submitted by employees taking part in Engineering Program. Most of the other proposals were more practical*

1. Install a device to turn on the water when a drinker approaches the cooler.



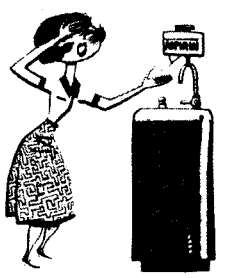
2. Install a coffee maker in the cooler.

3. Build a brass rail around three sides of the cooler to give a beer-tavern atmosphere.

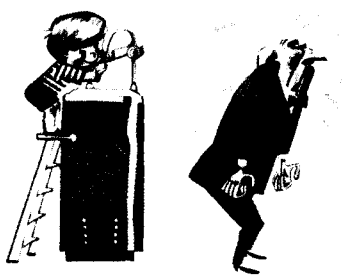


4. Adapt the foot switch to dust the drinker's shoes.

5. Add an aspirin dispenser.

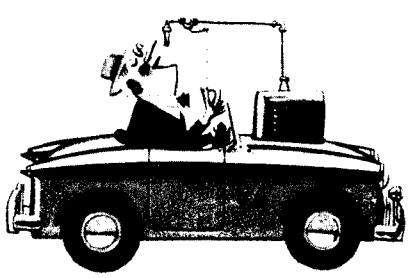


6. Add ladder rungs for children.



7. Add a built-in flower garden.

8. Build a water cooler for autos.



LOWELL HESS

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Ski teacher Gordon Wren (r.) is sponsored by local school board and paid by the Steamboat Springs Winter Sports Club

EVERYBODY

A tiny Colorado town supplies a giant's share of topflight American skiers. The trick: start 'em young and make it fun

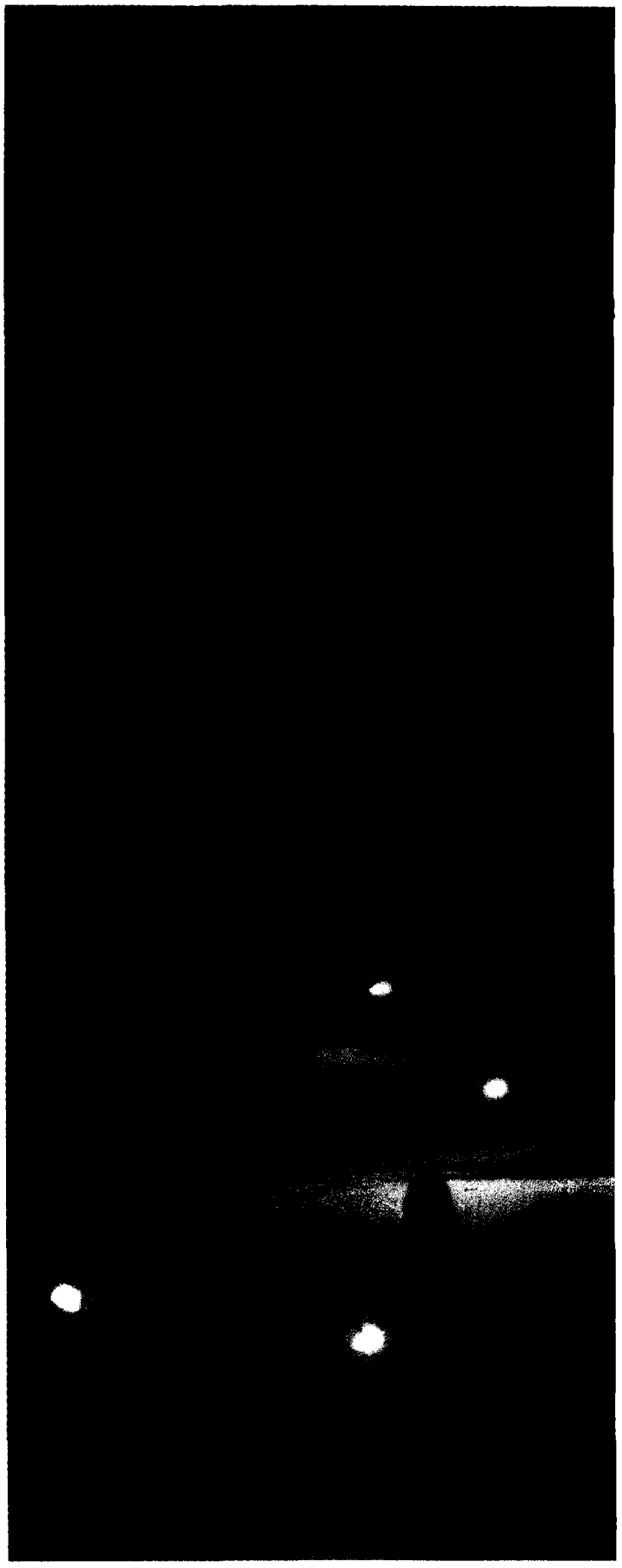
WHEN the international ski meets were to be held in Sweden last winter, the announcement of the U.S. team created a minor sensation in skiing circles. Five of the 16 members were from a tiny Colorado hamlet named Steamboat Springs—population: 2,000.

While the preponderance of Steamboaters caused surprise in some places, Steamboat Springs wasn't one of them. Local folk didn't show a flicker even when another home boy was added to the team to replace an injured contestant—making the figure six out of 17. Steamboaters are used to turning out many of the nation's top skiers. Famed Olympic skiers Gordon Wren and John Steele are local lads. So is Denver U.'s Marvin Crawford, one of the nation's best.

Steamboat Springs is the ski-ingest town in the United States. *Everybody* skis. Average annual snowfall is 160.3 inches and there's snow on the ground six months a year. The town has one of America's best ski slopes—Howelsen Hill, where the national jumping record of 316 feet was made. Most important, Steamboaters are crazy about skiing. Gordon Wren gives lessons which virtually every child in town attends—probably because he makes skiing a game. "What's skiing for, if it's not for fun?" Wren asks. Obviously, Steamboaters rate it the best fun in the world—as the world is swiftly learning. —LUCILE MAXFIELD BOGUE

Left, jumping is part of curriculum for novices. Right, fourth-grader Sharon Williams is towed up Howelsen Hill, one of nation's best slopes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MASON WEYMOUTH



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SKIS AT STEAMBOAT

As part of the annual Steamboat Springs Winter Festival, held each February, town's youngsters stage this torchlight display

Collier's for February 4, 1955

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GENE TRINDL

Stephan Riess, with 1,900-gallon-a-minute well he dug above bone-dry Simi Valley, California

Does He Get WATER from ROCK?

By ROBERT de ROOS

With a new method, a Californian can find gushers of water where no one else can locate a trickle. Is he a genius—or is he just lucky?

POOR old Homo sapiens. Ever since he skinned down from the trees and took to farming for a living, man has been having a terrible time trying to get enough water to wet his whistle and dampen his fields. On top of that, he keeps moving into places where a cross-eyed monkey knows there isn't enough water.

To overcome what he regards as the stinginess of nature, man has done just about everything to get water. He has tried prayers in many forms to a wide variety of gods. He has dug wells, dammed mighty rivers and plowed thousands of miles of canals. At various times and places he has poured water on frogs, salamanders, newts, spiders, lizards and even naked girls in the hope these maneuvers would produce rain. He has danced with rattlesnakes in his mouth, dipped buffalo tails into streams and tried to purify sea water. He has used charms, willow wands and silver iodide to coax water from the sky or force it from the earth. Nothing in science, pseudo science or outright witchcraft has been overlooked.

But now, in the bone-dry Simi Valley, an hour's drive from the Los Angeles City Hall, there is a genial, cantankerous rebel named Stephan Riess who claims he has something new.

Stephan Riess maintains that he gets water by drilling in solid rock.

Now, no one has claimed such a performance since Moses smote the rock in Horeb and it is not surprising that Stephan Riess is a controversial fellow. Being controversial does not dismay him. "I *like* to be out of step with the regiment," he says.

All over the valley—and elsewhere in the West—there are men who will tell you that Riess has found water where a lot of people (including professional geologists) have failed. In all, he has drilled some 70 wells in California, New Mexico, Nevada and across the border in Mexico.

Riess sometimes goes to the top of rocky mountains to drill his water wells. "I can get water any place there are mountains," he says, "or any place where there has been volcanic action." Furthermore, he contends that the water which comes from the rock is "primary" water—a term he coined, meaning water which has never been seen on the face of the earth before. It is not rain water which has sunk underground, he says, but brand-new water, demonstrably different from ordinary well water in its chemistry and temperature.

Since his wells tap this primal source, he says, they are never dependent on replenishment from the skies—and will never run dry!

If what Riess contends is true—and there are many in the West who think so—he is obviously one of the great innovators of the world, a benefactor whose methods could make gardens of the thirsty lands of the globe.

But although there are those who swear by Riess, there are others who say he has achieved his results by sheer luck. Orthodox geologists say his ideas are all wrong. If he were merely claiming, "I find water where no one else would ever think to look for it," they wouldn't dispute him. But when he insists that his wells are fountains of new, primary water, he challenges the laws of geology, which understandably rankles the professionals.

According to accepted geology, all fresh water available to man comes from rain and snow. This water from the skies collects in streams and in underground basins, where it is available to wells. Some of it may be confined between two layers of

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Mrs. Catharine Kershner has worked for Campbell for 19 years.

Some people say we're old fashioned

We still think it's necessary to trim vegetables by hand

The lady in the picture is trimming potatoes by hand.

She could just as well be working on tomatoes, carrots, rutabagas, celery, or parsnips. Because they all get the same treatment in the Campbell Kitchens.

Some people tell us that this seems like a terribly old fashioned way to do things in modern kitchens like Campbell's, and they are certainly right. The trouble is that every vegetable is different and we have yet to find a machine that can spot and remove every last little blemish as well as a keen-eyed, conscientious woman with a sharp knife is able to do.

So we just go on being old fashioned. It's the only way we can be sure that you get the goodness and nothing but the goodness of the choice vegetables we use in Campbell's Soups. And when you taste the soups that our skilled chefs make with these vegetables, we think you'll agree that it wouldn't be fair to give them anything less than the best to work with.

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups · Tomato Juice · Tomato Ketchup
Pork & Beans · V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
French-American Products

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impermeable rock which can also be tapped by drilling. There *is* another class of water, produced by the tremendous forces of volcanoes, but this water is highly mineralized and unfit for use.

Last spring, Dr. John F. Mann, Jr., a ground-water geologist of the University of Southern California, took pains on a television program to say the idea of primary water was a delusion and warned his listeners to beware. "The idea of getting water from rock is a very old idea, in vogue since the Middle Ages," he said. "It has been ignored by geologists as a practical source of water."

To which Riess derisively retorts: "These professional fellows went to the wrong church. What does a geologist know about the electrochemical forces of the earth?"

The most spectacular collision between Riess and the vast body of geologic knowledge occurred last summer on a granite knob on the Pursche ranch near the desert village of Anza, California.

Harry A. Pursche, an experienced farmer, moved to 480 acres there four years ago. He knew the land was fertile and the climate excellent for high-priced specialty crops. He also knew water was scarce but he thought he could lick that problem.

First he tried to locate wells in every way indicated by his experience. Then he called in the local water witches, or dowsers, who search for water with a forked stick, and had them dowse his land. Their results were no better than his own. Finally, he had 14 holes, each yielding only a trickle of water, each with a windmill. With what humor he had left, Pursche named his place "Multi-Mill Ranch."

THEN Pursche turned to science. He called in a ground-water geologist who submitted a report saying the only slim chance for water was in the extreme northeast section of the ranch. There was a sand fill there, he said, which might have collected some water.

Pursche drilled and drilled, $12,000 and 593 feet worth. "Actually," said the consultant, "he drilled too far. He went beyond the sand into bedrock where there was no chance for water." The well, hole number 15, produces four gallons of water a minute.

"I had $60,000 in fifteen holes," says Pursche, "and I was about ready to give up the ship. Then I heard about Mr. Riess and went to see him. I just sat down and told him about the place and how no one could find water for me and he said he would locate a well for nothing."

"Any time I hear of a place with fifteen dry holes, that's for me," Riess grins. "When little people have been beaten to death by the drillers and the experts, I work for nothing."

At the Pursche ranch, Riess studied the whole valley. He took samples of nine kinds of rocks for analysis and finally located a well-site on a granite hillock 350 feet away from the geologist's well.

Word of the location got around. "Six gentlemen from the State Division of Water Resources were here one day," Pursche says. "They told me I would drill through solid rock if I took Riess's advice. One of them said he would personally guarantee to drink all the water I got."

To reassure Pursche, Riess gave him a log on the well before it was drilled. At 300 feet, Riess told Pursche, he would get a well yielding from 300 to 1,000 gallons a minute. Between 460 and 480 feet, he said, Pursche could expect a 2,000-gallon-a-minute flow. He left a bottle of hydrochloric acid with Pursche. "When you get to 300 feet, you'll be drilling in white rock," he said. "Throw this acid on the rock. If she froths, you've got water."

"By golly, I'll believe anything that fellow tells me," Pursche says. "I got down to about 305 feet and I was in white stuff just like he said. I got to thinking, 'I've got $3,800 worth of bits in that hole. I'm going to find out what I've got.' So I threw the acid on some of the white rock out of the hole and she frothed and I got myself a 900-gallon-a-minute well."

AS HE spoke, amazed neighbors were staring fascinated at the water gushing from the pump. "Those fellows come up here every day to look at that water," Pursche laughed. "They're just dumfounded. Nobody can believe this well, but it came out just like Mr. Riess said."

One daring young man asked Riess: "Were you worried? Did you really think you'd get water?"

"Damn' right, I knew," said Riess. "I gave him a log of the well, didn't I? I told him he'd find water at 300 feet and he did, didn't he? Any geologist will tell you that's humbug—that it can't be done."

A university geologist who does not want to become publicly embroiled with Riess declares: "The Pursche well was just a lucky break. I know of two or three other instances in southern California where water has been found in fractured rock—but the odds against it are so great that it's not worth trying. Pursche can afford to spend money on schemes like that. But there are a lot of people who can't afford it—and I'm afraid this one so-called success will give a lot of people false hopes."

There has been little scientific evaluation of Riess's work. "If he would publish his findings and describe his methods in a scientific paper," comments Dr. Ulysses S. Grant IV, professor of geology at the University of California at Los Angeles, "his work could be properly evaluated."

Riess acknowledges that, and says he intends someday to write such a paper. "But for now," he says, "I do not disclose my science." Riess adds: "I do not have any animosity toward my opposition. Any strong statement I make about their reluctance to use their God-given intelligence is not made on a personal basis."

Riess is a slight, intense, iconoclastic, talkative man. He was born in Bavaria fifty-five years ago and was being educated at the Kaiser's naval academy when World War I ended. That stopped his formal education. Today his unruly hair is graying. At his home place in Black Canyon, not far from Simi Valley, a red-and-green parrot sometimes sits on his shoulder as he discourses. Although his conversation is argumentative and explosive, he is a genial man who laughs a lot. In repose, his face is lined and a little tired, but it is seldom in repose.

Waving his arms and sometimes talking in the third person, Riess expounds with great rapidity on everything: the dead hand of formal education ("They are still going by the book and the book was written eighty years ago"); the necessity for planting forests in America ("Unless we plant trees, we will plant crosses for GIs all over the world"); the expensive antics of the dam and canal builders, whom he dismisses as "billion-dollar plumbers," and the evil of bond issues ("The suckers who will pay for them aren't even born yet").

Regarding his wells, Riess is both humble and arrogant. "I know only a little—enough to get some results and perhaps to learn more and more," he says. "This is a brand-new science and I've only got my foot in the door, but the five per cent I know allows me to get better results than old-fashioned geologists and water witches. With every well, I am learning."

Riess, a believer in the "monoatomic" theory, explains: "At no time is water static. It is constantly changing form. It is either a liquid or gas or bound up in crystalline form in rocks and minerals. The cycle of gas to liquid to crystal is repeated over and over. Oxygen and hydrogen combine under the electrochemical forces of the earth to form liquid water. Not only is water being formed constantly but also rocks, other minerals and oil. I have to get the water in its liquid state."

When Riess goes after water, he says, he is looking for "restricted faults," breaks in the earth's crust which rarely reach the surface. Where these vertical pipes or fissures do reach the surface, he says, you find the great natural springs of primary water. The fissures in the rock crust allow volatile gases to migrate upward from the hot core of the earth. As they rise, he says, they go through the water-forming process.

How does he go about locating a well? All Riess will say at present is that he determines whether the water-producing conditions are present underground by the chemistry of surface rocks. "The chemistry determines whether we get water," he explains. "Geology determines where we drill." Riess contends that, knowing the strength of various geologic structures, it is relatively easy to determine where breaks or fissures must occur.

The analysis of the surface rocks can be expensive—$670 on the Pursche well, for example—but Riess says, "A surgeon wants an X ray before he cuts into someone's belly. I want an 'X ray' before I drill a well. There's no use drilling for water that's not there."

RIESS maintains the water he gets is the result of the "life cycle of the old rocks." The water in his wells differs from that of surrounding wells, he contends, and says this has been borne out by some analyses made in the Simi Valley. On the Robertson ranch in Simi Valley, the basin wells produce water which is so full of chemicals that it is unfit to drink—"too hard to swallow and too soft to chew"—because of the salts and chemicals it contains. Seven years ago, Riess located a well there 210 feet above the valley. This well was drilled to 460 feet and ever since has produced excellent drinking water —free of the objectionable chemicals —at the rate of 110 gallons a minute.

Dr. M. Laurence Montgomery, a San Francisco physician, for whom Riess has located many wells, says that the water in them is definitely different from others nearby. "In the first well he located for me," Dr. Montgomery says, "some kind of gas was bubbling through the water. I have seen Steve ignite gases bubbling from the water of his wells."

Riess wells frequently produce large volumes of gas. Furthermore, the water, Riess says, is warmer than water from basin wells. Unless his wells produce water of at least 76 degrees Fahrenheit, Riess believes he has not tapped the full volume of his primary source.

His number two well at his home place came in at 91 degrees, he says. The Pursche well water is 70 degrees, but Riess calls that "an unfinished well." "If Pursche goes down to the fissure at 460 feet, the temperature will increase," he says. At Randsburg, California, a Riess well flows at a constant 86 degrees, and a well which was not completed at Fallbrook, California, contained water at 78 degrees.

WHILE Riess sets great store by the temperature of the water in his wells, it does not impress geologists. Professor Grant of UCLA says: "The thermal gradient averages out at about one degree for every sixty to 100 feet —that is, for every sixty or more feet you go down, the temperature rises one degree. If you put down a pretty deep well, you will get a high temperature. Or you might hit a fissure which is bringing it up from lower areas. Geysers and hot springs, highly mineralized, usually come from great depths."

Riess, who served in the rare-metals section of the War Production Board during World War II, is a mining consultant by profession. He devoted his time to a private process for the extraction of gold and to working as a mine manager before he became interested in water. Like many other mining men, Riess was fascinated by the quantities of water which so frequently flooded mines at great depths. He could not believe these colossal streams, sometimes over a mile underground, could be accounted for by drainage from the surface.

His personal revelation came one day in 1934 when he heard a peculiar hissing and the trickle of water in a mine which was closed for the day. The sound was coming from a ball mill —a large cylinder which rotates and pulverizes ore by the tumbling action of steel balls it contains. After determining that no water was running into the mill, Riess investigated.

Inside the mill, where he had expected to find a film of water on the bottom mud, Riess was astounded to see that the mud had been forced up into an arch. Beneath the arch was a small flow of water. From time to time, little jets of gas bubbled through the mud. Riess lighted a match over one of the bubbles; there was a pint-sized explosion.

It is well known that microscopic droplets of water are bound up in rock, and Riess believed he was witnessing the release of this water from the rock and ore in the ball mill. "I traced this back," he says. "I knew what chemicals were present and in what order they were introduced and I discovered that an element plentiful on the planet is responsible for the catalysis which combines the primary gases from the rocks to form water under certain conditions. This is the secret of the gas-water-rock cycle."

("I do not want to be unsympathetic, but the whole thing seems to me to be ridiculous," says Dr. U. S. Grant.)

Riess says he was able to duplicate the water-producing process of the ball mill in the laboratory. A projection of his discovery, he says, allowed him to determine where conditions were suitable for the water-producing process in nature. "I started drilling in hard rock and found those conditions," he says, "and where I found the proper conditions, I found water."

Pursuing his conviction, Riess inves-

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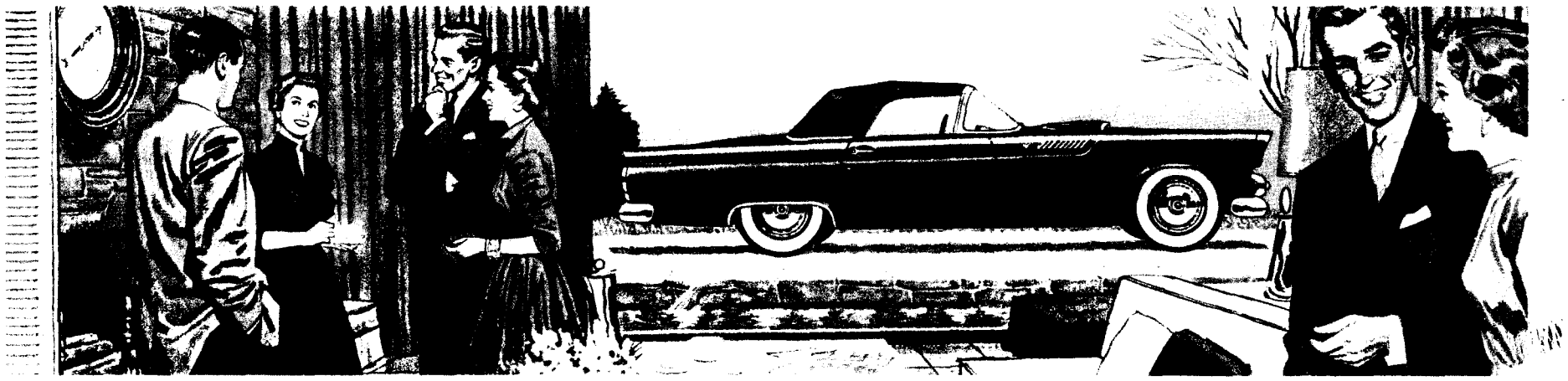
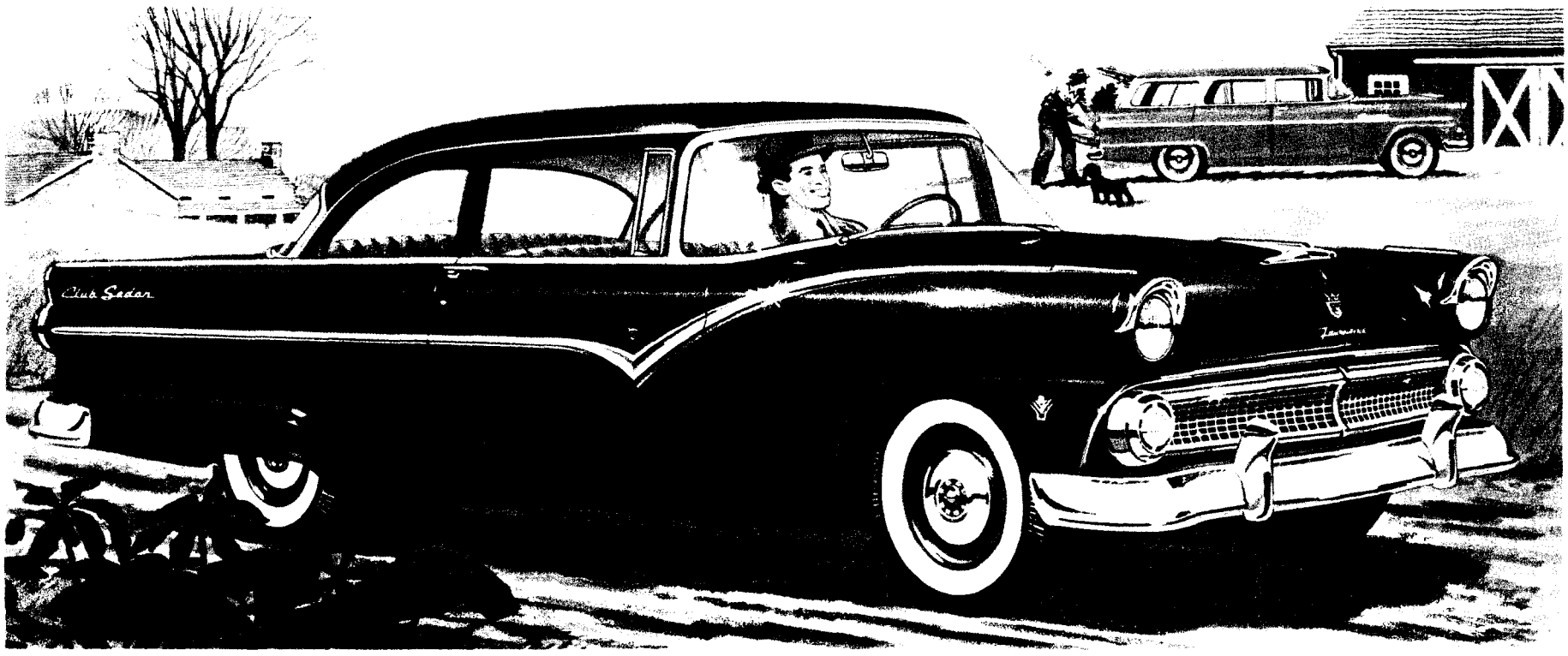


Above, you see the Thunderbird. Its long, low lines have caused a sensation on the highways as has no car styling before it. And it was these lines that inspired the styling of the 1955 Ford. The '55 Ford, as shown below, features the same sleek silhouette . . . the same beautiful design, front and rear.

You can see Thunderbird styling...now try Trigger-Torque power



The Ford Fairlane Club Sedan, one of 17 Ford body styles for 1955.

...and thrill to the split-second response of FORD for '55!

You've never experienced anything like it! This exciting '55 Ford obeys your commands in an instant. You can drive in busy traffic with assurance . . . pass on the highway with a feeling of greater confidence and safety. You'll enjoy these advantages and *more* when you Test Drive Ford's new Trigger-Torque performance.

Three new mighty engines

You'll find this split-second "Go" in your choice of three mighty engines: the new 162-h.p. Y-block V-8 with higher compression and greater displacement . . . the new 182-h.p. Y-block Special V-8, available in combination with Fordomatic Drive in Fairlane and Station Wagon models . . . or the new 120-h.p. I-block Six.

You'll go for new Speed-Trigger Fordomatic Drive with its fully automatic low gear for quicker take-offs and automatic intermediate gear for extra passing ability. It's available in *all* Ford models . . . with *any* Ford engine.

Your ride will be gentled by Ford's new Angle-Poised Ball-Joint Front Suspension. You'll find it makes even smooth roads seem smoother.

So accept our invitation. Stop in at your Ford Dealer's. Thrill to a Ford Test Drive today!

PLUS ALL THESE "WORTH MORE" FEATURES

★ **New Luxury Lounge Interiors** are the most comfortable, most colorful ever. And you'll find fabrics fresh and new.

★ **New Wrap-Around Windshield** is ultra-modern in appearance with nearly 20% added visibility for greater safety.

★ **New 10% Larger Brakes** mean smoother straight-line stops and up to 50% longer brake lining life.

★ **New Tubeless Tires** offer quieter, easier riding . . . greater puncture and blowout protection.

And all the Power Assists are available to help stop, steer, open windows and move front seat with greater ease.

You go finer when you go FORD!

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A garden near Riess's home was barren—before he found water

tigated the great springs of the world and high mountain lakes, working out the statistics of rain and snowfall in their drainage areas and computing the runoff. "Quite frequently, I came up with from five to ten times the amount of water which could be accounted for by rain and snow," he declared. He concluded that natural springs, which flow in constant volume regardless of precipitation—many times at great heights on mountains—were pouring forth primary water, continuously formed by the gases of the earth.

Orthodox geology explains springs as flows of rain or snow water, bubbling to the surface after following the contours of underground structures. Spring water always flows from some higher source, according to this theory.

Recently, Riess was driving through the desert in southern California when he suddenly pointed to a high mountain which rose from the lowland. "That's Coahuila Mountain," he said. "Right on top there is the most beautiful spring. And yet there is no water down here in the catchment basin. Why? What magic keeps 'rain water' up there? Those idiots will tell you that it is caused by siphon action, when every schoolboy knows the limit of siphon action for water is 33 feet at sea level."

A moment later he pointed to two cottonwood trees growing all alone, surrounded by sage and scrub brush. "Look there," he exclaimed. "There she looks at you. Those trees take at least 200 gallons of water a day. They have found a fissure, and primary water from the fissure is feeding them, 'way up here a thousand feet above the valley. Learn to observe nature, by golly, *and you find out some things.*"

A Discovery in Black Canyon

Riess now lives in Black Canyon, a cleft in the brush and sandstone eminence of the Santa Susana Mountains above Simi Valley. Before they owned it, Mr. and Mrs. Riess once spent a weekend there and Steve awakened for an early morning walk. Suddenly, he shouted: "My God, I'm on a fumarole." In common English, this means he was standing on a once-active volcanic vent. He awakened Mrs. Riess. "I'm going to buy this place," he cried. "I'll drill a well and send a creek down this hill." Neither of them worried particularly about the fact that they were several hundred feet above the valley —a most improbable place for a water well.

Subsequently, Riess did drill a well on the hill above Black Canyon, a well whose water level, he says, has never varied an inch in 18 years. The barren sandstone hillside, cluttered with brush, became a cool, green garden. Macaws, cockatoos and other birds occupy many aviaries. (One of the parrots croaks, "Oh, boy! Water, water, water," whenever the pump starts.) Riess has also sent a creek running down the hill but Mrs. Riess observes, "He sent it down the wrong side."

No one denies that Riess gets water —or that he gets it in places no prudent man would consider. "But he gets a lot less than he claims," says Dr. Mann. "For example, he located well number four for the Susana Water Company and said it would flow forever. That well has been abandoned. He never mentions it."

As in all matters concerning Riess, the story is not as simple as that. Harry Moodie, president of the water company, says:

"We found water up on the hill where Steve said it would be, at about 301 feet. We got about 200 gallons a minute. Then the well was ruined by oil from the pump which sealed it over. It was subsequently deepened about 90 feet and finally produced very little and was abandoned. It was ruined by mismanagement."

Dr. M. Laurence Montgomery, who has spent over $60,000 on Riess-located wells, declares: "In our experience, he has never failed to find water —but not always in commercial quantities."

Riess contends that his "completed" wells have been uniformly successful. Relatively few have been finished, however. "This is not water at any price," he says. "I have to stay within my clients' money. Take Pursche: I wanted him to go to 460 feet and get a good, big well, but he could not afford to go beyond 305 feet.

"That is the way it has been, over and over. I have produced the hard way, financially pressed, with lack of co-operation and a reluctance to drill on the part of the drillers. There has always been skepticism and prejudice. They want me to fly without a plane and I can't do it."

("Invariably," says Dr. Mann, "when water witches and wonder workers fail they blame the driller. Or they will fall back on the classic refrain: 'He moved my stake—he drilled in the wrong place.' They never blame themselves.")

No one has checked the Riess wells thoroughly—partly because many well owners are reluctant to talk about their water, just as they are reluctant to discuss their bank balances. But those who do talk are enthusiastic.

Dr. John C. Campbell, a San Francisco dentist who has a lemon grove near Simi, says, "When you talk about Steve, it sounds like magic. I can't believe it myself, but I wouldn't attempt to drill without his advice."

After "fiddling around trying to get a well," Dr. Campbell says, he called in Riess in 1947. "He told me just where we could get good water and where we would get bad water. I drilled three wells. The driller lost some equipment in the first one and it was abandoned. The second well came in just where Steve said it would and it is the best, sweetest water in the whole valley. He also located a third well and we get wonderful water there too.

"The amazing thing is that the water level in the wells has never dropped an inch and we have been pumping constantly. It doesn't matter whether the season is wet or dry—and all around me, the neighbors' wells are going dry."

Doctor Ignored Sound Advice

Dr. Campbell wanted to drill a fourth well to irrigate a hillside grove, but Riess warned he would get poisonous water. "I went ahead anyway, but I should have listened to Steve," Dr. Campbell says. "We got water so full of boron and other salts that we had to seal the well."

Or take the story of Candido Ivora. In 1945, he was trying to establish a lemon orchard on his 26½ acres. He drilled one well to 473 feet and it dried up. He drilled another to 224 feet and it dried up, too. He was desperate. He had 20,000 little lemon trees which represented all of his money and five years of toil—and it looked as though he would lose them.

"Mrs. Riess heard about it," Riess recalls, "and said to me, 'Steve, that man's in trouble. You go bail him out,' and I said I would."

Riess located a well for Ivora 130 feet from his last dry hole. A 234-foot well was drilled and produced 50 inches of water—over 550 gallons a minute. Ivora says, "That pump goes night and day and the water always stays the same —always at 85 feet. Around here, in July and August when everyone is pumping, the wells always drop—but not mine. It is always the same."

At his home place, Riess now has two wells in addition to number zero, his original well. Well number one can produce 1,000 gallons a minute—and is furnishing 750 gallons a minute to the Susana Water Company. Well number two, still higher on the hill, produces 2,000 gallons a minute—and sends a sizable creek down the hill to replenish ground water in the valley. Riess says he has pumped a billion gallons from number two and says another well, to produce an additional 2,000 gallons a minute, should be drilled nearby.

The State Division of Water Resources tested number two well at 1,800 gallons a minute but does not for a minute believe Riess's contention it is primary water. "The slope above," the division said in a report on Riess's wells, "is a nearly perfect dip slope in the sandstone . . . The Riess wells are ideally located to pump out rain and runoff water which has entered fractures in the sandstones underlying the hillside above, and has moved down bedding plane fractures toward the base of the hill. Riess appears to be mining water which has been collecting for centuries in the past."

Riess, of course, disagrees. "I have pumped a volume of water equal to that of the hill itself," he says, "more than 100,000,000 cubic feet of water. If this is contained water, there is now 100,000,000 cubic feet of void under that hill and I don't know what's holding it up."

Dr. U. S. Grant comments: "If and when Riess pumps all the water out of his little basin, his wells will go dry."

It is certain, however, that no orthodox geologist would have advised drilling where Riess did. Similarly, Water Resources men, who were skeptical about the Harry Pursche well, were a little puzzled at Riess's sources. "Our geologists mapped a fault line which runs along the Pursche hill," said a spokesman, "and that is apparently where Pursche got water. There is another well on this fault but the quality of water is different. Of course, we want to learn all we can about this . . ."

His Attitude Toward His Critics

Riess is heartily sick of being criticized, but he realizes that, being out of step with the regiment, he becomes a fairly sporting target for the opposition. "I ask no credit, no financial support, no help of any kind," he says. "All I want is for the educated engineers and hydrologists to recognize the desperate need for water. In the future, I work only for myself, finding land which is good and fertile, put a well down and take a profit. Or I will locate wells free of charge on government land for reforestation." Reforestation, of course, is a pet project of his.

Damned as he is by the orthodox, Riess still goes on getting his water. Most people go along with the scientific view that Riess is wrong or lucky or balmy. But at the same time, they remember that science constantly changes, progresses. Even Dr. Mann, the young geologist who considers Riess and all his works wrong, can say a little wistfully: "I almost wish Riess were right—because the whole people would benefit." ▲▲▲

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"They killed Marty," Leach Morgan said, firing his silver-handled pistol over and over at the car. Then he fell back, one hand flung wide

Tin-Star Posse

By HARRY SYLVESTER

These men were dudes, overgrown kids who liked to play cops. But now they were up against desperate criminals. How brave would they be when their lives were in danger?

IN his apartment, which would be just big enough after he married Ellen, Luke changed clothes and, out of habit, looked again at the gleaming badge and then at the tarnished gold bars. The day was a half holiday for the state because a new governor was being inaugurated, and banks and offices had closed at noon. After dressing, Luke would go for a late lunch at the penthouse in the city's skyscraper, where the Gold Creek sheriff's posse was meeting—ostensibly for business purposes, but actually to mourn the defeat of the former governor, whom most of the posse had admired.

In the half-light of his closet, the badge on the gray silk gabardine shirt gleamed brighter than the bars on his old Army officer's uniform. Luke had noticed this difference before, and for the past few weeks it had troubled him. The second lieutenant's bars stood for an experience, while the badge—though it was the authentic deputy sheriff's badge of Talisman County—stood only for some friends and acquaintances of his who dressed in tailor-made ranch clothes and maintained elaborate club rooms in a penthouse on top of a skyscraper.

Ellen had not wanted him to join the Gold Creek sheriff's posse. She had difficulty saying just what it was that troubled her about the group—something about the instruments of violence being in the hands of men who generally were not trained for violence, or by character suited to it. But Luke had joined because, as the older members reminded him, his grandfather had been a founder of the city of Lodray.

Also, Luke was a friend of Elwood Brady, who owned a hardware store and was a veteran of World War II as Luke was of Korea; and Brady was as much a leader as the posse had in the city. Actually, its members were the deputies of Frank Sizemore, the aging sheriff of Talisman County. That some of the posse had never even met Sizemore was another detail that troubled Ellen.

Driving to the club rooms in his car, Luke recalled almost idly how the posse had come to be formed; it had been just about the time he had left for Korea. In a state given over mostly to cattle and mining, Talisman County was a small green thumb pointing south, touching and just

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entering the northern edge of the city of Lodray. Perhaps nine tenths of Lodray was in Lodray County and the remainder in Talisman. This had come about when, shortly after World War I, Lodray's better suburbs spilled over into Talisman County, and the city had reached out to include them.

When this occurred, two men named Joe Bloodgood and Ty Creedon had revived an idea of which they had always been fond. This was to create and maintain a sheriff's posse of respectable citizens. They thought less in terms of aiding the sheriff of Lodray County than of preserving certain vestiges of the Old West. For the sheriff of Lodray County had no need of a posse. His domain lay entirely within the limits of a large and ever more urban city. He and his deputies drove cars, and some of them might not have known how to sit a horse.

WHEN the city limits of Lodray were pushed northward, Luke remembered, Creedon and Bloodgood had worked to form their posse through Louis Foushay, who knew Frank Sizemore. When Foushay had explained to the sheriff how the posse his friend wished to form might dress up such occasions as a visit by the governor, the sheriff had agreed that it might be a nice idea. In time, he swore in a posse he himself had not chosen.

Luke knew that the posse had been wearing white Stetsons with silver bands ever since the first trip north to Talisman City to attend the governor on an inspection tour. Most of the members rode palominos, and they brought their horses in padded trailers attached to twelve-cylinder cars. On the sides of each trailer were neat gold letters: *Gold Creek Sheriff's Posse.* There had been some early competition as to which member could get the most silver on his saddle, Luke had heard, and since the shirts were as individualistic as expensive tailoring could make them, it was decided that the large white Stetsons would be the identifying mark of the posse. They had gold badges, but the hats made more of a showing on parade.

Relations between Sheriff Sizemore and his deputies had remained good. Yet, actually, the sheriff's feelings about his distant posse were more complicated than he knew. What had begun as a favor to a neighboring farmer, as the sheriff thought of Louis Foushay, had grown into a club—if one could believe the newspapers—for which Sizemore himself could not have qualified even had he wished. The sheriff was never sure why at times the very existence of the posse troubled him. He had grown somewhat easier about the posse, as he had told Luke, when Luke became a member. The sheriff knew Ellen's family and had been amused by some of her remarks about the posse, although Luke had not mentioned Ellen's statement that the members sometimes seemed to prefer their club rooms to either their horses or their wives.

The governor whom the posse had so many times attended had been unexpectedly defeated in the biyearly election. As a mark of disfavor, the posse had decided not to attend the inauguration of the new governor, although Luke had voted to go. . . .

Most of the posse were gathered in the penthouse when Luke arrived on the afternoon of the inauguration. "The way I figure," Ty Creedon said, "we'll have to work that much harder to get us back a governor we can respect." Some of them had begun to realize that they had cut themselves off from much of the activity in which they delighted.

The telephone rang and Martin Thompson, a somewhat overweight young man, went to answer it. He stood silent for some seconds, listening, and in a moment he said loudly: "Yes, this is the Gold Creek posse. But who the hell wants it?"

Since Thompson often spoke that way, the members' talk resumed after a little silence, rose, then ceased abruptly. "The sheriff?" Thompson was saying. "What sheriff?" Half amused, half arrogant, he turned and faced the room. "This is a good one, boys. Some joker says he's the sheriff of Talisman County."

Elwood Brady walked across the room and took the receiver from Thompson's hand. "This is Elwood Brady," he said. "Who is this?"

"This is Frank Sizemore, Brady. Sorry to have to bother you."

"No bother at all, Sheriff." Brady talked with almost mechanical ease, as if the sheriff were a customer calling his hardware store about a defective lawn mower. "No bother at all."

"Something I thought might never happen," Sizemore said. "I'm going to need some of your boys."

Brady felt no alarm, only a certain incomprehension. "What seems to be the trouble, Sheriff?"

"Why, that bank just outside Kaw City was broke into."

"But Kaw City is sixty miles northeast, out of your district."

"Yes, but they come down this way."

"Well, what have we got state police for?" Brady felt as if he were speaking for the others listening in the room. "Can't they set up a roadblock?"

"Most of the state police are at the inauguration," the sheriff said. "Corporal Owens is the only one in the county. He set up a one-car roadblock. The car's wrecked, he's hurt, and three of the four boys he was after are loose in the north part of the county. The other one's dead."

Brady listened. The others had gathered about him. Luke could not escape the feeling that Brady spoke for the posse rather than himself. "Well, look," Brady said, "I guess we can send someone up there, but this is unusual."

"No one knows better than I how unusual," Sizemore said.

"You want to hold on a minute? Or can I call you back?"

"I'll hold," the sheriff said. "I'm not at the office. I'm at a country store, and there's about nine other phones on this party line. Sure as I hang up, someone'll use the line and you won't be able to reach me."

BRADY lowered the receiver and looked at the group. Louis Foushay said they had no business going up there; the job was one for the state police. Leach Morgan said he was going to go, and who was going with him? Creedon said to call a local paper and find out just how bad the situation really was.

"That's right," Joe Bloodgood said. "I wouldn't trust anyone as old as Sizemore to appraise a situation."

"We can't call a paper," Luke said, "without hanging up on the sheriff. And we have to give him some kind of answer. I think we ought to find out who's going and ask Frank Sizemore what we need to bring, or maybe not bring." Although he spoke calmly, he found himself nearly as troubled as before his first combat in Korea. He remembered too what Ellen had said about the posse, and he found himself wondering what it might be like to have untried men with him in a crisis. He remembered how the major had always been concerned that the battalions on each flank be commanded by an experienced man. As a second lieutenant Luke himself had been less concerned with his company's flanks; yet now, here, some of his old commanding officer's concern arose in him.

The room contained close to twenty

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "Who's ever gonna know, anyways?" LARRY REYNOLDS

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men. They did not move very much, but to Luke they seemed to sway in precarious balance, toward laughter and back to a kind of near panic.

Eddie Horton approached Brady and put his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone. "Tell him we'll be up there. Then we can call a paper and see what it's all about."

But the sheriff was not so easily put off. He wanted to know how many might be coming. He said he didn't think they should bring horses in trailers. The state police had started down from the capital, three hundred miles to the northwest.

Brady told the sheriff that he thought at least a dozen men would go. The sheriff then gave directions; he was at a store by the dirt crossroads north of Talisman City.

WHEN Brady hung up, Horton seized the telephone and called the state editor of one of the local dailies. He learned there had been four bandits. They were professionals, for the holdup had been timed for the start of the inaugural. No state police were immediately available; even the police chief of the suburb was at the capital. No one had taken the number of the stolen car but there had been a description of it, and on the strength of that the now-wounded Corporal Owens had set up his roadblock.

The fleeing car had veered to the soft shoulder to pass the police car astride the road. The front wheels had skidded in the moist clay. The moving car had sideswiped the police car, almost turning over, and then righted itself and skidded back across the road, coming to rest in a ditch. During the process it had seemed about to turn over again, and the corporal had made the mistake of showing himself. He had taken a .45 slug in the shoulder. Lying in the road, he had carefully aimed and killed one of the four men as they fled the ditched car.

When Horton finished retelling the editor's story, Lodray Smith said that Eddie should have told the editor that the posse was heading north to get in on the hunt. For some reason this innocuous remark made the posse members silent. "What we want to tell the papers for?" Martin Thompson said. "Let them find out if we do anything."

"Anyhow," Elwood Brady said, "we better decide who's going."

"Why, everyone is," Creedon said. "What else?"

"I'm not," Louis Foushay said.

"Why, that's your territory, Louis," Leach Morgan said. "We'll need you for a scout." He laughed.

"It's a waste of time," Foushay said. "They'll lie in that sage until dark, then be gone by morning."

Luke spoke without intending to: "I'm going. I'll have to get my gear. There ought to be an arrangement about how we go." He thought of calling Ellen and then decided not to, for approximately the same reason Martin Thompson thought the paper should not be told of their plans.

To Luke's surprise, his words produced a kind of babble. Out of it came an arrangement to go car by car rather than to wait and all go together. If they went together they would be committed to the time of the slowest. . . .

Elwood Brady rode with Luke. Each carried a revolver, and Luke's rifle lay unloaded on the floor of the car. "I never thought the posse would have to come up here like this," Luke said.

"You'd be surprised at how often I've worried about something like this," Brady said. "Like a dream—knowing it would never happen but wondering about if it should."

Although they drove at just over sixty, they were passed by a heavy car blowing its horn. The emblem of the posse showed on the rear bumper.

"That's what I'm afraid of," Elwood Brady said.

"I know what you mean," Luke said.

"It ain't the ones that'll have an excuse not to come, but the ones coming up like to a picnic," Brady said.

Eight miles beyond Talisman City they found the store at the crossroads. Four cars were parked near it. A small group of men stood near the cars. "I asked them not to wear those hats," Brady said. Luke saw the white Stetsons on Horton, Bloodgood and Ty Creedon.

The sheriff nodded to Luke and Brady as they walked toward the group. In his prime, the sheriff had been a large man. His bones still were big, but the wide shoulders drooped and he had lost flesh. His cheeks were hollow and lined. The hawk nose made his wide, drooping shoulders seem like folded, ridiculous wings; and he did not attempt to make the thin smile appear real.

With the group was a stranger, to whom the sheriff referred as his son-in-law. This was a young man, perhaps Luke's age, twenty-six, whose ruddy cheeks and snub nose made him appear even younger. With his flat, black Mormon-style hat and his pistol in a holster, he looked like a serious child playing at guns.

"Many more of your boys coming?" the sheriff asked.

"Oh, quite a few," Horton said. "Brady would know."

"It's a little hard to say, Sheriff," Brady said. "I'd guess maybe a dozen would be here. Not much local help, I see." This was the wrong thing to say, and Brady knew it as soon as he spoke.

Now even the fake smile was gone from the sheriff's face, although the face itself seemed almost kindly.

"Mr. Brady," he said, "the local help has got the impression over the last few years that if there ever was trouble here, you boys from Lodray would take care of it."

"We're here and more of us are coming," Brady said.

Luke felt how thin his own smile was. He found his allegiance divided between the sheriff and the posse.

THE sheriff briefed them. As he spoke, Leach Morgan and Martin Thompson, in their tailor-made shirts and Stetsons, arrived in a heavy car with a horse trailer back of it. The road they had come along was crowned, so Thompson backed his car into the crossroad. A little rise, thickly covered with sage, cut off the view of one road from the other. Thompson parked about forty yards away from the group.

The sheriff's voice went on. The men they hunted would be lost without a car, he said. They were city people, not used to open country. He thought they feared the sage desert and would not attempt to move far in it. He didn't have enough men to comb that much sage thoroughly, so he would try to confine the fugitives until the state police arrived. What he wanted was to put a line of men along the roads to the north and east to form a corner, and a third line along the shore of the lake to form a triangle. There weren't enough men, nor likely to be, and may-

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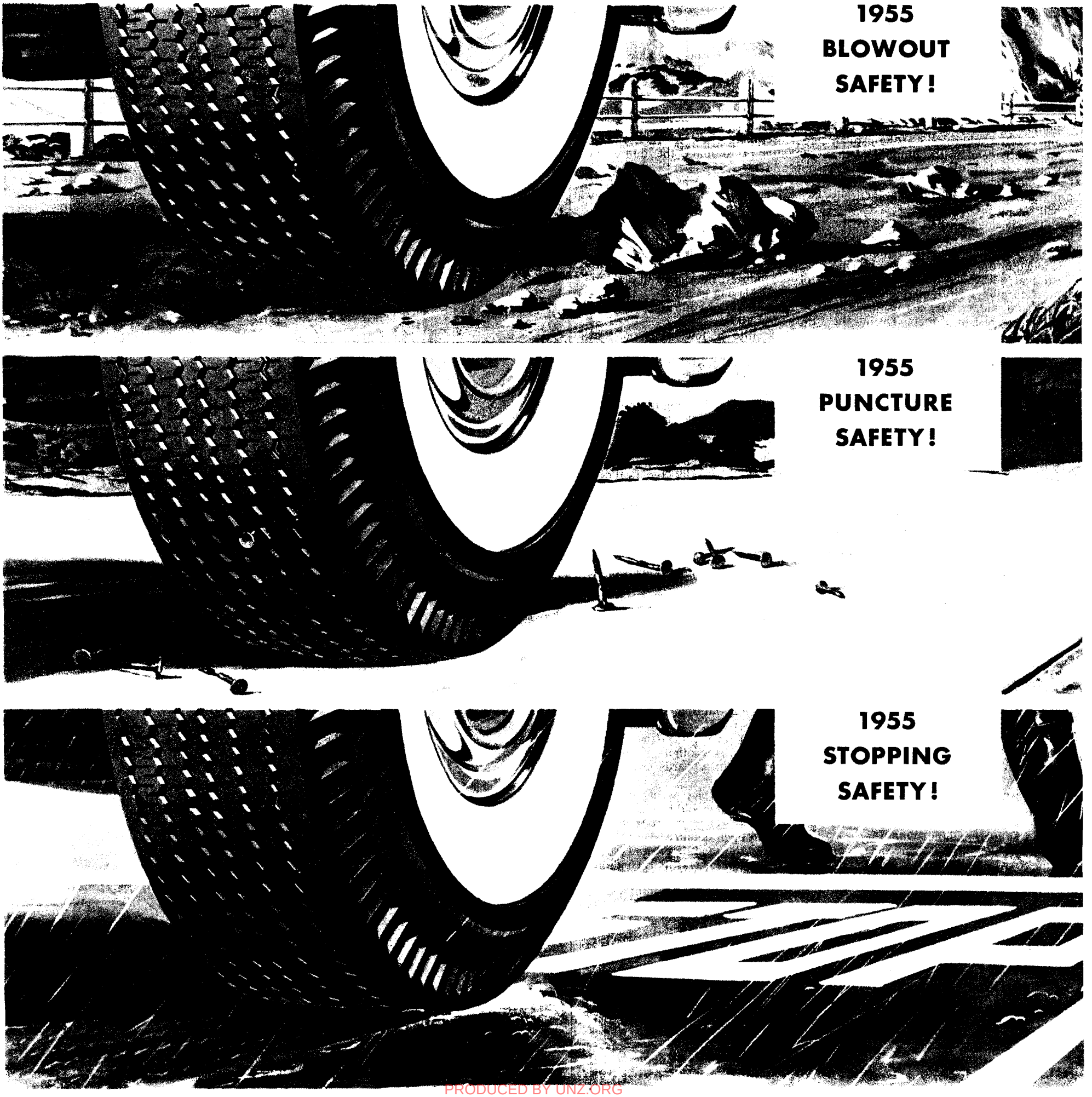

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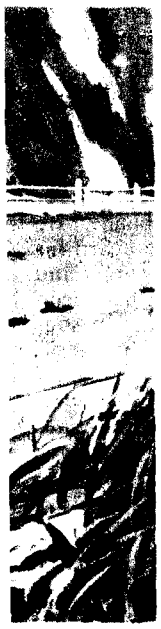

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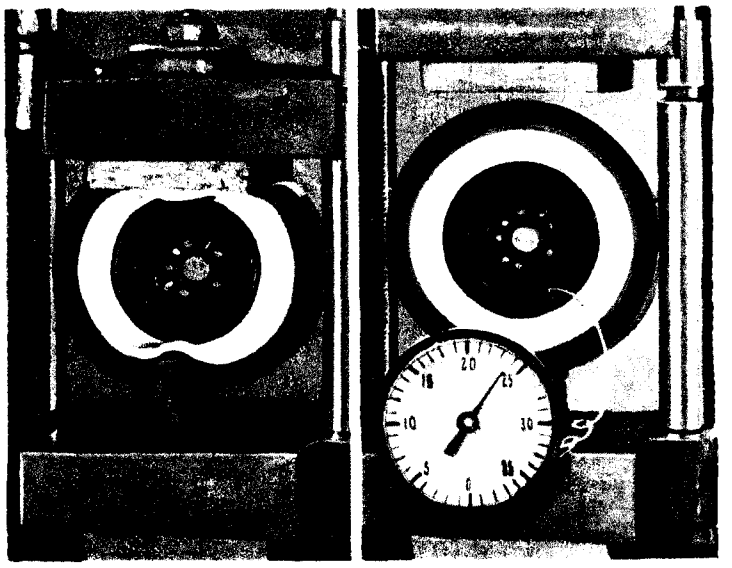

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be some of them could use cars and patrol the two roads slowly. Two local men were already over by the lake.

Thompson wanted to know if he could patrol on horseback. Luke thought: That's Marty wanting to play cowboy again. Although in the sage a horse might be a help in an emergency, the man on it would also be a fine target.

The sheriff's son-in-law faced the road down which Thompson's car was parked. "That car ain't got its brakes locked," he said, and his voice rose slightly. "It's drifting forward."

"And it's come unhitched from the trailer, too," Thompson said. He began to trot easily toward his car. As it rolled, the car also turned, but then the watchers were distracted by Thompson stumbling and sprawling on the road. It was only after this—after watching the rolling car begin to veer and watching Thompson fall—that most of them heard the noise, two noises that were almost one, and began to relate the noise to the man stumbling. Someone had shot Thompson.

THE moving car continued across the road, for a moment broadside to the watchers. Then it began to back. The sheriff shot first and then Luke, without thinking. He shot at a tire, and with his second or third shot, he couldn't tell, saw the tire go flat. He was on one knee, behind what cover a hitching post offered. He did not remember how he got there.

By now the car had turned toward them. The sheriff and those near him had taken cover, most of them simply by lying on the ground. Only Leach Morgan still stood. "They killed Marty," he said over and over while he fired his silver-handled pistol at the turning car. Others fired too, including the men in the car, and Morgan fell backward to the ground, his pistol hand flung wide in an oratorical gesture. He lay there, his pale-blue eyes staring at the heavens, his mouth open in an astonishment that, like Martin Thompson's, would be permanent.

The car had turned around and was moving up the road, but not as fast as it might have, even with a flat tire. Luke guessed that some part more vital than a tire had also been hit. The car would stop soon and the men in it would then have to run. "What do you think we'd better do?" Luke called to the sheriff. "I think they'll run for it instead of staying in the car."

"If we let them go into the sage again, it'll be worse than if we go after them when they get out of the car."

The car stopped and the sheriff's eye began to pick out what cover existed, by way of which an advance might be made. Luke called that he would go out on one flank and maybe Brady should go on the other, or someone with a rifle. But they all waited for the car doors to open.

The doors didn't open. The car began to back up, a good deal faster than it had been going forward. "The forward gears must be hit!" Brady called. "They're going to try for one of the other cars!"

Ty Creedon ran across the intersection, calling, "It's like a tank!"

Luke emptied a clip into the car and tried to decide whether to stand where he was or to slip to the side and try to fire through the side windows of the backing car.

The sheriff, like Brady, knew the fugitives were going to try for another car. It was their one real chance. He saw Luke, he saw Brady, he heard his son-in-law yelp once like a puppy and shake his left hand, which had been steadying his gun hand. But the son-in-law was behaving well. The sheriff saw an arm and what seemed to be an eye and an ear show at the open window of the car. He fired, snap-shooting, and saw the arm go limp. It hung over the side, waving with the car's motion.

The backing car reached Luke's car and a door opened, but only one man emerged—the driver, shooting, running, bobbing. The sheriff raised his arm again when he heard the rifle and another gun go off. The running figure fell kicking.

Silence was louder than the guns. The sheriff stood up first, watching the riddled car. Then he walked slowly to it. Two bodies lay in the back seat.

He walked back to where the others stood. Facing them, he could see who was there: Luke, Brady, his son-in-law. Creedon was emerging from behind the store, and probably no one but Creedon would ever know much about what he might have done today. But he still carried his silver-mounted pistol in his hand.

Horton and Bloodgood were not in

COLLIER'S "Olé!" HARRY LYONS

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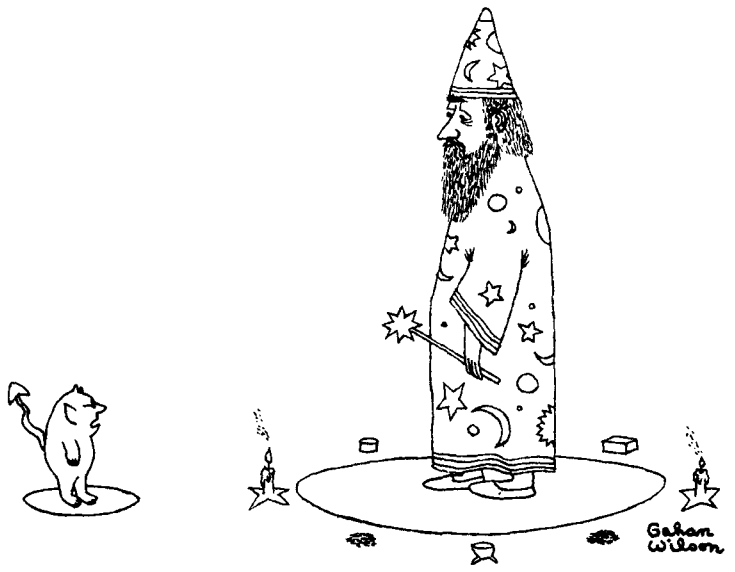

"If you use inferior materials you get inferior demons . . ."

COLLIER'S — GAHAN WILSON

sight. The proprietor was coming out of his store, and soon the men who had been on the lake front would appear. Then everyone would be accounted for, the sheriff thought, almost idly. But even then he heard back of him another car arriving. This car had a horse trailer too. The little rise of ground hid from its occupants both the riddled car and the bodies on the ground.

Luke stood his empty rifle against the hitching post and set about tying a handkerchief tight around the son-in-law's middle finger. The tip of the finger was gone.

Brady looked tired. "If you got no objection, Sheriff, I'd just as soon go along. I had about enough for today."

"No objection," the sheriff said. "I want to thank you."

Brady shrugged. "I suppose it might have been worse. There might have been more of them here for it. I got a feeling, though, that this is the end of the posse. For me it is. Nothing personal, you understand."

The sheriff nodded. "Of course," he said.

"In fact, I'm going to turn in my badge right now."

Luke approached the sheriff and, seeing what Brady was doing, removed his own badge. "Can't say I blame you, Luke," the sheriff said. "Seems like I heard that's what Ellen wanted some little while ago."

Luke nodded. "I had to come here today to know what she was talking about. Anyhow, I can't think of a better time to turn it in."

WHILE they talked, Lodray Smith and two other posse men came up to the sheriff. The riddled car and the dead on the ground were back of them, and they had caught only a glimpse of the bodies.

"Why, what's the matter, boy?" Lodray Smith said to Brady. "You got no call to turn in your badge. Looks to me like you and the other boys done all right."

"If you'd come a little earlier, Lodray," Brady said, "you'd know better."

"Anyhow," Luke heard himself say, "two of them didn't do so good." He would not have said it to Lodray yesterday.

"At least two," the sheriff said, and then wished he hadn't. After all, he didn't really know about Creedon and Bloodgood and Horton.

Luke and Elwood Brady turned to walk to the car they had come in. They had no intention of offending Lodray Smith or anyone else; they simply felt there was nothing more to be said. Behind them, they heard Lodray ask querulously: "You aren't expecting all of us to turn in our badges, are you, Sheriff? We got here just as soon as—"

"I leave that to you," the sheriff said. "But if you're going to stick around, you might begin to help with those bodies back of you."

THE newcomers turned. When they had arrived a few moments before, the bodies on the ground had been partly hidden by the car. "But those two nearest bandits look like posse men." Lodray's voice had become querulous again. He noticed one of the white hats on the ground.

"Yes," the sheriff said. "That's what I mean by leaving it up to you about turning in the badges." He turned and walked up onto the porch of the store. "What kind of soft drinks you got, Albert?" he said to the proprietor. Behind him he heard someone crying, but he did not turn to look.

When the sheriff came out again, a bottle of lemon soda in his hand, he saw that Luke had changed his mind about leaving. Luke had spread a canvas on the ground and, with Brady, was lifting Leach Morgan's body onto it. They would need help with someone as big as Thompson, the sheriff knew. He went out to join them.

As he came up, Luke said to him, "I think I'd better call Ellen. She may have heard something, and she'll be worried."

"Go ahead, son," the sheriff said. "Tell her not to worry—now or any time." As he said this he placed a hand on Luke's shoulder, and for some reason Luke's eyes suddenly smarted with tears.

Luke turned away and went toward the store to call his girl. His heart was full with a deep sadness for the men who lay dead; and the knowledge of why Ellen had always wanted him to quit the posse lay heavily on him. He remembered what she had said about instruments of violence being in the hands of men who were not trained for violence, or by character suited to it. She wasn't quite right, he thought, but she was close enough.

He felt a great need to talk with Ellen now, and he quickened his steps to the store and the telephone.

—HARRY SYLVESTER

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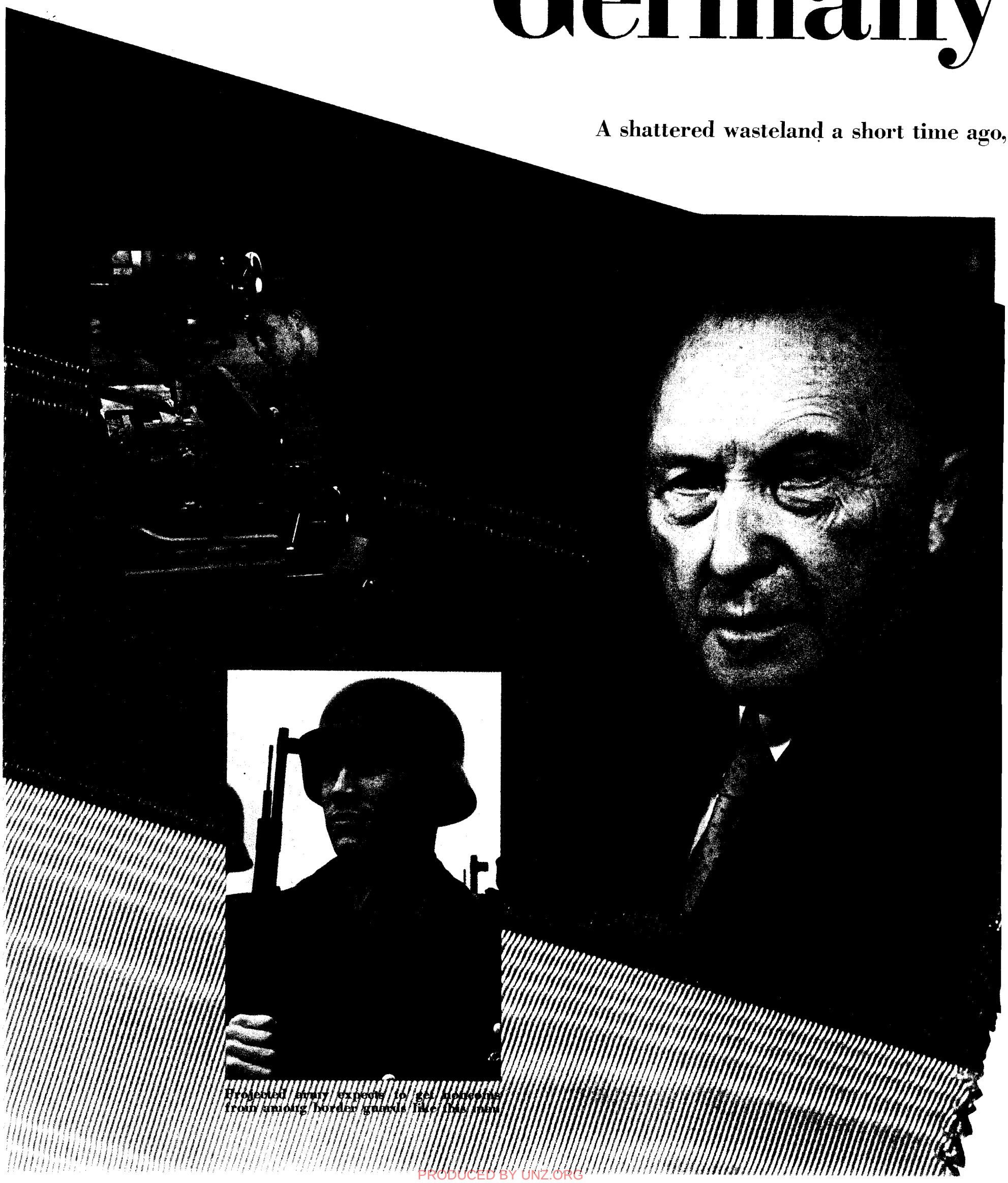
Germany

A shattered wasteland a short time ago,



Projected army expects to get aloneone from among border guards like this man

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-FRIEND or FOE ?

Germany is now one of West Europe's strongest nations—potentially a mighty ally or a powerful enemy. On her future may rest the fate of the world . . . and no one knows which way she'll go. Here's an expert's special report

BY THEODORE H. WHITE

IT IS two in the morning, and I wake to the sound of singing. I get up, throw open the window, and lean out. I see only the black streets of Düsseldorf, wet with rain, shimmering in the street lights—deserted. But from around the corner, I can hear young, strong voices in a marching song. I try to make out the words and tune. It is no song I recognize, and the voices fade in the distance.

I go back to bed and think of how often, on my visits to West Germany since the war, I have listened for voices, always trying to catch the echo of remembered cadences. Song in Germany is different from song in other countries. In Germany, when they sing, strangers in the beer halls lock arms and sway in tribal brotherhood, keeping time to the music; or friends singing on their way home from a party find they are no longer strolling, but tramping to the undertread, the beat in the music. Song in Germany can be dangerous.

So always, in Germany, I listen to the singing. Other people will tell you they have heard it. An intelligence report comes in of the German Border Guard singing the Nazi Horst Wessel Lied in its barracks in one town. In another town, someone confides, he has heard people singing Wir Fahren Gegen England—We Are Driving Against England. But I myself, in all these years, have never heard the Germans singing any of the old songs, not even Lili Marlene.

Indeed, I have never felt more at home or at peace on any postwar visit to Germany than I have this winter. Yet I have been listening more sharply than ever, for the Atlantic world has summoned the Germans to put together a new army. Only 35 years ago, the Treaty of Versailles permitted the Germans an army rigidly limited to 100,000 men; out of that cramped *Reichswehr* Hitler succeeded in six years in building the army which drenched this same Atlantic world in blood. Now a new German army of 500,000 men is to be brought into being. In three years it will furnish 12 divisions to man the line against the Russians in central Europe, more than twice the divisions we Americans maintain there, three times as many as either the British or French.

This army will swing the balance of power decisively, perhaps permanently, to the Atlantic nations. But it will also make the Germans once more masters in their own house. It will restore to German hands the tools of destruction and force so desperately wrenched from them less than ten years ago.

I have too often traveled the roads of Europe, pausing at the fields of white crosses which mark the American dead of two wars with these people, to forget what happened the last time German soldiers held such force and power in their grasp.

How will it go this time? Is it dangerous? If so, to whom? To the Russians? To us? To the fresh and fragile German democracy we have so carefully nursed to life?

So I have been listening.

* * *

The answers, if there are any, begin in Bonn, the capital of postwar Western Germany.

Only yesterday Bonn was a sleepy university town, snuggling along a curve of the Rhine just across the river from the murky hills where Siegfried slew his dragon. Tree-shaded, its old buildings throwing antique shadows over the narrow cobblestoned streets, Bonn became capital of Germany quite by accident—because in 1948 the handful of men who were writing Germany's new constitution found there an empty normal school where they could work conveniently. When they had finished in 1949, they simply decided to stay.

Like a chrysalis bursting, the town has changed since. The old normal school has added on a parliamentary chamber and two wings for offices. The school lawn, once kept cropped by several dirty yellow sheep, is now a manicured bed of velvet grass. The Gold-Red-Black banner snapping overhead proclaims that this is now the capital, seat of Germany's freely elected *Bundestag;* in summer, vacationing children from all over Germany serpentine through its chambers. The little white Palais Schaumberg of the Schaumberg-Lippe princelings has been transformed into the offices of Chancellor Adenauer;

Theodore H. White has been one of America's foremost foreign correspondents for 15 years, first in the Far East and more recently in Europe. He is the author of the best-selling book on postwar Europe's progress and problems, Fire in the Ashes

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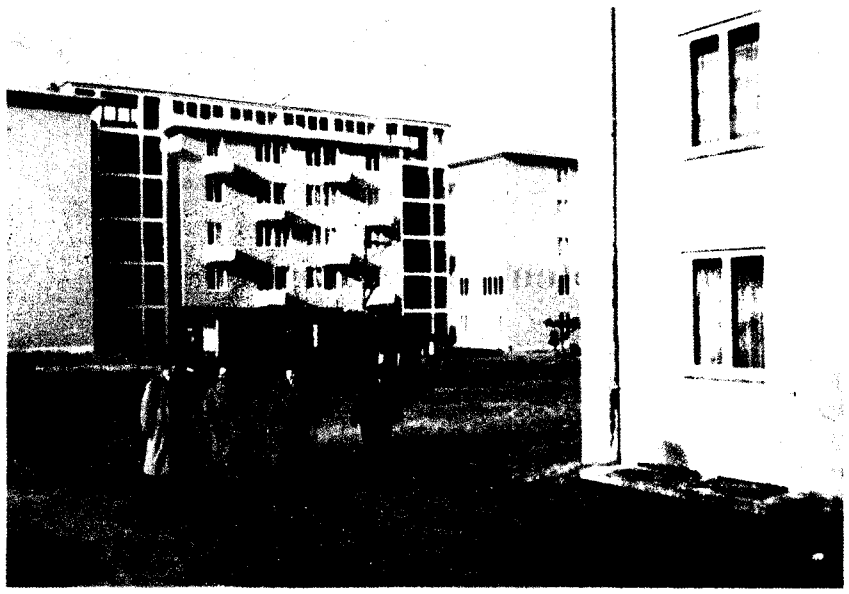

Since the war, Germany has rebuilt 600,000 damaged homes, put up 2,500,000 new ones. Modern apartment development above is in Essen

Steelmaking, like much of Germany's other industrial production, is at an all-time high. This scene is at a major steel plant in the Ruhr

Krupp monthly produces hundreds of the heaviest-duty trucks made in Germany—and exports one third of them, helping foreign exchange

Brightly lighted street in Frankfurt symbolizes Germany's resurgence since the end of World War II. City was heavily bombed during war

several old barracks have been converted to ministries.

Beyond this, the Germans have built huge new blocks of yellow stucco, of gray stone, of white facings, austere and crisp, rising out of the huddle of mellowed buildings of the past generation. This is a capital where a henhouse operator keeps his chicken-run and advertises his eggs across the street from the palace where Konrad Adenauer governs the nation. It is a capital where children sell raffle tickets on fat geese for St. Martin's feast at the front door of Germany's new Pentagon while, at its rear, an old woman grinds her hurdy-gurdy.

The contrast between Bonn and Berlin, the true and ancient capital of the Germans, speaks more eloquently than a volume on politics. Berlin, even in its blackened ruins, retains the somber magnificence of bygone glory. The Brandenburg Gate calls back every memory of Teutonic majesty. An air of greatness still lingers over the broad avenues of the Charlottenburger Chaussee, Unter den Linden or the Tiergarten, echoing yet of trumpeting parades of state. But nothing fits more naturally into Bonn's streets than the wheezing yellow Toonerville Trolleys which provide its daily transport.

Berlin once was a city constantly sputtering with the romantic excitement and repressed violence which is the essence of German history. Nazis and Communists vomiting up from the slums could hack one another to bits in the street or terrify cowering legislators into submission. The colossal buildings of the city amplified every little man's megalomania.

Bonn, by contrast, is soothing; its tranquillity and folksiness cap Germany's history most strangely. I have seen only one demonstration there in all my visits, and that was three years ago—a Communist protest meeting which in 15 minutes fizzled into nothing, absorbed by the drowsiness of the town.

Bonn's question is simple: Is this placid place the genuine capital of excitable Germany? Or is it a mirage? Are the men who govern here permanent or transient?

There are certain important points to note about Bonn. Here, in the *Bundestag,* sit 487 representatives of the people, put there by an election in which 86 per cent of all Germans eligible to vote went freely to the polls. (In our own 1952 elections, only 63 per cent of eligible Americans bothered to vote.) Yet among all these elected representatives of Germany there is not one latter-day Nazi, not one Communist. These men of the *Bundestag,* together, have given Germans the freest, most decent government in their history. Together, they have captained a recovery from the ruins which is one of the wonders of the postwar world. In foreign policy they have, so far, proved themselves, even though clumsy, the most restrained and co-operative member of the Atlantic community. With the assistance of the Atlantic world, they have met each test more than adequately. German history and world events now hang, simply, on whether these men of Bonn can continue—on whether they have the strength to meet tomorrow's trials on their own.

For nearly ten years Western Germany has submitted itself, restless yet willing, to occupation by alien troops. These troops have provided the most important element of all government—order, discipline and the force to back it. No bloodshed has stained West Germany's streets, because Allied armies forbade it. No plots have hatched in Germany, because spies and intelligence agents of three nations have punctured them. Relieved of the cruel task of applying or threatening force against their own people in the starvation days when no people would voluntarily accept the stern measures necessary to cure their misery, the men of Bonn have also been spared the unpleasant duty of dis-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

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ciplining men and women who could vote them in or out of power. They have been able to focus on the wise and simple tasks of housekeeping.

Theoretically the occupation forces have had the legal right to move troops in or out of any town at will; to requisition homes and fields; to try Germans in their courts; to summon the chancellor like a servile chief before the Allied High Commission and veto any of the laws of his parliament. But the Allies have applied these rights with infinite caution—and diminishing need. It is now almost four years since proud Konrad Adenauer came, brief case in hand, to explain his conduct before the High Commission. It has been more than eight months since any law of the *Bundestag* has been vetoed by Allied action. But the occupation has been there nonetheless. The Germans have never forgotten the ultimate power of its intrusion in their daily lives.

On the day the Treaties of Paris are finally ratified, our occupation troops will change from conquerors to guests and allies of the Germans. The Bonn government will be on its own, alone with its own people, under the scrutiny of a world waiting to see if it can pass a new set of tests—tests which have crumpled German governments one by one, like peanut shells, all through this century.

It is not too difficult to define these tests, for they have natural or olden origins: the desire of a long-divided people (now dismembered into unnatural Western and Eastern halves) to recapture their unity by any means, fair or foul; schisms among themselves as to how the rewards and burdens of recovery shall be shared; a taste for glory; a curious tribal fascination with arms and violence. This last, more than any other, has meaning for us, the ex-enemies-newly-turned-allies, because no government of free German choice has ever been able to stop this martial lust short of those lunatic outbursts which have wet the world with tears and blood.

Against these trials of tomorrow the new Bonn government can probably marshal more internal support than any German government in the past. Above all, it can truthfully boast to its people that under its captaincy they have gone from starvation and squalor to good health and prosperity swifter than under any previous government in their history. All manner of sinister or unhealthy memories may lie dormant under the surface of the German mind. But present prosperity and hope blanket them all. Prosperity is the biggest positive fact in German politics today. It is a success story which millions of individual Germans share with the Bonn government—and they do not wish to risk it.

* * *

You can read the German success story in statistics. The statistics of today, sprayed over the Germany of yesterday, are dazzling.

The Germany of 1945 was a nation broken. Its cities were deserts of rubble. Its rivers were choked with sunken barges, its bridges were down. In the American zone alone, of 12,000 factories only 1,200 still worked—when they could find the raw materials. As rations dwindled to their low, in 1947, of 1,040 calories a day, Germany starved. Around the corners of garrison blocks and post exchanges, German girls offered themselves to the foreign troops for candy bars, soap or cigarettes.

The Allied powers, fearing lest their occupation be remembered as a savagery almost as dreadful as that which Germans had visited on the rest of Europe, poured in aid by the billions of dollars. Yet even as late as 1948, when, after currency reform, the early Marshall Planners felt they had finally straightened things out, they dared only hope that someday, when Marshall aid trickled off, the West Germans might be able to sustain themselves on a standard of living at most about three quarters as high as that Hitler had given them. This estimate also assumed that Germany, at that standard, would still have a billion-dollar deficit in foreign trade.

Against this background, the figures of Germany today tell a miracle. In recent months, steel production, auto production, foreign trade have hit all-time highs. Taking the index of 1936 under Hitler as 100, the index of industrial production in Western Germany last fall reached 185! Germans who only five years ago pushed wheelbarrows through desolate streets now complain of the traffic jams in their cities. In 1953, Germany's exports hit a solid $4,400,000,000, a postwar peak, and economists figured they had ceilinged off. But exports for 1954 will probably even out at around $5,000,000,000, and the Germans are preparing to up the figure again with trade missions selling steel in California and Canada, mills in Egypt and India, machinery and automobiles in Europe, South America and Asia. The new German mark, in 1948 backed by nothing more than hope, is now, except for the Swiss franc, the hardest currency in Europe.

Germans Like Germany Better Now

Only a few short years ago, every American consulate in Germany was twined around with lines of putty-faced, bedraggled men and women prayerfully waiting for a visa to the United States. Last spring they began to disappear. By midsummer U.S. officials discovered that many were letting their applications drop. By last October, the number of lapsed applications had climbed to 50 per cent. Germany looked good to Germans again.

These are statistics. But even more telling is the face of German recovery.

When, after the war, I first came to Frankfurt, the capital of the American occupation, it had only two poles of activity. One lay around the railway station, dominated by the American-occupied hotels and PX; the other, far larger, was the massive yellow I.G. Farben Building, our military headquarters. In between spread a wasteland of gray mounded ruins where ragged people trudged about their leaden tasks.

Today the I.G. Farben Building seems like a prosaic office center; the railway station is a dingy traffic point; between, out of the ruins, have risen some of the handsomest new buildings in Europe, airy, clean-lined, buildings that blaze at night in a lavish burst of neon. There are still as many Americans as before, but Frankfurt has shrugged them off. This twinkling, bustling city of merchants is German again.

When I visited Düsseldorf in 1949, it took a full day's wandering through half-empty shops to find a souvenir for my wife. Today the luxury stores on Koenigsallee compare with those on the Rue de la Paix or Fifth Avenue; caviar sells at five dollars a spoon in its night clubs; the tobacco shops, as if to recompense for Germany's earlier nicotine craving, offer more fat cigars of all shapes and forms, more novel brands of cigarettes than any other mart in Europe.

Behind the radiant face of Germany's new prosperity are myriad individual success stories which give this national prosperity its transcendentally important political impact. For at the root of the national success story lies an individual "busyness" of the German with his own affairs, a healthy, unabashed preoccupation with the getting and making of things. And behind this lies an all-pervasive, almost psychopathic desire to have nobody rock the boat. In every conversation Germans voice the explicit wish—half prayer, half hope—that, above all, another war will not be allowed to happen, a war which, in this age of absolute weapons, might reduce their freshly rebuilt homes, shops, factories to radioactive wilderness overnight. This political fruit is the most solid nourishment of the little government at Bonn.

There is, for example, Willy Schlieker. I have known Willy ever since the day, six years ago, when he was "delivered" to me, a correspondent of the conquerors, by British political officers in his small, shabby flat on Breite Strasse in Düsseldorf. I

Former infantry officer Rolf Horn, left, now Berlin's leading fashion designer, talks with author White as model shows a cocktail gown

Western Germany has more than twice as much land and population as East Germany—besides the Ruhr, invaluable industrial center

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Author (right, with cigarette) discussed army with village leaders of Weckesheim, a tiny hamlet near Frankfurt, found all against army except headmaster (far left), who's undecided

had wanted to see Willy because once, at the age of twenty-eight, he had been the boy genius of Hitler's war effort, the mastermind who controlled the iron-and-steel industry not only of the Ruhr but of all the Continent. When I first saw him, Willy had already been purged, denazified and shoved around; he had settled into a hovel where he traded in junk and scrap iron. But from his tongue still fell trippingly all the figures and facts of Germany's titanic war exertions. "Memory," Willy said once, "is my only capital," and his prodigious memory of Germany's war capacity and techniques made him one of the chief targets of any Allied inquiry into Germany's military past.

In the years since, I have seen Willy flourish, like a parched flower soaked with rain. I have watched him build his scrap-iron business into one of the largest metal-trading concerns in Western Germany; I have watched him reach out to buy a little rolling mill and reconvert it; buy another, buy a shipping line, then buy a shipyard in Hamburg and expand it. I followed his move from the dingy flat to an elegant, modern home in Meererbusch, the suburb of Ruhr industrialists.

On this visit, being interested in Germany's rearmament, I prodded Willy with questions; on arms, he is one of the world's great experts, and his eloquence on the mysteries and crafts of arms-making had in the past held me enthralled. This time my questions evoked only brief, flat replies. Willy was bored with arms. He wanted instead to tell me of his new mill in the Ruhr, with a process that lets him make electrosheet cheaper and better than anyone else in the country.

His spanking-new plant, when I visited him, was rolling out one third of all Germany's electroplate production that month. We went out to the clanging, warm rolling mill. Willy pulled the spotless white handkerchief from his breast pocket, smeared it over the steel sheets coming from the line and said, "Look. Perfect. Not a trace of oxidation. No one can make better than this." Willy wanted to tell me of his new coup in building tankers to export liquefied gas to northern Italy; of his new hunting lodge in Bavaria. But the new army and arms program both bored and frightened him. Somehow, it threatened his new plants, house, shipyard, hunting lodge. "But, Willy," I finally asked, "doesn't anybody here want to make guns?" Willy smiled: "Well, planes maybe, but not guns. That's because you didn't try any of the plane makers at Nuremberg, or put any of them in jail."

Millions of Germans have similar success stories to tell. There is Victor-Emanuel Preusker, who is Minister of Housing, and justly proud. Ten years ago the cities of West Germany showed a leper's face to the world, abscessed with the eyeless sockets of 2,250,000 totally destroyed homes and another 2,500,000 heavily damaged. Now 600,000 of these homes have been rebuilt; another 2,500,000 have been built anew. In 1954, the Germans built more dwellings per capita than America has achieved in any year of its postwar building boom. This year, the figure will be even higher.

One hears this success story told by a minister of government across his desk and glances down at his hands, white and clean now, neatly manicured. Yet not long ago Preusker's hands were rough and red from cutting lumber, fixing doors, windows, frames, repairing children's toys and furniture. For when Preusker was finally cleared and returned to civilian life from the *Luftwaffe* (he had been a lieutenant), he and his brother began life again as carpenters, opening a woodworking shop in Frankfurt. The success of Preusker's ministry blends with his personal triumph, and one senses his fear of whatever might menace it.

Or there is Rolf Horn in Berlin. Tall, blond and handsome, Rolf Horn looks the model of a German infantry officer, which is what he once was. Today he is Berlin's leading fashion designer. While Rolf was at war his shop was bombed out four times; when he came back there was nothing. To decorate his shop windows he made his wife strip her wardrobe, and hung her dresses in the window. Each employee had to bring needles, thread and flatiron from home; the shop had none.

Fifth-Avenue Figures for Fräuleins

Rolf's success since the war has come by his skillful adaptation to German taste of American fashions. German women, he says, have seen American women of the occupation. They want to dress like them—the same décolleté, the separates, more color. Rolf likes to think of himself as molding the sturdy bodies of German women into something slimmer, more sporty, more Fifth Avenue. He is a very happy man—and he talks of war, past and future, with a barely repressed shudder.

What the Germans have now is a lot more than they had any reason to expect ten years ago, and they know it—the clerks, the shopkeepers, the workers who are saving up for the motor bike, the Volkswagen, the down payment on the house. What is past was exciting—perhaps, in their dreams, even glorious. But this is good now, in many ways better—and they are proud.

All too often Americans and other ex-enemies of the Germans are irked by this German pride in the work of their hands. The irritation is in many ways justified. Among all the Germans I spoke to, only one (a Cabinet minister closely connected with the Marshall Plan) mentioned the vast sums of aid, the enormous efforts America had lavished to make Germany prosperous again. Not one German in a thousand is conscious of the fact that West Germany, having sacked and ravaged Europe, has paid back only $500,000,000 in reparation to the Western World, and has received some $4,000,000,000 in help from this Western World it sought to destroy. No German who denounces the French for backwardness ever recalls that Germany looted France of 80,000 machine tools during the war and retained all but 8,000 after defeat.

Yet, in history's long perspective, gratitude among nations is nonexistent; to expect gratitude is naïve. German prosperity was something the West actively sought, purchased by its blood transfusions and skillful regulations. It sought this prosperity only to lay the base for a new kind of German government, a democratic one whose successes would

Dieter Knorr, 23, is a refugee from Red-held Danzig, and is against organizing a new army

Roetger Gross, 21, Heidelberg student leader, feels army's needed and is for it—reluctantly

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	30	11.18
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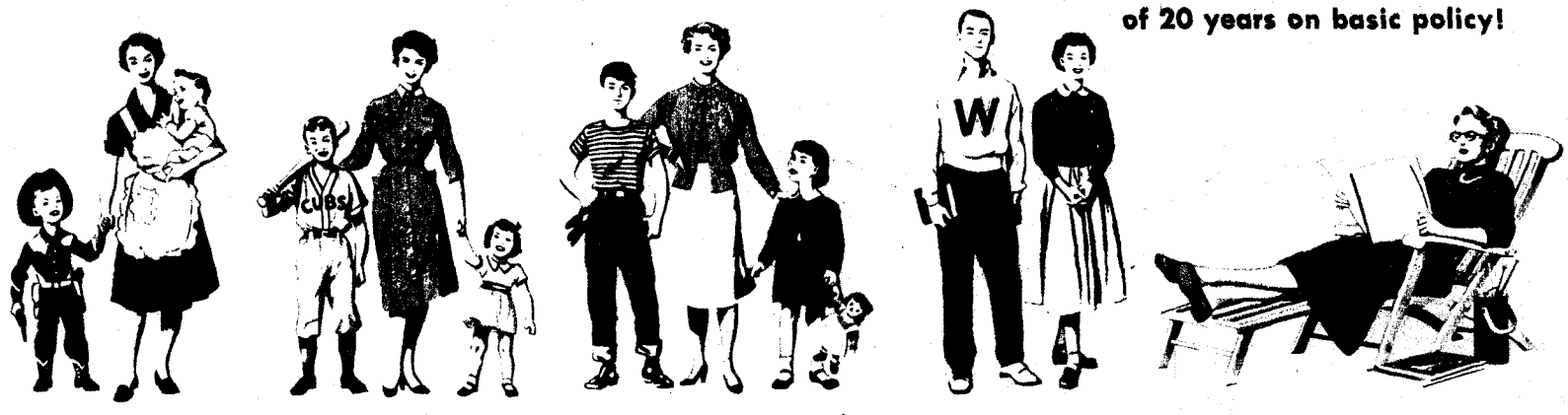
If you died the first year, your wife would receive $200 a month for 20 years — until the children were 22 and 25 and probably self-supporting. Then, she would also receive the full $10,000 face amount of the basic policy. So the total amount received for the balance of 20 years would come to over $55,000! Or if you died at the end of the tenth year, the monthly income would be paid for 10 years—and the total amount received would be $34,000. In any case, your insurance protection is greatly increased.

$200 per month up to 20 years—Family Income Plan . . . . . $10,000 cash payment at the end of 20 years on basic policy!



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U.S. High Commissioner James B. Conant is preparing occupation machinery for the day when Germany will regain her full sovereignty

American troops, shown above in one of the field exercises that occupy most of their time in Germany, will probably remain in the country indefinitely after the new German army is formed—but as guests, rather than as occupying force. We have 250,000 men in Germany now

guarantee the world against the recurring threat of German greed and violence. If this guarantee has been bought by the success of Germany, then postwar Germany, with or without gratitude, has been our success.

* * *

By all normal portents of politics the present prosperous, contented, peaceful bustle in Germany should assure any government that fosters it a long life. Yet, always, with every statement of satisfaction, comes a blurred expression of unease, a murmured postscript: ". . . so long as it lasts" or ". . . if no war comes." Germans talk like people living in a brief interlude between nightmares past and nightmares future, haunted by the sense that most of these nightmares have been of their own making. They are uneasy not only because of the Russians stacked up in menacing divisions just behind the glowering Thuringian ridges, but also because of what is in themselves. Talk of war and armies fascinates Germans still—yet they shrink from it, by reflex. They resemble nothing more in all the world than reformed alcoholics talking of past binges, watching the bottle opened by the host, the drink being poured, thrusting it away, saying, "No, thanks—not this time, I'm off it now." As they say it, one knows that their fear of the bottle is sincere, yet that their mouths water for the taste. After the first few weeks of this visit I realized as so often before that here in Germany, what lay beneath the surface—the unuttered attitudes, the twists of soul and personality—was more important in terms of gross politics than parties, personalities, treaties or stipulated divisions.

In Frankfurt, therefore, I went to call on a psychiatrist, Wolfgang Bredtschneider. It seemed hardly possible, I began, that in Adenauer's Cabinet you could seat 19 men at a table, four of whom had been at least nominal Nazis, two of whom had been humiliated in Nazi concentration camps (in addition to the chancellor himself, who had been imprisoned by Hitler), and expect them to arrive at reasoned, co-operative, trusting decisions. It seemed even more difficult to expect co-operation and trust in government from more ordinary men and women who had witnessed the collapse of three forms of government in one generation, who had endured two wars and two defeats, bombings, flight, alien invasion, hunger, denazification. There must be scars on people's minds as well as bodies, I said, but where did it show?

Germany must be viewed, Bredtschneider replied, not just as before and after Hitler, but as a continuous parade throughout this century. The first war came after the golden age, the sunny decades of Kaiser Wilhelm II, at the beginning of what promised to be a glorious century full of beer and happiness. When it all blew up after Versailles, said Bredtschneider, there was a conscious desire in the minds of Germans to get it back. The image of Germany before World War I was too sweet to let die; they could not admit it collapsed of itself. So there came the legend of the *Dolchstoss* (the stab in the back); there came the *Freikorps*, freebooting soldiers revolving around the skeleton army of the *Reichswehr;* there were monarchists calling for a return to the crown. It was only a question of time before this desire to recapture yesterday's authority, this remembered image, became a real-life projection onto somebody who could talk and look like authority—Hitler.

But after World War II, continued Bredtschneider, things were quite, quite different. Now, instead of projection and identification, what have you? Denial. " 'To hell with it,' our people say." He went on, " 'Maybe we killed all those Jews, maybe we didn't, but we don't want to hear about it; stop talking!' This may not sound nice to you Americans, but remember—it is the projection that was dangerous, the denial that is healthy."

I pressed on. Just how did this show up in mental disturbances? Could you trace it? Yes, said Bredtschneider; since the war, German medical journals have been full of papers on a condition German doctors find new and disturbing. They call it "vegetative dystonia"—a malfunctioning of the autonomic nervous system, quite clearly linked to emotional disturbances, like ulcers in an American businessman. Pathologically, there is nothing to see. But for the patient it is torturing—a varied combination of headaches, stabbing chest pains, dizziness, sweating palms, sleeplessness, instability, a constant feeling of impending doom. Since the war tens of thousands of Germans have shown up with it as a chronic condition.

Psychiatrists like Bredtschneider do not use the medical term "vegetative dystonia." They use a simpler, old-fashioned term: "anxiety neurosis." Its causes reach back a long way, not only to the war, although the war, with its long nights of bombing ("I still get the shakes myself when I hear airplanes," said Bredtschneider) must have helped. It goes further back, to the days between the wars, when governments came and went, when riots turned cities topsy-turvy. All these have left an emotional aftereffect not only on the people who lived through them, but on their children, emotionally weakened by parents too busy or harassed to give them love and affection. This is one of the amazing theoretical perplexities of mental illness, said Bredtschneider, how so many people can stand the actual danger without cracking, then, years later, break into this chronic anxiety pattern.

Somehow, somewhere it is linked to the problem of being an individual, Bredtschneider concluded. If people lack anything in Germany, he said, it is civil courage, to stand up and be alone. "Who is brave enough here to risk his job just to express an opinion, who can afford it? Now, with the golden dream of Wilhelm dead, and Hitler dead and denied, we have a new kind of government. Under it, every man is forced to be an individual. But we Germans have not been conditioned to be individuals and it is a great effort. The struggle to be an individual brings the anxiety to the surface—they are worried. It gives me, personally, as a German, a very unpleasant feeling to see you here in occupation. But I think you Americans should stay perhaps for fifty years. It is better that you should stay until we are used to this conditioning."

* * *

The greatest test of the Germans' conditioning since the war, of their political strength and civil courage, is the new army which world events and the Russian challenge have made necessary.

The army, in Germany, is an expression of national tradition and unstilled atavisms, quite different from armies anywhere else in the world except Japan. It is the army and the warrior who had dominated the pattern of German life ever since the Roman chronicler, Tacitus, first described them in their dark forests—as a people of friendliness,

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what happens when Germans hear marching feet: they want to fight

Until they get delivery of their own American-made matériel, soldiers of new German army may get some of their training equipment from this U.S. Army stockpile. Factories of the former enemy country aren't permitted to make guns now—and nobody seems anxious to start

Lieutenant General Adolf Heusinger is chief of military planning at Bonn. Heusinger was operations officer of *Wehrmacht* general staff

honor and sentimentality, yet given to the most awesome outbursts of violence imaginable.

If the world has suffered from these outbursts it must be remembered that Germans have suffered too, having lacerated one another in civil wars down to the weird bestiality of cannibalism in the Thirty Years' War. Moreover, most Germans now recognize this, as patients do who recognize their own weakness. "Put a German in civilian clothes," a newspaperman told me, "and he is just like anybody else. Put us in uniform and a chemical change happens—we are different." So that when Germans contemplate the coming years, the new army, they talk of it in contradictions and fear. They repeat with pride the old aphorism: "A man without arms is a man without honor." But they also repeat other phrases like *"Schaden macht klug"*—"Misery makes wise."

The one question I tried to put to every German I spoke to was: "How do you feel about the new army?" Of some 70 people I questioned, only 20 felt, either happily or reluctantly, that the army was a good thing. The others, at every level—workers at the blast furnaces, apprentices in school, journalists, union leaders, businessmen, even some of the peasants (the only group I found preponderantly in favor of the army) were against it. It was only partly because they felt that armies inevitably mean war. Even more, it was because they do not like the kind of armies Germany has had in the past, yet are not quite sure whether they can, politically and individually, restrain their patriotic excitement long enough to make this new army different.

I went to see the most popular movie in Germany since the war, based on a novel called "08/15," about the training of prewar draftees. The picture looses on the army and its officers every vulgar ridicule, savagery and contempt the film makers can dream up; almost everybody who wears stripes or officers' pips in the picture is a sot, lecher, sadist or fool. The newly revived and successful Simplicissimus, Germany's famous humor magazine, has been sharpening its arrow of satire on the new army —to the applause of its growing readership.

Yet with all the ridicule and contempt, the Germans know, fatalistically, that the army is unavoidable. They wonder desperately whether they can take one little sip from the bottle without going off on a tear. One of Germany's finest combat officers, trying devotedly to make the new army a democratic one, said to me: "But it depends not so much on us, as on them, the people. Nobody knows what will happen the day the first battalion in German uniform, with the flag flying, goes marching down the first little village street with the band playing. How much will it excite them? What will it do? This no one can predict."

At present, what there is of the embryonic German army gives barely a hint of what the future may hold. The headquarters of its planning group, the Dienstelle Blank (the Blank Office, so-called for its director Theodor Blank) is neither imposing nor sinister-looking. It is a red-brick building in Bonn that has expanded into several large clapboard annexes, housing 300 officials, all dressed—despite their taut military bearing—in civilian clothes.

Militarily Brilliant, Politically Stupid

Since 1871, the last year in which the German army won any kind of war, almost a century of defeat and disaster has rolled by. During that time German generals have proved themselves simultaneously the most astonishingly brilliant and astonishingly stupid soldiers of modern times. Terrifyingly proficient at the mechanics of combat, they have displayed the political intelligence of oxen. Their stock is nowhere at lower ebb than in their own country. If the German people distrust their army it is because of the generals and officers who have commanded it in the past.

The root trouble of German officers has always been their idea of themselves. They have always thought of themselves as being not the servants, but the partners and occasionally the masters of the state. Unlike the American or English military tradition of an instinctive and enormously wise submission to the civilians of public life, the German officer tradition holds that military and civilian leaders equally guard the destiny of the nation.

The monocled, rigidly correct men of the great German general staff saw themselves as a state within a state. It was these men who lost the first World War for Germany, deciding (against the best civilian advice) to launch the submarine campaign which brought America in; who regarded the Republic of Weimar as a flabby, feckless partner in statesmanship, to be supported when it suited, torpedoed when it displeased; who used their army funds to dabble in politics. In the end it was the army's top politico—Von Schleicher—who, by his intrigues at Berlin, paved the way for Hitler's entry into power. Then the army found itself trapped. Within twelve years Hitler had disgraced, defiled and destroyed both the army and its officer corps in the *Götterdämmerung* that ended in 1945.

In Bonn, therefore, it is a matter of dogma that the rebuilding of the German army must proceed upon two simultaneous lines: to try to recapture its old field-combat efficiency, and to couple it with political guidance less perilous than heretofore to the whole world and the German people themselves.

There seems little doubt that Dienstelle Blank is well along in the first half of its task—the planning of a combat army. No one quite knows how its 500,000 men and 12 divisions will be meshed with the others of the free world, but, however deployed, this much is certain: as fighting units they will be good.

One cannot talk with a man like Lieutenant General Adolf Heusinger, chief of the military element at Dienstelle Blank, without instantly realizing how little skill he has lost since, as operations officer of the *Wehrmacht's* general staff, he directed troops all across the map of Europe. Provided America delivers on time the guns, tanks, planes it has promised, and provided Heusinger can find young noncoms and junior officers to volunteer for platoon and company leadership, he plans to have all 12 divisions ready to roll three years from the word go. Like all German officers with experience against Russia, General Heusinger is hipped on mobility. His divisons—whether armored, mechanized or infantry—must be on wheels, complete with organic transport.

As the general's eloquent fingers dart across the table on an imaginary map, they make profiles of European geography, tracing passes and defense points back to the Pyrenees, probing weaknesses and opportunities all the way forward to the Vistula and beyond. One knows, talking to him, that this new army will be deft, quick, able to feint and counterpunch, able to think in broadest strategic terms;

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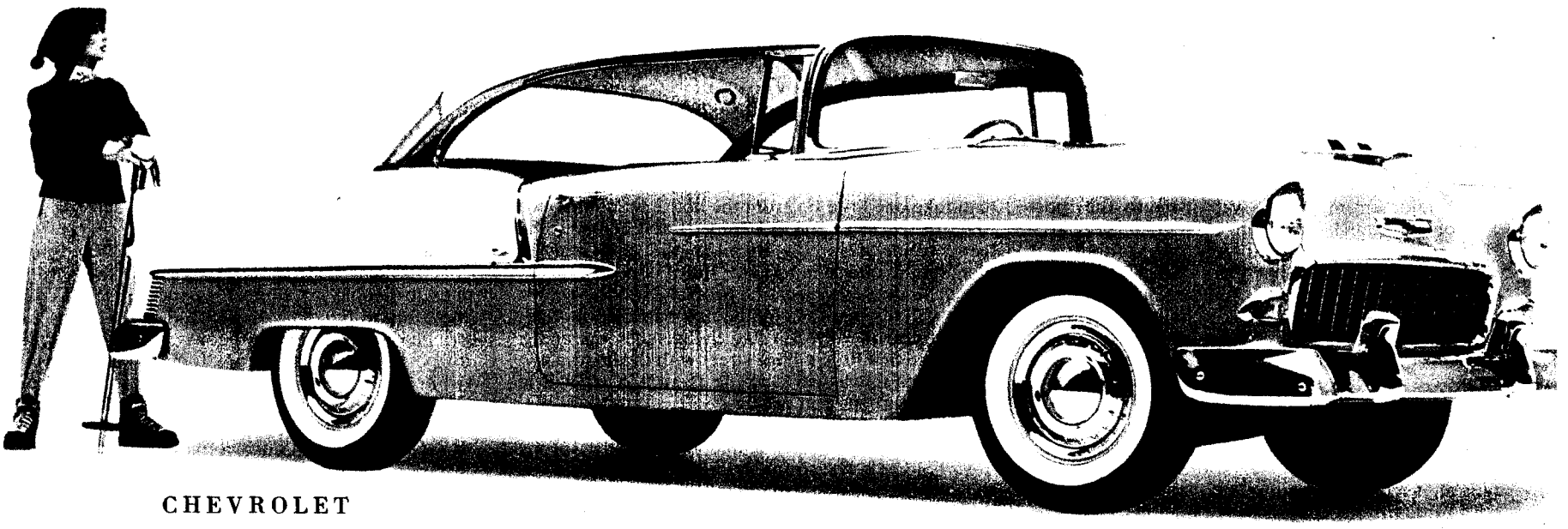

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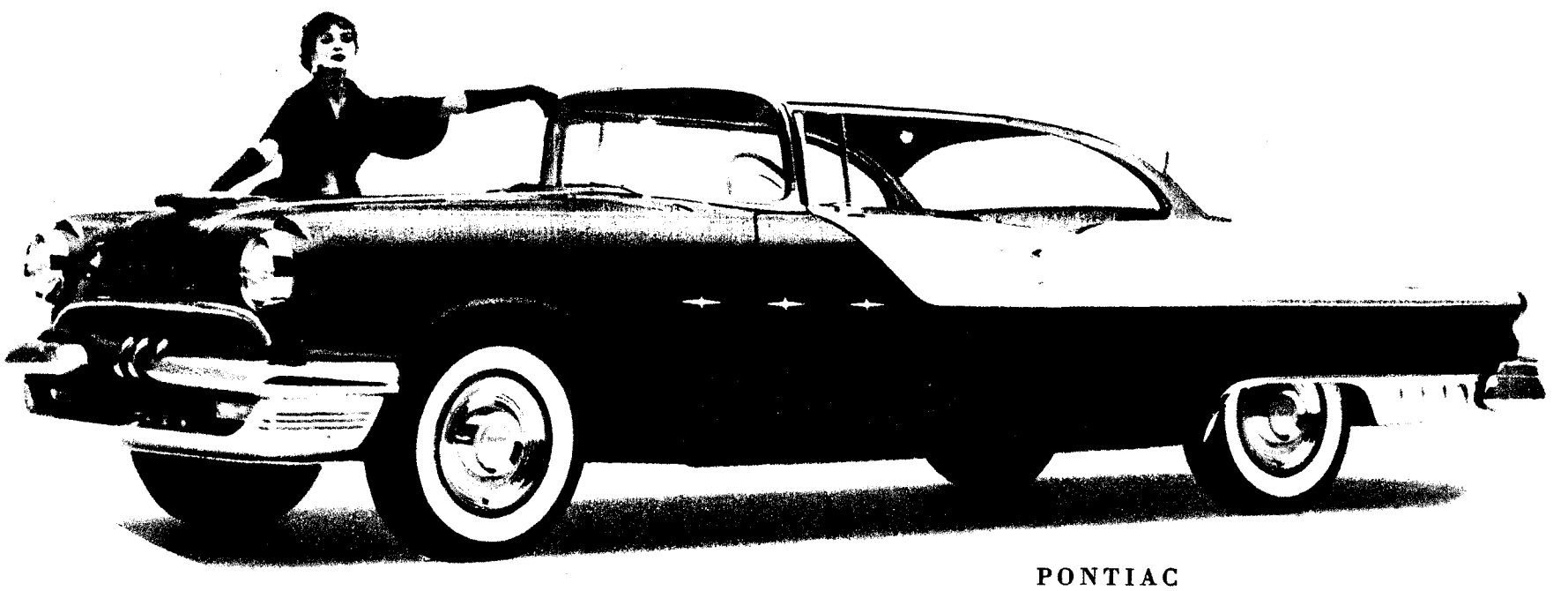

PONTIAC

GM Motorama of 1955: New York, Jan. 20-25: Miami, Feb. 5-13; Los Angeles, Mar. 5-13; San Francisco, Mar. 26-Apr. 3; Boston, Apr. 23 to May 1

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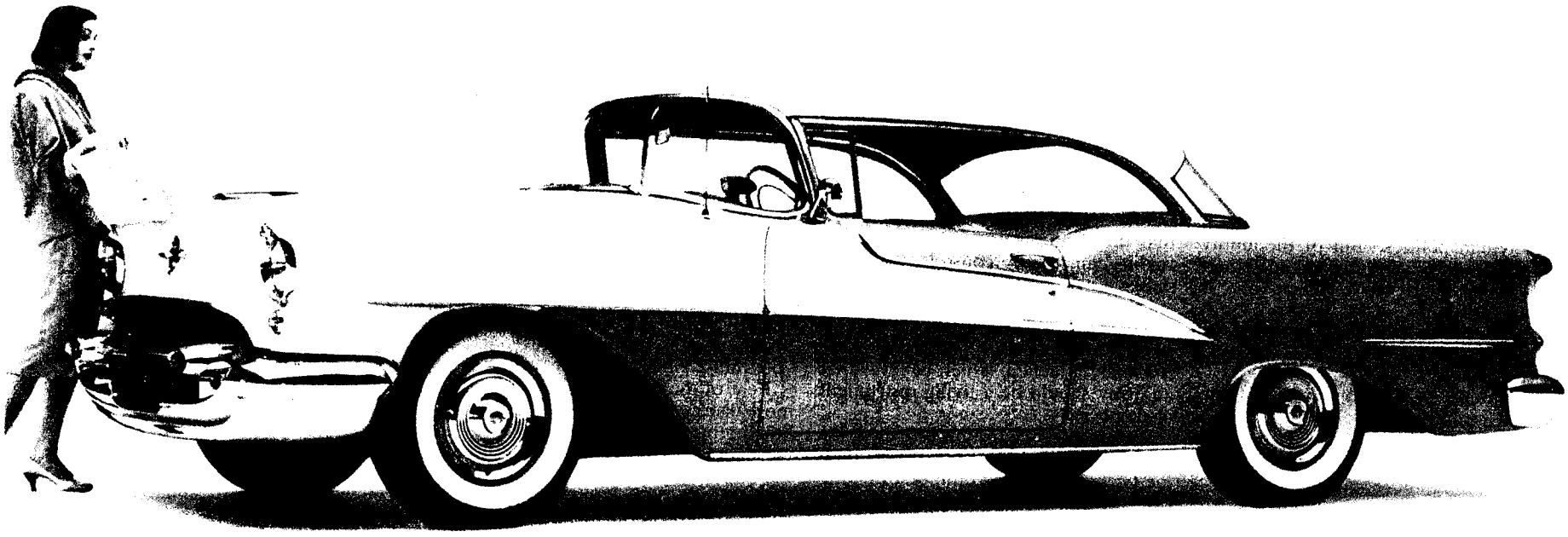

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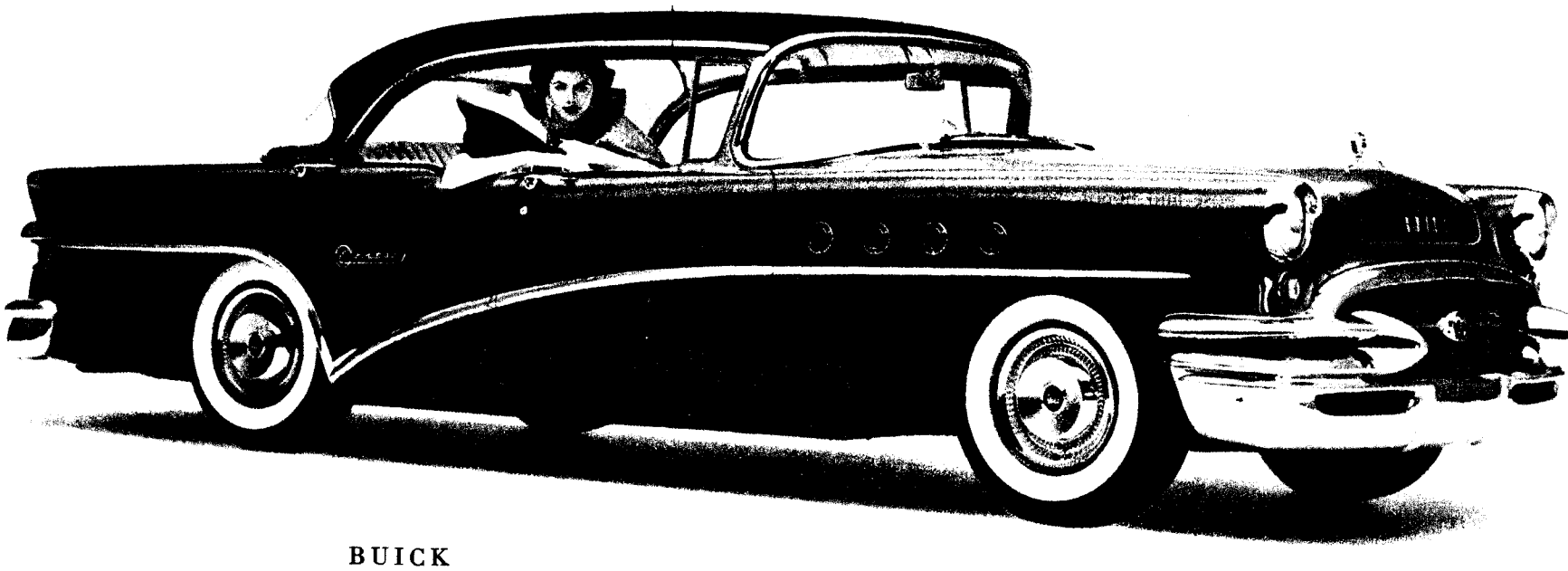

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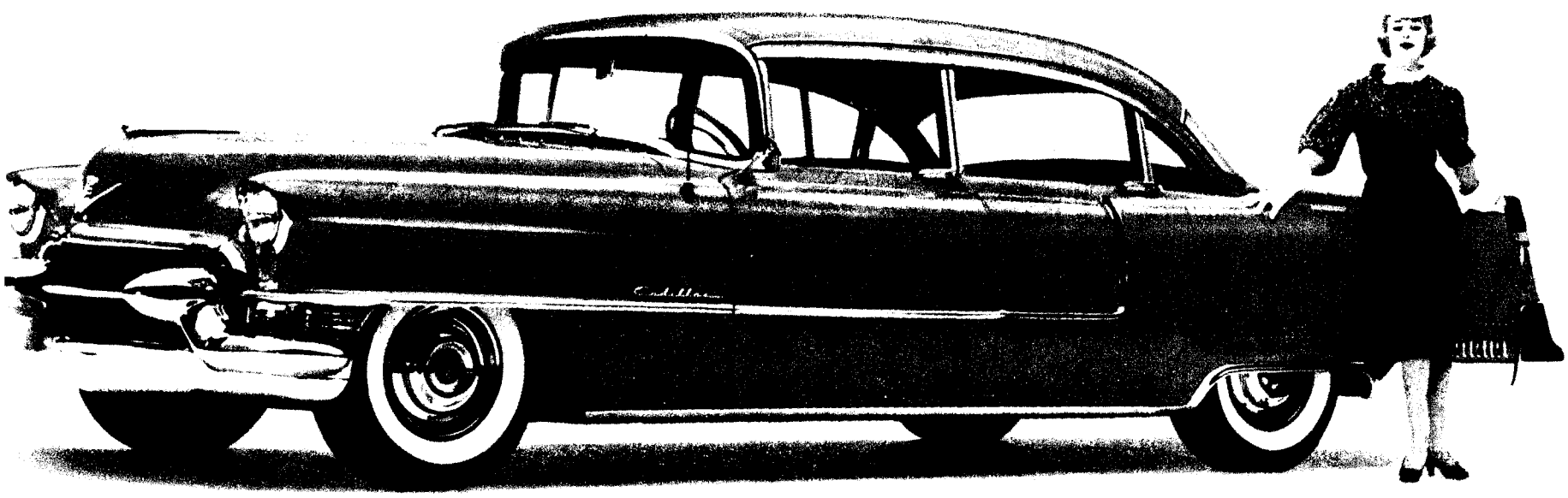

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it is being built not as a mercenary army, but in divisions guided by men who think in terms of supreme national interest.

There is little doubt that Dienstelle Blank can build a fighting army again, once the manpower, equipment, barracks and money are delivered to it by civilian politics. But of the ability of German officers to subdue their will permanently to civilians, one is less sure.

Top Officers of High Caliber

It should be said at once that the men who now staff the top positions at Dienstelle Blank are the best the German officer corps can offer up to world examination, and some are very fine indeed. Young Count Baudissin, for example, who is in charge of officer structure and indoctrination, is a man of glowing conscience who truly wants to make a new democratic army that belongs to its people and is loved, not feared by it. Hans Speidel, its senior military negotiator, Rommel's chief of staff in France who wound up the war tortured in Hitler's prisons, is determined to fit this new army into the Western defense forces, subordinate to the supreme command of the Atlantic democracies. So are Heusinger and others.

These men have been laboring with the most meticulous care to recast German military thinking. They have elaborated in detail new codes for the ordinary soldier, permitting him to wear civilian clothes off duty, promising him an American system of courts-martial, even extending the hope (so reads one quaint planning proposal) that field drill will "be given in quiet and shady places." They have been debating for months how the new army's senior command (which they refuse even to name "general staff") shall be linked to the *Bundestag*, by what means it shall be kept open to parliamentary inspection and control, subordinate to civilian ministers responsible to the elected spokesmen of the people.

Yet these paper plans, however perfect or imperfect, whatever their disposition when submitted for *Bundestag* approval, do not constitute the real problem of the new army. That problem lies in human beings, in the ungaugeable ability of the present directors of Dienstelle Blank to maintain their authority and leadership in the army when its 500,000 men and officers become the largest enterprise, the biggest business of the fragile Bonn government. For, although the army can find the necessary handful of purified generals to occupy the top spots, it needs hundreds of colonels, thousands of junior field officers, tens of thousands of tough noncoms—and these can be found quickly only by capitalizing on Germany's legacy from yesterday's war. The best, the least war-guilty, of German officers have long since found jobs in prosperous civilian life. Thus those most likely to volunteer for the new army are those who were late in finding civilian jobs—chiefly because they were the most difficult to denazify and clear. These are also the men most apt to cherish an affection for the past.

Again and again, both in Dienstelle Blank and the *Bundestag*, an American inquirer is told: "A great deal depends on you. If you give us time, say five or 10 years, we can make a whole new officer corps and a good one; but if you rush us we'll have to take whatever men we can get—and that can be dangerous."

The gossip swirling about Dienstelle Blank does not encourage any belief that the civilized men who now front for it can retain control without a struggle. Already it is roiled by feuds and factions.

There is a faction called the "idealists," to which Count Baudissin's name is usually attached, which believes that an army should be a living instrument of democracy.

Another loose grouping, called the "progressives," believes that although the German army was the best fighting force in the world, it was imperfect—the chief imperfection being its political stupidity and its craven co-operation with Hitler, the blunderer.

Another group, already installed and growing within the office and usually called the "traditionalists," believes that all other armies are naturally inferior to German armies, that neither foreign nor domestic policy can, or should, be made without consulting the wishes of the army.

Finally, outside Dienstelle Blank are yet other officers who see the army as the supreme expression of national purpose and honor, who refuse to admit that this honor has ever been besmirched. Despite the efforts of Dienstelle Blank to maintain friendly liaison with this prospective manpower, many of these outsiders still see the leaders of Dienstelle Blank as traitors (because most were involved in the wartime attempt to assassinate Hitler) and hate them.

Theodor Blank, the man in whom control of this motley planning staff now rests, is a highly respected Catholic trade-union leader and war veteran. Yet Blank's behavior in Bonn has been upsetting. Blunt and straightforward, he swings from moods of confidence, when he boasts how he has bullied the officers under him (*"Meine Jungens"* he calls them—"my boys"), to moods of unhappiness, when, in emotional, tearful sessions, he moans to intimates that he knows "they are working behind my back." On balance, Blank is a weak man.

Even more important is the attitude of Adenauer himself, who reiterates to visitors: "It was not we who wanted this army. The French Assembly forced it on us when they rejected the European Army." The aged patriarch recently announced that he would give up his post as foreign minister to devote himself mainly to the army.

Fear of the new army is, at once, the most distressing and the healthiest political attitude in Germany. For if the Germans fear this army, it is well that the rest of the world fear it, too. Yet the German fear is the beginning of hope, an indication that the Germans have learned from experience.

An Army under Allied Control

All the necessary plans exist in the desks of the German government to democratize, reorganize, subordinate and direct the army. All the necessary plans have been made by the Western Allies to control it, yet to leave it with enough pride to fight effectively. The army is to be denied atomic, bacteriological and chemical weapons of war. Its arms production will be inspected and controlled along with that of all other European powers; its supply system will be tied to the Allies and most of its financing will depend on them; its divisions are required to take orders from the commander in chief at SHAPE.

Yet the fact remains that by 1958 or 1959, when Germany musters the biggest single chunk of armed manpower in central Europe, ultimate control of the army will be primarily that exercised by the German people expressing themselves politically. By then the catalysis of arms, banners, drums and music will have begun to work, the first sip will have been taken of the old cup, and only the restraint and experience of the Germans themselves will shape the army's role and use. The moral and political climate of German life of that not-too-distant day will determine whether the West has been wise in its choice of new allies.

* * *

What the moral and political climate of Germany may be five years hence can only, of course, be conjectured.

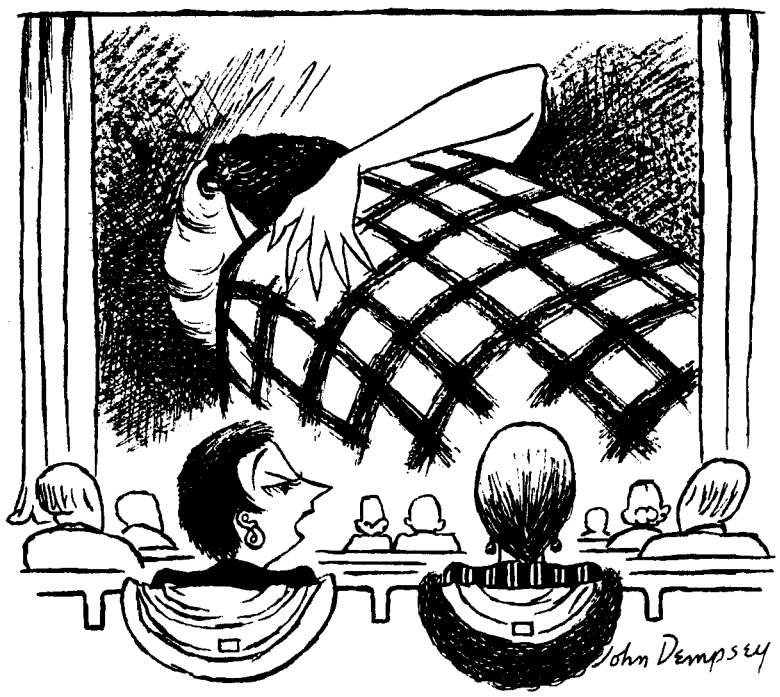
Most Americans who have known Germany only through the years of war and hatred visit postwar Germany with fear of Nazism and the continuing appeal of that idiot faith uppermost in their mind. A good reporter can easily assemble enough evidence to demonstrate that a Nazi movement still smolders underground:

- A certified war criminal, SS General Kurt Meyer, is released from jail, returns to his village in the Rhineland, is received back not with loathing but with a torchlight parade organized by SS veterans.
- Someone hangs a plaster-cast bust of Hitler on the walls of the Auto-Union Werke in Düsseldorf. The workers scowl at it uncertainly, half frightened, yet let it hang until the management can call the nonpolitical police who alone dare remove it.
- In the Ruhr, a magazine called the Ring appears, its logotype surrounded by the barbed-wire symbol of the concentration camp—and one finds it is dedicated to the proposition that those ex-Nazis who were imprisoned by Americans and Britons after the war were not perpetrators but victims of injustice.

Yet when one assembles all these shreds, one finds the evidence of living, waiting Nazism in Germany conspicuously less than in 1953 or 1949. The best intelligence now reports between 200 and 500 groups, ranging in membership from 10 to a maximum of about 2,000, that might be called Nazi-oriented; and these are mostly what, in America, we call crackpot groups. They make alliances and leagues, squabble among themselves; their leaders hate one another, betray one another, break and re-form. Some are linked with the truly dangerous hard-core Nazi groups in exile in Egypt, Argentina or Spain. But they lack a single figurehead leadership; more important, they lack bounce and resonance at the polls.

Although the Nazi ideology remains a potential seed of infection it is not the Nazis but three other groups which one must examine to attempt a reasonable guess of Germany's moral and political climate five years hence. These three forces, each badly organized, dominate German politics today. They can be crudely described as a governing force, an open opposition, and a concealed opposition.

The concealed opposition reflects the existence of an artificial gap in German life. German politics today lack their traditional right-wing, nationalist-reactionary party, the group that powered, supplied and financed Hitler on his way up. Such a group is missing largely because of the history of the occupation and American policy. We who entered Germany as conquerors and reformers took it upon ourselves to license or forbid postwar political parties. We were so bitter at the evils and accomplices of Nazism



COLLIER'S — **"In the book this page was dog-eared, smudged, and half torn out"** — JOHN DEMPSEY

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that we refused to license any party of the old radical right, any collecting point for the self-intoxicated peddlers of German glory. Many moderate and liberal German politicians now believe this policy was a mistake—for had the German right been grouped in its own party it might have been isolated, sealed off, kept impotent.

Since there is no such open grouping, the many Germans who cherish the illusion that Germany is the senior power of Europe have done their best to infiltrate the moderate governing parties which make up Adenauer's coalition, notably the Free Democratic party. A minor but substantial element of the coalition, this party is a loose, undisciplined organization which in many areas (such as Hamburg or south Germany) is, as its name indicates, a free and democratic party, liberal-conservative, honest in nature and intent. But in at least two provinces of Germany—the Ruhr and Hesse—two of the most critical, the party is honeycombed with ex-Nazis. If they are not more powerful today, credit British Intelligence, which early in 1953 nipped a Nazi conspiracy in the bud and forced FDP leaders to repudiate and purge the most sinister.

Appealing to Patriotic Emotion

These nationalists in the FDP—and their covert allies within other parties and the governing coalition—have enormous emotional resources to draw on. These resources are the German past. Most Germans have brought themselves to repudiate Hitler and his war as evil. But no German can bring himself to say that all who fought for their country were evil, that the war they fought was not without its heroes, its sacrifices for the commonweal. The nationalists, in their insistence on honoring not only those who, in German eyes, cannot be denied honor, but also the truly guilty, have established a flank position which all other German politicians must respect.

The nationalists and their allies grow apoplectic when one refers to the East zone of Germany as "Eastern Germany." They consider the Soviet-occupied East zone as "Middle Germany." To them "Eastern Germany" is an area that runs deep into Poland. Theirs are the most aggressively anti-Russian voices in Germany. Yet paradoxically they are the people who speak most often and openly of a deal with the Russians, a private and separate bargain with Eastern Communism, restoring Germany's rights in the East at whatever expense to the West. These, too, are the men most happy about the new army. For the moment, they are a minority within a party which in turn is a minority fraction within the government. Yet they are constantly growing in strength and influence. It seems inescapable that in the federal elections of 1957, with Germany once again sovereign and free, this group will form some open nationalist political grouping.

The next of the three political forces dominating Germany today, the open opposition to the Bonn government, comes from the other direction, the left. The Socialists, who count 151, or nearly a third of the members of the *Bundestag,* are in many ways one of the truly democratic forces in the new Germany. The trade-unions, which they lead, are, after years of postwar ossification, finally feeling the pressure of their younger, more vigorous members. The Socialists' opposition to both Nazis and Communists is fervid and sincere. They maintain the best anti-Communist intelligence service in East Germany, and perhaps the best organized anti-Communist underground there. Though they are the most vocal opponents of the new army and most ardent advocates of stringent democratic controls, most of their leaders privately accept the need of an army as a guarantee or bargaining counter against the Russians.

The weakness of the Socialists is simply that they are stagnant—in party structure, ideas, leadership. Since the deaths of Ernst Reuter, the hero of the Berlin blockade, and Kurt Schumacher, their flamboyant, dedicated postwar leader, the Socialist party has had no direction. Bureaucratized, its machinery almost inflexible, it has, like all the Socialist parties of Europe, reached an intellectual dead end. Still wedded to Marxism, most of its thinkers know that Marxism as a system of ideas is as dead as Queen Victoria. Although they have the solid vote of the working class, the Socialists seem doomed to remain an ineffectual, though strong, minority unless they discard Marxism for a modern set of ideas or find allies to join them in a new coalition. The Socialists believe these allies may someday soon be found in the wreckage of the great Christian Democratic Union which now governs Germany.

In this hope, the open and the concealed opposition unite. Both Socialists and nationalists believe that the CDU, the third force in present German life, is too large, unwieldy, disparate to hold together much longer. They are buoyed up by the mystery that perplexes Americans and other foreigners: are the governing Christian Democrats held together only by the personality of Konrad Adenauer—or will the common cement of the Christian faith be strong enough to hold them together even after Adenauer is gone?

Each year that I have visited Germany, I have participated in one of Bonn's favorite guessing games: Who will replace the chancellor? This time I heard the game played again, but with a new note of futility, for, as exertion, excitement and long voyages succeed one another, the stately old man, now seventy-nine, shows no sign of weariness, his antique face no mark of softening.

It is a massive face, this countenance of the man whom the West sees when it looks at Germany. The wrinkles of age crisscross the soft old skin—fine tiny wrinkles about the eyes, long smooth wrinkles under the chin. But these are not the wrinkles of senility. His rivals and enemies (and they are many, even within his own party) admit he shows no signs of age. One said to me: "Adenauer grow old? This man cannot grow old, for he has no heart or soul to grow old with; he governs with ice and stone." Yet even these enemies know that someday soon he must pass on, and they are uneasy at the prospect, for all German politics have been shaped by his personality.

Konrad Adenauer governs his people like a patriarch, like a Moses or Abraham out of the Old Testament. There are no heirs apparent in Bonn: he will permit none.

When he goes off on a trip or vacation, no political deputy is allowed to replace him, or to read foreign office dispatches even for a day. When press criticism irks Adenauer he has been known to summon editors from as far off as Hamburg or Frankfurt, gaze at them sternly and say reprovingly, "Gentlemen, this won't do."

In Fear of German Nationalism

Implicit in his entire attitude (and sometimes explicit in his conversation) is distrust—chiefly of his own people. His personal political bogey is German nationalism, from which he has suffered so much personally. He was imprisoned by Hitler after the Nazis' rise to power, released to live on the Gestapo's permanent "suspect" list, arrested again in 1944 at the age of sixty-eight, to emerge finally with an enduring bitterness for the men who brought his country to ruin.

Adenauer operates as if he must, before he dies, personally attend to every detail of the interment of German nationalism—or, perhaps, as if he were master of a kindergarten of lovable but mischievous and potentially dangerous children.

Many matters that preoccupy other political chieftains bore him. Thus he leaves the details of economics, trade and commerce to his deft Minister of Economics, Ludwig Erhard, and the even shrewder Minister of Finance, Fritz Schaeffer. So long as houses are built, people work and Germany meets her obligations he worries neither about theory nor practice of economics. But he is fascinated with all the homely trivia of family life, insistent on religious education for children in schools, vastly attentive to all legislation to encourage family life (he himself has sired seven children). He is interested, too, in the new army, the cut of its uniforms, the cock of its helmet, the choice of its new marching songs (for he believes these songs are of flammable emotional stuff).

Above all, Adenauer believes that only by sealing Germany into a union of Western nations can the surges and urges of German nationalism be safely, permanently contained, and that only through this union can Germany's dignity in the outside world be restored.

Adenauer's share in pressing a mold of decency on postwar Germany is greater than anyone else's—greater than that of the American occupation, of Germany's new trade-unions, of its clean and dignified daily press, greater even than luck. It is he who has single-handed made his party great, and this, ironically, is the blemish on his record, for by refusing his party the right to be more than a personal instrument he has gravely weakened it for the trials it must face when he is gone.

His party, indeed, is one of the major riddles of European politics. Predominantly Catholic, it is based frankly on religion, holding that religion as a code of politics has as much place in public dispute and debate as any secular ideas or programs. Its left wing is solidly based on the vote of Catholic trade-unionists, its right wing on peasants and businessmen. The CDU pleases the poor with an inspired system of baby-subsidies and government housing, the rich with laws that now put a ceiling of 55 per cent on income taxes (the Ruhr industrialists poured an estimated $12,000,000 into the 1953 election to support Adenauer's policy and party). On domestic policy the CDU has been frequently split, held to cohesion by Adenauer alone; on foreign policy it has needed no such patriarchal admonition, for the party, as its chief, believes in Western Union almost as divine revelation.

It is the earnest, anonymous men of this party, dependent on the father-Adenauer, who must sort out the problems of the future. And of all the problems that they must sort out—the control of the army, the replacement of Adenauer, the maintenance of prosperity—none so swiftly and inevitably approaches as the unification of their country. And no problem of Germany, not even the army, engages the interests of America more directly.

* * *

Before the year 1955 is out, the problem of Germany's unity will be the major diplomatic business of the world.

Once the sovereignty of West Germany is restored, its 50,000,000 people will not be able to rest without seeking to extend freedom and independence to their 17,000,000 countrymen who live under the tyranny of Soviet rule and Communist terror in East Germany. To free their brethren is as compelling an instinct among the Germans as it would be among Americans west of the Mississippi if all our land east of it lay cowering under enemy lash.

The West German government does not plan to celebrate the new independence granted it with parades, banners or public holiday—because in the eyes of its people Germany is neither free nor independent while it remains half slave and half free.

On the contrary, as West Germany grows healthier, stronger and more prosperous, the misery of East Germany becomes a greater offense to West Germany's pride and sense of decency. It is pointless to argue that West Germany, once united with East Germany, must suffer a sharp decline in prosperity as it tries to pump wealth and health into the gutted eastern part. The Germans are not content with a shrunken West Germany, whose 95,000 square miles make it smaller than Oregon.

Without East Germany (41,000 square miles) West Germany is merely

He Was Gal-Vanized

She wanted that certain type,
"Dignified kind with a pipe."
So it happened that summer
That she married the plumber.

—B. H. CROOKSTON

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The danger: West Germans want East Germany back—at any price

a crowded buffer state along the Rhine, a Switzerland writ large.

Thus, as sovereignty draws nigh for West Germany, the problem of freeing and reunifying with East Germany has come to dominate all German politics. With increasing frequency, in press and parliament, Germans rise to demand when, how, by what means their government proposes to go about the task. Each year another quarter of a million refugees filter into West Germany from the East to add to the 10,000,000 refugees already there. And the 10,000,000 there—one fifth of the population—vote, speak, demand and infect other voters with their discontent.

It would be impossible for the moderate Christian Democrats or the Socialists to leave these pressures to be exploited by the nationalists, even if they could ignore the feeling in their own breasts.

Thus, month by month, they must compete with nationalists in showing themselves champions for the unity and freedom of all Germany.

Already Adenauer has informed his Western Allies, his press and his *Bundestag* that once Germany is a free agent diplomatically, his first order of the day is negotiation with the Russians to end the dismemberment of his country.

It is primarily this pressure for negotiation which makes it impossible to analyze Germany's future logically. I repeatedly asked Cabinet members, ex-officers, students, workers, how they proposed to negotiate with Russia. Over and over they responded with two reactions: that Germany could not afford and would not go to war for unification—but that unification must be won at any price, at the cost of any deal.

Effects of Stalin Diplomacy

This is the disturbing aspect. The Russians cannot be unaware of sentiment so deep and widespread. The surly and stupid diplomacy of Joseph Stalin, which for many years blocked any humanity or compromise on East Germany, forced the West Germans into our arms by convincing them that East Germany could be freed only if West Germany braced itself by closest association with a powerful Western Alliance. But far shrewder men, more skillful in seduction and blandishment, now rule in Stalin's place. Their main goal is to drive the Americans out of Europe and rip apart the Western Alliance. The freedom of East Germany might not be too great a prize for the Russians to yield, provided the Germans were willing to pay for this unity at the price of rupture with the West, or neutralism.

Here, for the Russians, is a true opportunity. And here, for America and the West, lurks true danger.

American diplomacy has nursed and cherished the Germans over the last nine years not so much out of love as out of need. The one dread event that American diplomacy must at all costs avoid is the possible union of Germany's stupendous technical skills with the evil empire of Communism.

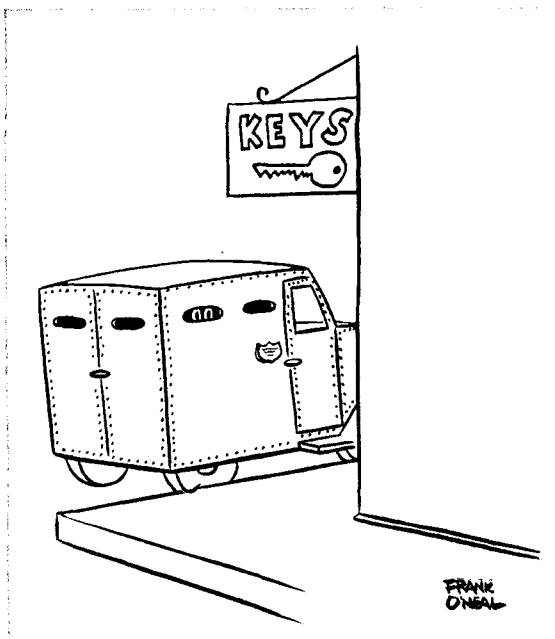
Up to now, the interests of America and Germany have coincided as if in patterned precision. America sought Germany's prosperity to quench the infections of Communism and Nazism—and the Germans sought this prosperity with equal ardor. America sought the union of Western Europe as a cornerstone in the grand Atlantic Alliance—and the Germans, led by their Catholic Christian party, sought it even more. America sought to recruit German troops to aid in the military defense of the West, and the German government, aware of the Red Army's menace, sought this new army also. In all these projects the Germans have needed us even more than we have needed them.

Now, however, the Germans have had all the grants and gifts our policy is capable of bestowing, and we enter a new era. In this era, the sovereign state of West Germany will have one overriding goal—to free East Germany. Whoever stands in the way is already considered an enemy. America, Germany's enemy in the past, can, by the alchemy of German passions, be redrawn as an enemy if our policy lags, or if its justified caution in dealing with Russia seems to postpone what the Germans consider essential.

So long as Adenauer survives and keeps control, it is unlikely that Germany can quickly withdraw from our embrace; so long as Germany is unarmed, it is unlikely that Germans will dare challenge our power or our diplomacy; so long as the present high level of German prosperity continues, it is unlikely that either right or left can mobilize Germans to demonstration or violence in favor of unity. But sometime in the near future the Germans must insist on settling the major problem of their national politics.

In Germany, until now, our diplomacy has been built on a wise combination of force and trust. Having now voluntarily limited our force, we are thrown back on trust—in a people whose history has never merited great trust from any of its neighbors.

Thus one returns to the original questions: Is Germany dangerous? If so, how? Is she permanently friend, foe or neutral?



COLLIER'S "HELP!!" FRANK O'NEAL

The answers, after long inquiry, seem to run like this:

First, that any nation can be dangerous to any other when it puts its mind to it, but that the German mind is today less dangerous, less martial, more peacefully inclined than at any other time in modern history.

Second, that if any single factor can upset this present frame of thinking, it will be the new army—which, unless closely watched, may excite the German mind with old emotional symbols and martial chants. This watching must be done by the Germans themselves, above all by Bonn—because, if this army does become dangerous, its first threat will be internal, to the new freedoms and decencies that Bonn has sponsored.

Third, that if this German army does become dangerous, it is unlikely to become dangerous on field of battle. If the Germans are rigidly denied absolute weapons, the atomic and hydrogen weapons—as the treaties insist—our troops can sit back and lob nuclear and fusion rockets across Germany in an instant.

Fourth, Germany can become dangerous politically if she decides to make her own deal on unity with the Russians. She may do this if a downturn in world prosperity makes the industry of the Ruhr seek the markets of Communist Russia and China as avidly as it did in the depression or in 1949. She may do so if the new army decides it can bargain its way out of the Atlantic Alliance and win honor from its citizens by forcing the government to make the kind of friendship pact with the Russians that the army approved in 1922 and again in 1939.

* * *

There is no complete insurance against any of these dangers. But what insurance there is must come chiefly from the American people, to whom history would suggest two courses of action.

The first is simply to maintain the American presence in Germany. Our 250,000 soldiers there not only guarantee a preponderance of military power against possible turbulence in the early transitional years of sovereignty. They are also one of the great educational forces in German life. The flesh-and-blood example of our democratic Army—the privileges and duties of its men and officers, one to another, its subordination to the civilian control of Washington—sets a standard of conduct from which the German army will find it difficult to deviate. The most routine behavior of our Americans excites admiration in Germans unused to such conduct. When several Germans during our maneuvers last fall noticed three of our officers trying to help a GI push his stuck jeep out of the mud, the local newspaper editorially commented that General Heusinger (a guest observer at the maneuvers) would be well advised to pay more attention to such incidents in modeling his new army than to actual American combat techniques. At whatever expense and strain, the continued presence of the American Army in Germany is necessary.

The decision to maintain our troops in Germany is a necessary precaution. Yet great results are not achieved by caution, and the dynamic, complementary course of action must be found in our diplomacy.

Technically, our diplomats have their hands full at the moment. Under the sensitive leadership of our High Commissioner in Germany, James B. Conant, the entire structure of our 10-year occupation is being readied for dismantling, while simultaneously the Germans are being hastened toward ratification of the treaties that will make them sovereign.

In the Chess Game of Nations

Yet, even while it is so engaged, our diplomacy must swiftly and imaginatively prepare for the next move—the use of the new German army as a diplomatic centerpiece in the great chess game of world politics. In American eyes, the new army was not called into being either to make war or to make possible a separate deal between the Russians and Germans. It was called into being to add enough strength to the Atlantic Alliance to force the Russians, finally, into realistic bargaining on a world-wide basis. For the Germans the freedom of Eastern Germany is the most important item in this bargaining, but for Americans it can be only one item of many. The German army adds strength to the Western World; it is up to our diplomacy to make the most of that strength for a general settlement before Adenauer's successors try to use it for Germany's profit alone.

One last point remains to be made but it is the most important. We Americans have gone through enormous cycles of naïve, almost adolescent, enthusiasm for foreign potentates and princes only to be betrayed and let down later. None of us should or can forget how our wartime honeymoon with Stalin was succeeded by the betrayal we invited by our naïveté.

Our most enduring and fruitful alliances have been with the French and the British, two powers whom we have constantly criticized, called to account, subjected to every form of debate and discussion—yet with whom we have always ended by making common cause.

We have for the past nine years enjoyed a honeymoon with the German people and with Adenauer even more complete than our honeymoon with the Russians and Chinese during the war and, in the individual case of Adenauer, with much better cause.

The last 20 years have proved such honeymoons dangerous. Our friendship with Germany will be solid only if it rests on the same base that sustains our friendship with France and Britain. That friendship rests on no illusion that sovereign nations make alliances and commit their destinies because of honeyed words alone. It rests rather on the belief that in even the strongest alliances each partner must examine each common goal first in the light of its own national self-interest. We are the allies of the Germans today because we need them. Yet they need us more, and it would be best for both peoples to keep this hard, cold fact always in mind. ▲▲▲

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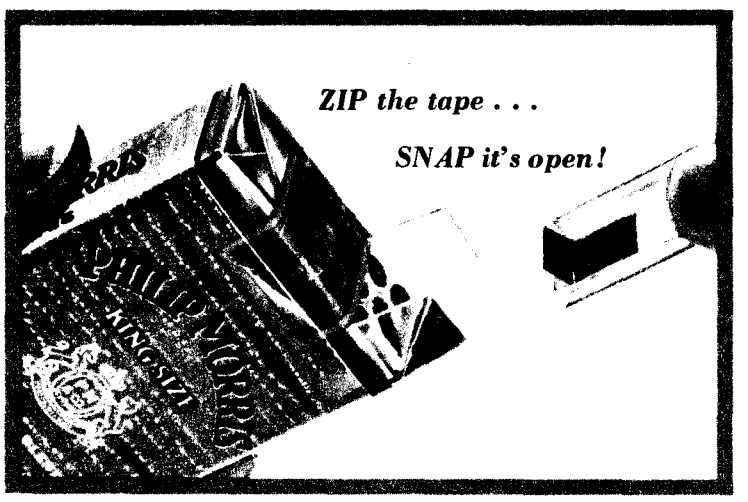

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

KING SIZE or REGULAR

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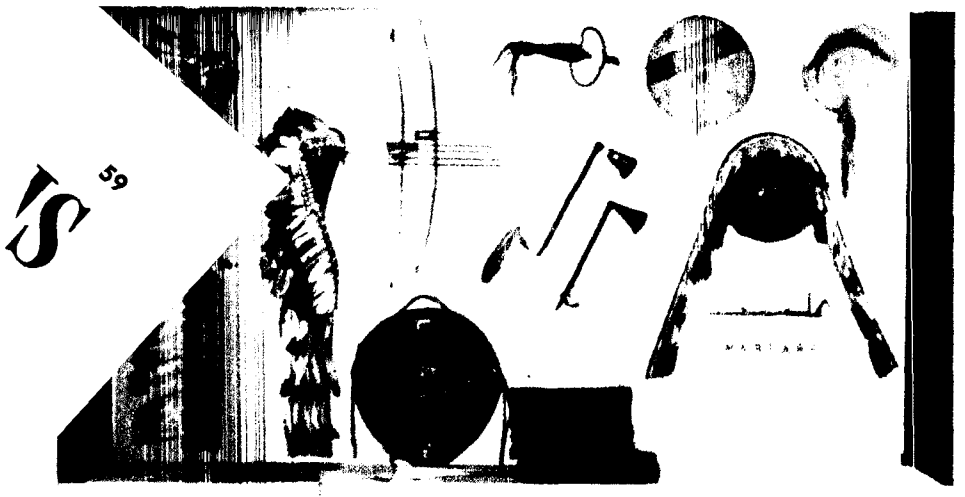

Indian tribes of the southern prairies fought for glory and economic gain. Their war regalia was believed to lend supernatural aid in battle

THE MARVELS IN OUR MUSEUMS:

Here, in the second of a series on U.S. museums, is the story of the red man. His heroic legend comes to life again in a priceless store of relics, handsomely displayed in Chicago's Natural History Museum

THROUGH the slow centuries, man asks—and may forever ask—the same eternal, wondering questions about his world: its plan, its purpose and its place in a largely uncharted universe. But always, his most insatiable curiosity is about himself. What am I? What made me as I am? What is my history, what is my destiny, and what is my place in the evolution of my species?

For some of man's questions, there are yet no answers. But for others, he can turn to students of anthropology, whose business it is to seek out and dissect every scrap of information about man which may enable him better to understand himself.

Anthropologists learn of man through his past, which is the study of archaeology, and through his present, which is the study of ethnology. They seek his past deep in the earth, where lie buried the relics of ancient cultures; they follow his present in the ways of living people throughout the world. We may learn of their findings in schools and in books; but we learn perhaps most eloquently in our museums of natural history, where the anthropologists gather together, in visual form, the facts and ideas and ways of life which have descended through the long ranks of our total ancestry to make us precisely what we are today.

Any anthropological exhibit in any of our fine, modern museums is a rewarding experience. One of the best is the display on North American Indians in the Chicago Natural History Museum. There, in four great halls artfully filled with priceless specimens, the visitor sees a dramatic record of one of the proudest phases in the growth of a nation. Stepping from display to brilliant display, he lives again the ever-changing life of a people—their tribes, their homes, their families, their implements of work and war, their religious and cultural achievements—from the time the red man first crossed the Bering Strait into North America, some 20,000 years ago, almost to the present day.

Following this life's record, the visitor cannot but come away with greater tolerance and appreciation of the differences among men. For, although the Indian may have evoked alien gods with a grotesque mask upon his face, and slept and worked and eaten in ways strange to the white man, it is precisely through these differences that our own heritage has been immeasurably enriched. And viewing the magnificent contributions of the red man to our civilization, we become newly aware of the great part he has played—as we all play—in forging the links which fashion the cultural continuity of mankind.

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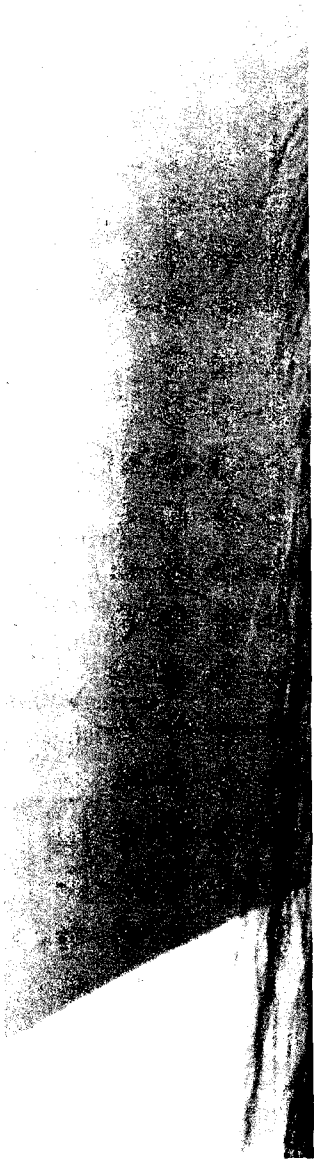

Sacred masks, similar to two shown at right, were worn by members of False Face Healing Society, a group of Iroquois Indians of the eastern woodlands. They believed that evil demons called Flying Heads brought disease to their villages, and attempted to appease the demons in special ceremonies and dances

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

American Indians

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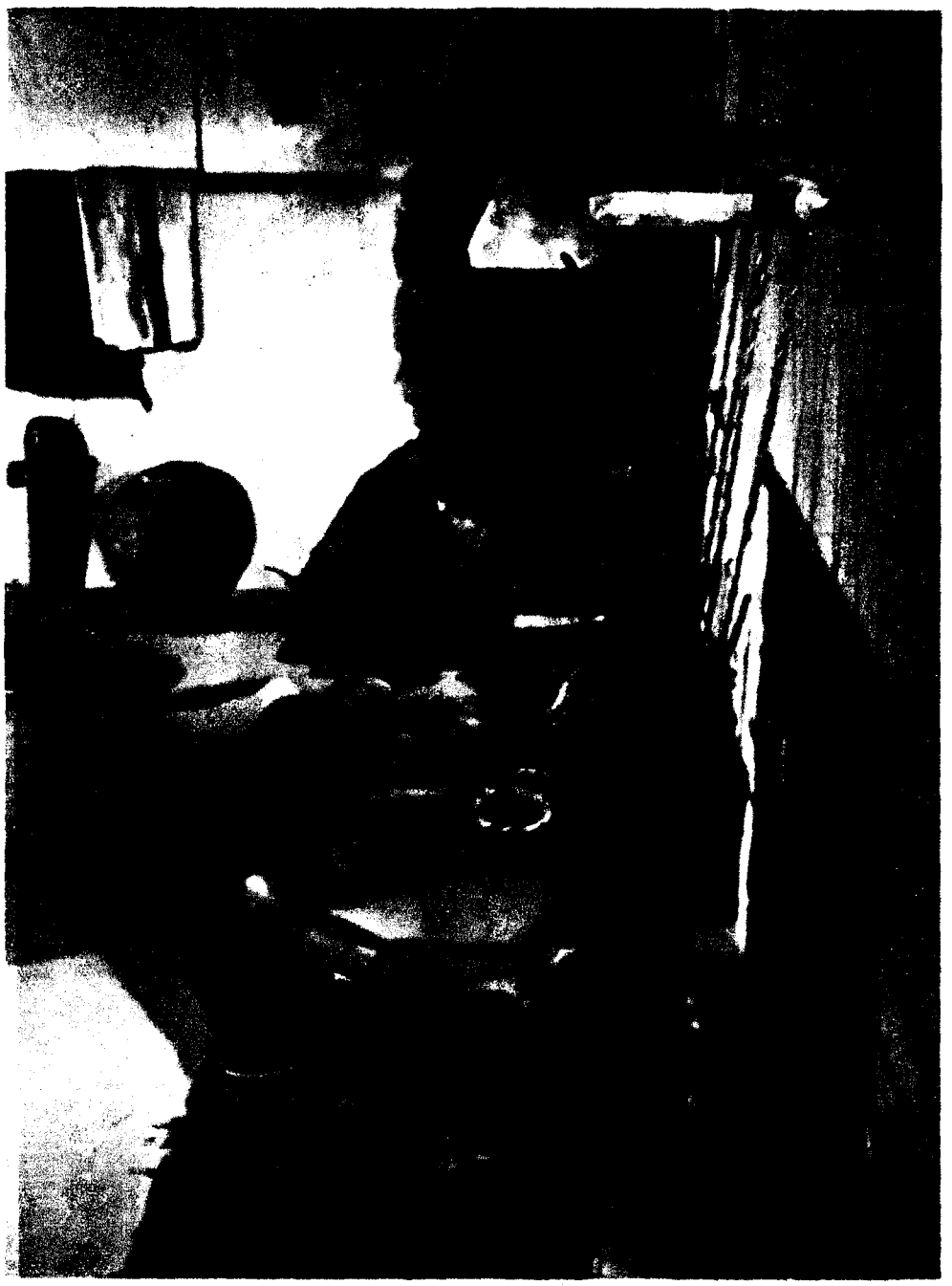
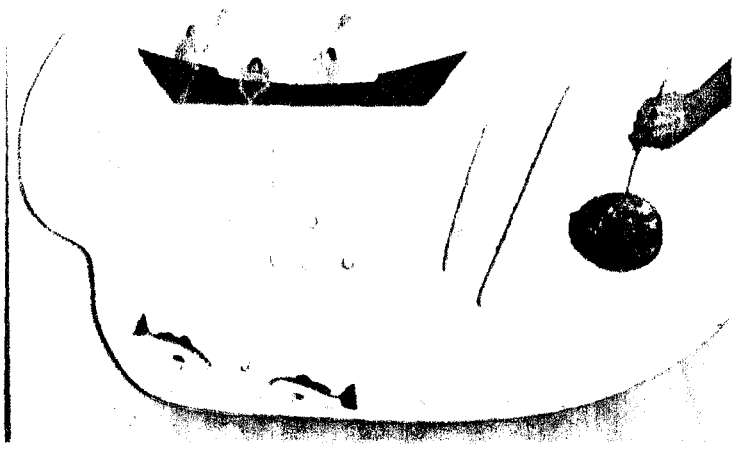


This life-size model depicts a typical scene in a Hopi home. The man is weaving as the woman makes *piki*, a corn bread. The Hopis lived—and still live—in pueblos in the Southwest



The Drama of Display: Fishing Hooks and Comic Books...

HOW A SHELL MOUND GROWS

A comic-strip technique easily explains how the clam-eating Shell Mound tribes, settled in Kentucky in 3000 B.C., came to live on hills of clamshells, discarded over the generations

Pawnee medicine men of the prairies, bearing whistles and rattles, banish evil in public ceremony. This is one of the exhibit's dioramas, miniature scenes with dimensional effect

Collier's for February 4, 1955

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fine example of dramatizing rough art, actual fishhooks e mounted on a mural which epicts their use by Indians of annel Islands of southern alifornia, in 1000-1800 A.D.

Among museum scientists, there are two distinct theories of display. The first is called the open-storage principle. Its basic idea is, simply, to show everything the museum has got. The second is called the principle of selectivity, and in recent years it has gained increasing favor in our museums. By this system, only a typical fraction of the museum's treasures, like the visible end of an iceberg, is on display. The greater part lies in vast storerooms where scientists carry on the unending work of study and research.

The American Indian exhibit in the Chicago Natural History Museum is a masterful example of selectivity at work. It has been ever since 1941, when the anthropology department, under the direction of Curator Paul S. Martin, began a memorable revision of its open-storage exhibits. The staff disassembled dozens of dreary, overcrowded cases and put them together again in tasteful displays which would capture the eye and the mind and, most important, tell a good story. They substituted bright case-fixtures for the funereal glow of ceiling lights, lavished warm color upon the displays and replaced the wordy labels with fine, creative art work to supplement the specimens.

Today each precious item is, like a jewel, dignified by its own setting. The crowded casefuls of 50 or 60 minutely differing specimens—spearheads or fishhooks or pottery—are gone; instead, a few typical specimens are mounted upon colorful, stylistic murals and cutouts which depict the actual use and construction of each item by the Indians. Even comic-strip techniques appear in some displays; for the museum believes that any familiar visual form is fair means for the communication of ideas.

The house cleaning goes on. Of the four new halls—one devoted to archaeology, three to ethnology—one hall is yet to be completed. By the time it is done, in 1956, work may have begun anew on the others. For display techniques continue to change as our knowledge continues to grow. And the modern philosophy of exhibition is well expressed by Colonel Clifford C. Gregg, director of the Chicago museum, when he says: "These Indian exhibits are permanent—by which we mean, permanent until we can do a better job."

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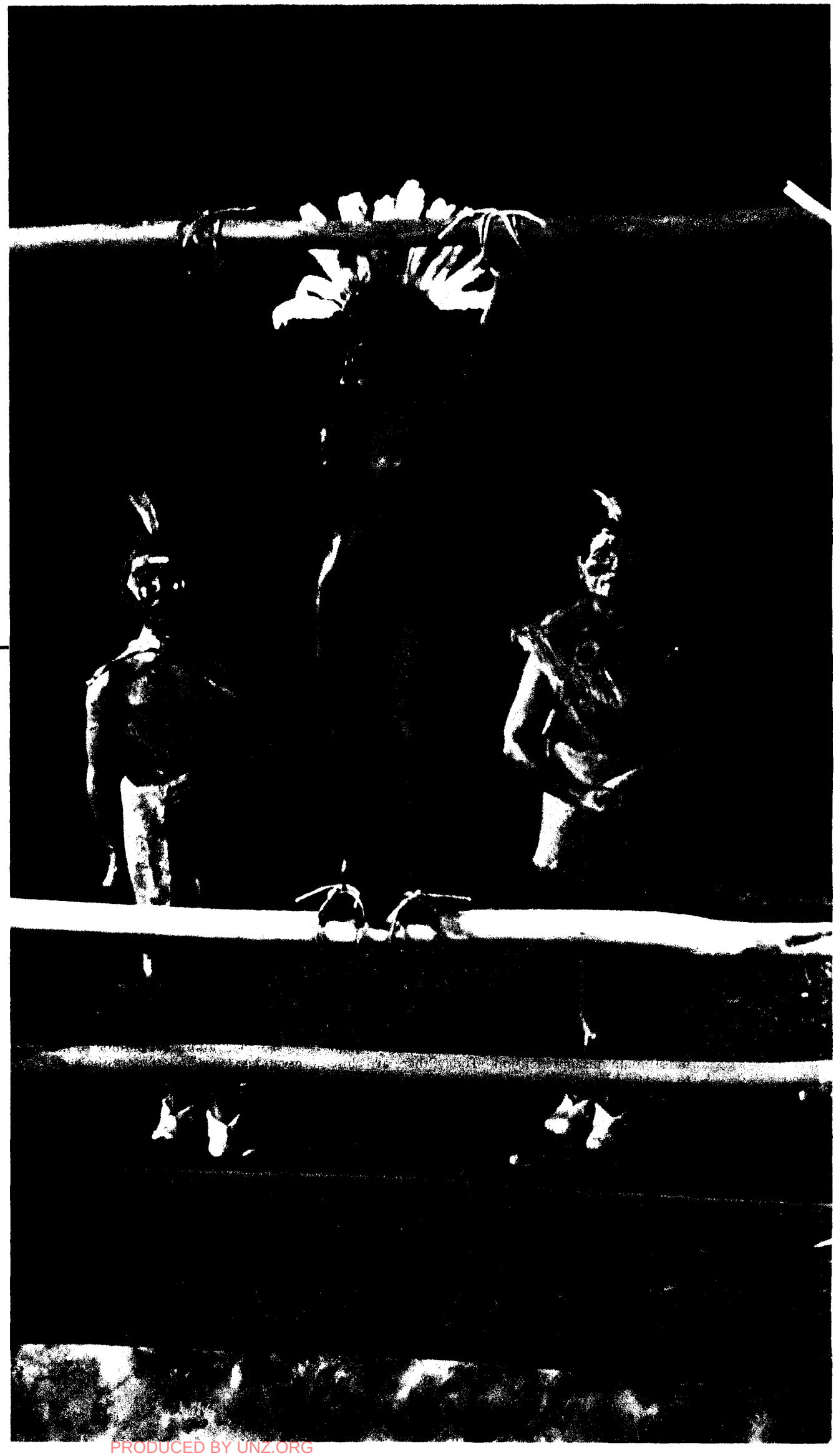

This diorama shows sacrifice of a girl to the Morning Star God to drive away evil. Sacrifices were made under the direction of Pawnee priests, and were solemn ceremonies to guarantee the well-being of the tribe. The paint on the girl's body was part of the ritual

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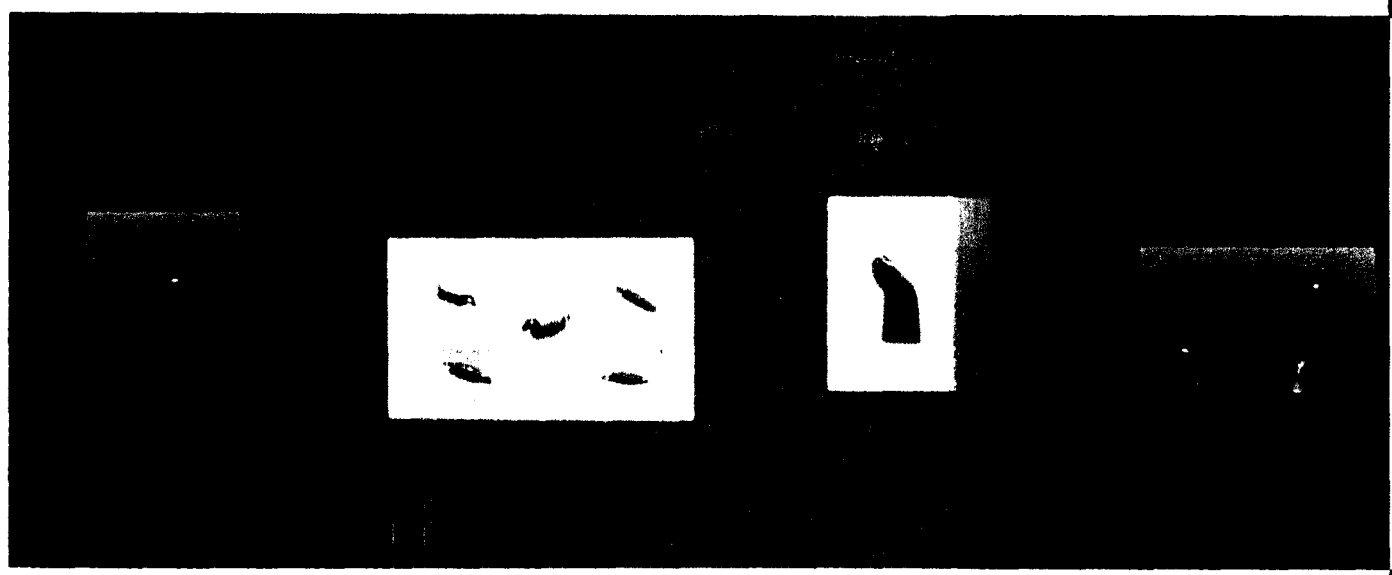
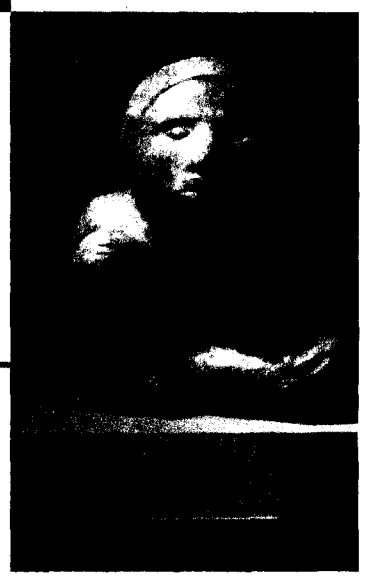
The head of a Hopi woman (l.) is covered by headdress worn in the Basket Dance—a ceremony celebrating the harvests—which the Hopis still practice. At right are samples of fifteenth-century Indian pottery, which were found by archaeologists in Saint Francis River valley, northern Arkansas. Pottery is among the best in history of the North American Indian



Sculptures carved by the Hopewell Indians (l.) were found over 50 years ago at Columbus, Ohio. A new dating system places their origin back in 300 B.C., as the museum will soon note in new labeling. The figure below, excavated in Union County, Ill., is a stone idol of Indians living in the Midwest about 1500 A.D.



The Living Indian . . .

The notion of the red man's demise is a vast and unfortunate misapprehension. Today, there are close to 400,000 Indians in the United States. There were more than twice as many at the time of Columbus. But in the last 50 years, their numbers have risen steadily. In the Southwest, some 10,000 Pueblos—mainly Hopis and Zuñis—live on the reservations. They are farmers, fiercely proud of their heritage, and most are still living much as they lived in 1492. In the deserts, 60,000 nomad Navajo cattlemen roam the land, where only 7,000 lived less than a century ago. From the plains, thousands more have moved east, into the factories, into the construction gangs, into the ways of the white man.

As their numbers continue to grow upon the reservations, more and more of the young will inevitably spread out to seek their livelihood. And just as inevitably, the influence of those who depart will come back, full circle, to the reservations.

What is their destiny? Not death, say the anthropologists, but slowly—eventually—total assimilation. Then the descendant of today's reservation dwellers, seeking to document the noble legend of his forefathers, will find in our museums a dramatic appraisal of his heritage. And this is why museums build today, why they continue to collect and improve and expand: that they may remain, in any era, the last visual stand of history.

—MARTHA WEINMAN

A third article in Collier's presentation of our museum treasures will appear in a near-future issue

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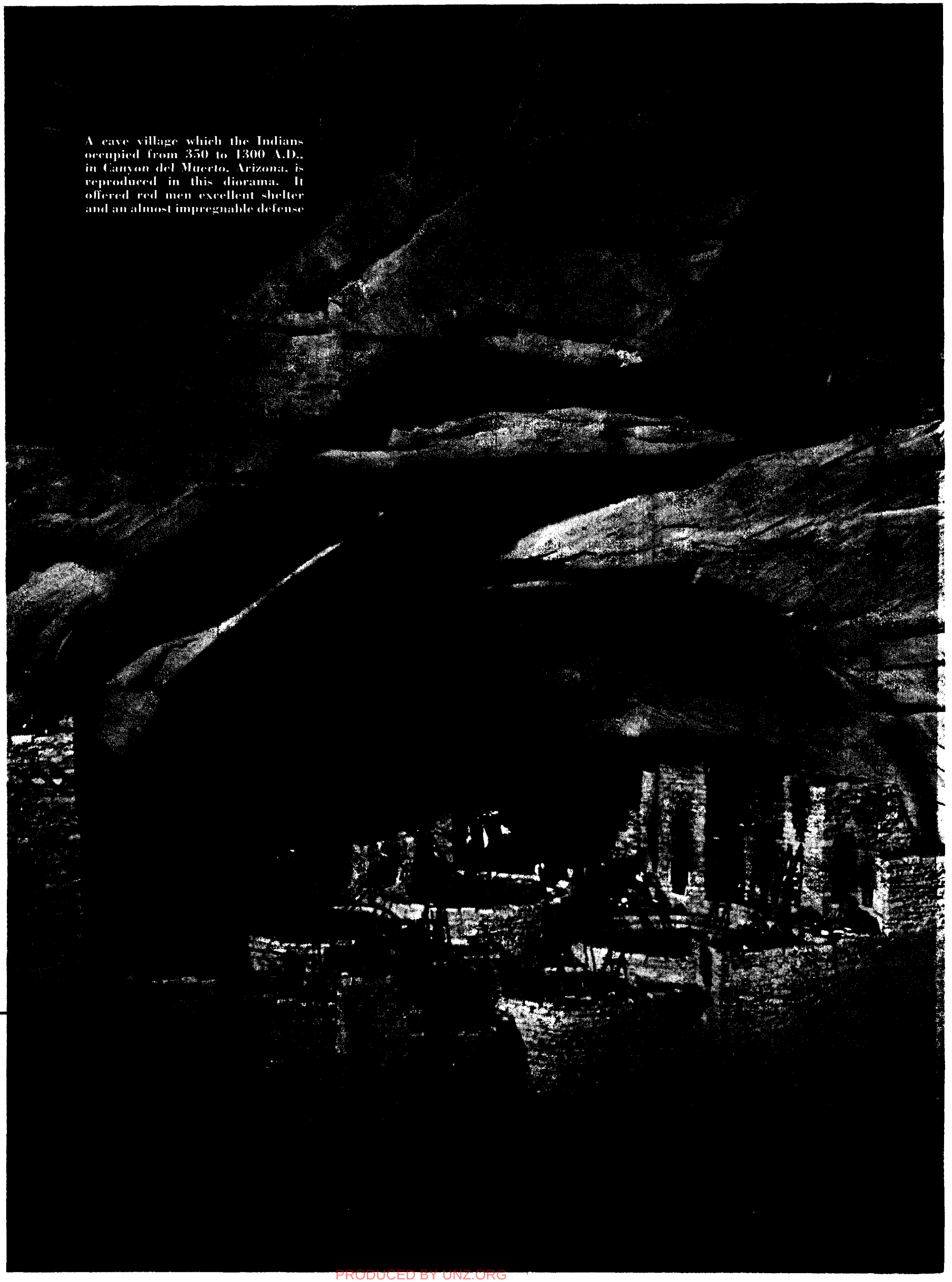

A cave village which the Indians occupied from 350 to 1300 A.D., in Canyon del Muerto, Arizona, is reproduced in this diorama. It offered red men excellent shelter and an almost impregnable defense

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The Good Husband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

planned to invest in, and from this study he would select a much-needed occupation for his spare time.

Upon arriving in London, Mr. Hardy settled himself in the Ritz and ordered a guidebook. Concentrated and competent, as was his habit, he read the guidebook from beginning to end. He was dazed; culture was clearly a very big concern indeed. Then, more or less as one chooses any number, Mr. Hardy decided to begin with Shakespeare, go to Stratford on Avon, and hope for the best. He would need a car, and so he telephoned his London representative.

"What sort of car, sir?" the representative asked.

"The best car they have here," Mr. Hardy said, rather impatiently. "And a chauffeur."

"Yes, sir," said the representative; and the next day a long black Bentley, gloriously upholstered in pigskin, arrived before the door of the Ritz, complete with a chauffeur named Roberts. So Mr. Hardy set off, along picturesque narrow roads, past villages with thatched roofs and small old churches, for Stratford on Avon.

THEY were not driving fast, but a Bentley is a very long car and the road, bordered by low stone walls, was too narrow for any fancy maneuvers; so when a girl shot out from a lane on a bicycle, Roberts swerved the big car as much as he could, and thus he only sideswiped her with the fender. This was enough to throw her off her bicycle and land her unconscious in the shallow ditch at the edge of the road. Mr. Hardy sprang from his car before it had fully stopped and ran back to the girl. He felt physically sick; he thought they had killed her.

The girl lay sprawled in the ditch. Her face was frighteningly pale. Mr. Hardy lifted her head, felt her pulse, and wished that he had never come to England. The girl opened her eyes, groaned very slightly, and said, "Oh, my head. It hurts."

"There is a hospital in Stratford, sir," said Roberts, at Mr. Hardy's shoulder. They carried the girl to the car and took her to Stratford. At the hospital, Mr. Hardy explained that money was no object, the girl was to have the best treatment, and would they please attend to whatever formalities were necessary, notifying her family and also the police. He would wait to hear what the doctor said.

The doctor said nothing much. The girl had got a crack on the head that would raise a lump and give her a headache for a day or so; she had a few minor bruises on her legs and arms. She might have suffered a slight shock, and it would perhaps be wise for her to rest here a week, but there was no need to worry. The police said nothing at all, because the girl, despite her headache, stated firmly that she was to blame. She had been thinking of something else and had ridden out into the road; it was she who had hit the car, not the car which hit her.

Mr. Hardy, wildly relieved by the doctor's verdict, was amazed by the girl; he had expected to be nicked for a quarter million in damages, at the least. The girl had never heard of damages, nor had her mother, who arrived at the hospital that afternoon. Her mother was grateful and embarrassed because Mr. Hardy intended to pay the hospital bill. She did not like to accept this, but she had to; a widow who ran a small chicken farm for a living was not in a position to afford accidents.

Mr. Hardy forgot about Shakespeare and busied himself looking after the girl. He brought her everything he could find to buy; her room became a hothouse, and there were enough boxes of candy to make her sick for twelve months, and enough nightgowns to last for a lifetime of invalidism, and perfume and letter paper and manicure sets—a most alarming collection of presents a bachelor believes a woman will like. Christabel Gwendoline Naomi Jenkinson was touched and upset by all these gifts, and she protested shyly that really he should not, he must not, waste his money on her; she was only sorry she had been so stupid and careless and interrupted his travels. She was really a very sweet girl. Toward the end of the week, Mr. Hardy had a brain wave; he thought he might, like other men, get married.

The girl was extremely pretty, if rather too young—only twenty-two; but this did not affect Mr. Hardy so much as her general niceness. She was certainly no fortune hunter; and it would be far pleasanter to travel with her than alone. Besides, Mr. Hardy found it absolutely delightful to give presents. This was a new and satisfying pleasure; he thought he would enjoy giving this girl presents forever.

Christabel accepted him, in a gentle if somewhat confused way. He was so kind, he had done so much for her, she had caused him so much trouble; it seemed only right to repay him if she could. It was all very tender and good and generous and affectionate, on both sides. It was hardly the flaming romance that the newspapers described.

The executive genius and the driving energy that had got Mr. Hardy his millions now turned into these new channels he had just discovered. First of all, there were the presents for Christabel; secondly, there was the pursuit of a hobby.

They went to Paris, and Christabel stood patiently, it seemed to her all day long, while excited people with pins in their mouths fitted her with a lavish trousseau. Christabel, in three weeks, was well on her way to becoming one of the ten best-dressed women in the world. She was completely exhausted. She had never dreamed of such luxury, of such a crushing weight of beautiful clothes and jewels and furs. She had, in fact, been quite happy in her old sweaters and skirts. But she could not say this to her husband, who only wanted to give her presents.

Mr. Hardy, meantime, had seen some miniatures in the Louvre and was convinced he had found his hobby. So, during the rare moments when Christabel was not standing up for fittings or sitting down to have her hair done or lying down to be massaged, she followed her husband docilely through museums and antique shops.

THEY dined alone in their suite at the Crillon, and after dinner Mr. Hardy read up on his subject, as before he had worked over business papers, and then went to bed. Christabel wondered why she had to suffer to get so many new clothes when there seemed no occasion to wear them.

Then Mr. Hardy grew a little tired of miniatures and they went to Sweden, where he discovered glass. He bought and bought until the sight of clear, shining crystal repelled Christabel, and she wished she could spend the rest of her life drinking out of a tin cup.

When, as it seemed to Christabel,

TIZZY

COLLIER'S

"Lillian's mad at me because I dreamed about her boyfriend"

KATE OSANN

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Mr. Hardy had bought all the glass in Sweden, they went to Spain. She had hopes for Spain. Spain meant romance if it meant nothing else: passionate men, and lovely ladies with flowers between their teeth, dancers and gypsies singing to the music of guitars, bullfights; she had seen it all in the movies. In Spain, Mr. Hardy became interested in silver; so they pursued rare spoons, goblets, bowls and ewers all over the Iberian Peninsula. Mrs. Hardy did not consider silver any more romantic than glass or miniatures. She became very sad, although always perfectly sweet and uncomplaining. She decided that being rich was the most awful condition known to man.

Silver wore out and they went to Rome. Like all girls, Christabel had dreamed dimly and steadily about Life. Riding through the English lanes on her bike, to deliver eggs, she dreamed that Life was going to become intense, exciting, illuminated, romantic. She had no clear idea how this was going to happen; she had simply believed. Now, Life had happened; she had seen the great world and there was nothing romantic about it; she was homesick for her chicken farm. Here they were in Rome, such a beautiful city all gay and green with summer, and what did Rome mean to the Hardys? Only Roman coins, which was Rufus' present hobby.

Christabel was so miserable that she found courage to speak to her husband.

"Rufus—"

"My dear?"

"Rufus, I wish I knew a girl. I mean a young woman. Someone I could go around with and talk to."

Mr. Hardy looked puzzled.

"A young woman," Christabel insisted, in desperation. "Perhaps I could take Italian lessons from her."

The last thing she wanted was lessons in anything, but she could not cry out to her good, blind husband that she was dying of loneliness. She could not say to him, "Please, please, since you buy me everything, buy me a friend."

That was exactly what Mr. Hardy did. He telephoned his Rome representative, and the next day a charming *principessa*, aged thirty and without a penny, appeared in their suite at the Grand Hotel. Her name was, oddly enough, Betty, which filled Christabel with joy. She spoke perfect English. Princess Scaratelli was a widow with two small children to support, and she had been trained to do nothing but look charming, be charming and lead a charming life.

She put this training to the best use she could; and now, for a suitable salary, she would guide and chaperon Mrs. Hardy around Rome.

IT TOOK Princess Scaratelli just one half hour to realize what Christabel needed. There were no more museums, no sight-seeing of any kind, and they never set foot inside a shop. They went swimming at Ostia, lunched and swam at the golf club, gave little dinner parties, went dancing and to the movies.

Mr. Hardy, of course, paid for all this, with pleasure; and sometimes he joined them, but not often. It was tiring work to plod round Rome in the summer heat, and besides he liked his habit of quiet dining and study and early bed. But he was delighted that Christabel seemed so happy; and the bright group of amiable young friends who wandered in and out of their hotel drawing room pleased him.

"Your husband is so good," Princess Scaratelli said.

"Yes, isn't he?" Christabel said. "He couldn't be kinder; he is the kindest man in the world."

And he looks at his wife with the doting, affectionate eyes of a father, the princess thought, which is enough to depress any woman for life. Poor Christabel, the princess thought. That man really is a fool; only a fool could teach a woman to dislike money.

For by now, Princess Scaratelli had learned that the way to recommend a new friend to Christabel was to say: "He (or she) is terribly poor." In Christabel's opinion, the poor were people who knew how to live. The poor would never have hobbies, because they couldn't afford them. They would just have jobs, like ordinary mortals, and the minute they could stop work they would be eager to have a good time. Christabel seemed determined to provide free meals for all the impoverished young people of Rome. Princess Scaratelli had had three years' experience in being poor and she thought it was ghastly, and she was quite ready to help Christabel spread Mr. Hardy's wealth. So that was how Christabel happened to meet Count Paul Gradinski.

"Paul is a perfectly dreadful painter, poor darling," Princess Scaratelli said, "but he has to eat, the poor lamb. He'd have been quite all right in Poland, riding around his vast estate telling the peasants to plant more beets or whatever they plant in Poland. But those miserable Reds took his land of course, and he can't go back, and the only other thing he knew how to do was to be an officer in the war. All the girls who knew him here in Rome during the war said he was the most delightful man who ever wore a uniform. So after the war he simply stayed on. The poor sweet, his collars are so frayed."

"But if he is such an awful painter?" Christabel asked, confused.

"Oh, my dear, he only paints portraits of friends, ladies he knows here, and they don't mind. You aren't really supposed to *hang* his portraits. Women who can afford it just order a picture because everyone is so fond of him, and one can't very well give him a handful of lire notes, straight out. He's very proud. Shall we ask him to dinner tomorrow night?"

"Of course," Christabel said.

BUT she was not prepared for Paul Gradinski's remarkable looks; he was exactly as beautiful as a man can be without being indecent. He was as tall as Mr. Hardy, but whereas Mr. Hardy's leanness had a somewhat ungainly aspect, Paul Gradinski's slenderness was pure grace. He was fair. He was smiling and cheerful and the most easy company in the world. He had a tender and sparkling way of fixing his blue eyes on a woman, which made her feel that she was looking her very best. He kissed a woman's hand in a way that changed this correct European formality into a respectful caress. By the end of dinner, Christabel had arranged to have her portrait painted.

She fell in love first with Paul's studio. Paul hated his studio with his whole heart: it was cold in winter and hot in summer; it was bare and uncomfortable; the bathroom seemed to have been made before the invention of modern plumbing. But despite hating it, he had the greatest difficulty in paying the rent; and if he could not pay

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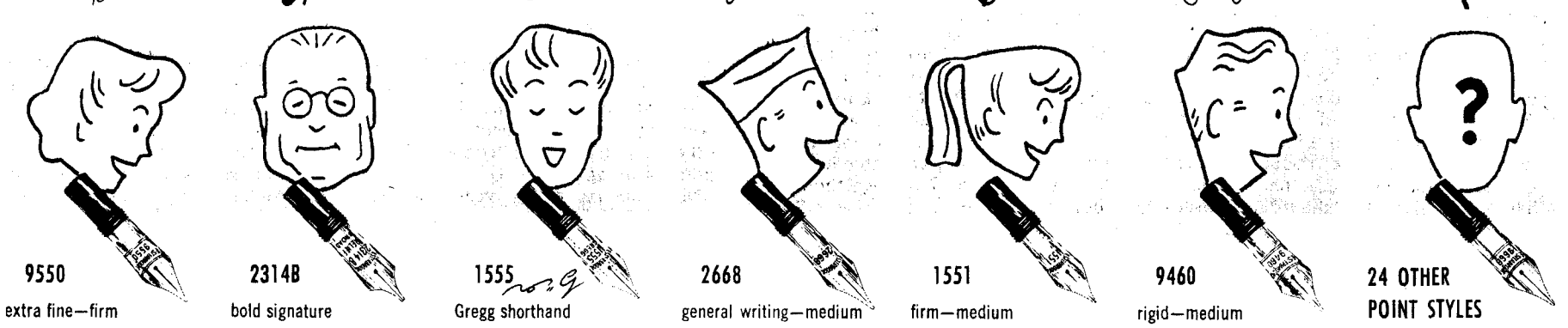

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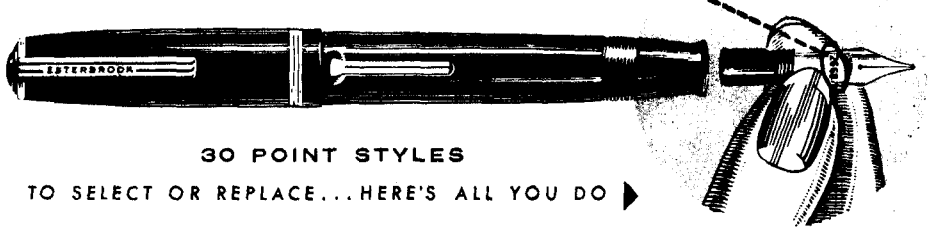

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the rent here, he would have to live in an even nastier place.

To Christabel, this large attic in an old palace near the Tiber was pure romance; she had never been to a painter's studio before. She thought it was wonderful, like a permanent picnic, to cook one's meals over a small electric hot plate, which Paul kept in a bookcase together with tattered French novels, various cans of food, some chipped plates and some coarse glasses. She thought it fascinatingly Bohemian to hang one's clothes on hooks from the bare walls; and she thought Paul looked like the god Apollo, dressed in paint-spotted old flannels and a white shirt open down to his middle.

PAUL posed Christabel comfortably; if you sat a woman in a straight kitchen chair, she would fidget and want the portrait finished in a hurry. Paul considered that the longer it took to do a portrait, the more he could charge for it; so he draped Christabel on a rather rickety chaise longue, leaning easily on her elbow. He might keep her amused for at least ten sittings, and then ask her millionaire husband for a whopping sum of cash.

"I will never be able to paint your hair," Paul mourned, in his attractive husky voice. "Only Titian could do it."

"Why?" said Christabel.

"It is pure gold, only with more light and shine."

Then he said, throwing his brush away angrily, "But I shall never get anything right. Your skin. How can I do it? It is as white as milk, and cool, and yet there is fire behind it."

By the end of the first sitting Christabel knew she was a beautiful woman. She was, but Mr. Hardy had not noted this fact. She did not take a taxi home but walked through the streets of Rome, excited by this new unexpected power in herself. She saw, in the eyes of passing men, proof that Paul had spoken the truth. I am beautiful, she thought, and suddenly knew what it was to feel rich. When you felt rich like this, you felt strong. You had a right to all the magic of life.

By the third sitting, they were telling each other their life stories. Christabel had never talked so much to Mr. Hardy. She told Paul all about her dearest, closest friend Effie, who had married a bank clerk; about her first dance; about her house, her mother, her dog Sinbad. And she listened with joy to Paul's stories of his childhood in Poland and his student days in Paris, and she thought how different Paris would have been with Paul, how different every place would have been. Day after day they talked while the sun curved over the city, until the sky turned into a deep-sea blue.

And finally, piteously and completely, Christabel knew she was in love. The tragedy was: Paul did not love her. Paul considered her a friend, and he was painting her portrait, and that was all. Princess Scaratelli had a pretty clear idea of what was happening but did not see how she could prevent it. Mr. Hardy, good and affectionate and generous as ever, noticed nothing. Paul Gradinski was desperate; his last wearable suit was wearing out, his rent was two months overdue, it would soon be winter and he would be lucky if he still had a room to be cold in. Paul Gradinski was thinking all the time of everything but love.

It was late afternoon, and the end of the third week of this slow-moving portrait. Paul put down his brush and looked at Christabel, who was reclining on the chaise longue. Perhaps he did not see the sorrowful, love-misted expression in her eyes. He said harshly, "The picture is finished." He did not have time to notice the sudden misery in her face, because he had crossed the room to her, and without a word he had taken her in his arms and kissed her with fervor. Christabel, who thought her heart would burst with surprise and thanksgiving, clung to him and welcomed his kisses. Paul loved her. She thought of nothing except the wonder of being in his arms.

"You must go," Paul said. "Now."

"My darling," Christabel said. "My darling. Tomorrow?"

"Yes."

Shaken and trembling and joyous and scarcely aware that these were the steps and here was the narrow, dark, cobbled street, Christabel set out for home. At the corner, a voice spoke from the evening shadows.

"Madame Hardy," said the voice. Christabel stopped, trying to remember where she was. Before her stood a young Italian, smiling in the nastiest and oiliest way. He had far too much well-arranged waving hair, and even sideburns. "You do not know me," he said in a sneering voice, "but I know you. I have watched you now for three weeks. I know where you go every afternoon. And I know what you do there, with the handsome artist."

Christabel caught her breath, in horror. She could not believe that anything so disgusting was happening to her.

"I think your husband would be very interested to know, would he not, Madame Hardy?" said the young man.

No, no, Christabel thought. It cannot be. This horrible creature cannot tell Rufus, in his horrible way, what I want to tell him myself: that Paul and I love each other. Oh, no, she thought, it cannot be made ugly and wicked by this terrible stranger. "What do you want?" Christabel asked in a whisper. "Why are you doing this awful thing?"

"What is awful about warning a husband his wife is betraying him?"

"Oh, be quiet," Christabel said. "Don't speak to me. You are a liar and you are filthy. Don't speak to me. Tell me what you want and go away."

"I could be quiet," said the young man, smoothing his objectionable hair, "if I had a reason to. Now two thousand dollars might be a good reason."

"I have no money," Christabel said.

AT THIS reply, the stranger permitted himself a low laugh, which sounded like an insult. Christabel stood before him, desperate, knowing she had to stop this man somehow, because her whole life depended on it. Suddenly she said, "A diamond. I can give you a diamond. I swear I have no money. Will you be quiet if I give you a ring?"

The greasy young man seemed undecided, and Christabel pulled from her finger a pear-shaped diamond, set in small slivers of other diamonds on a platinum band. She held it out, and it glittered in the shadows.

The man reached out and took the ring, and she felt sick at the touch of his fingers on her hand. He bowed, insolently, and said, "I will be quiet." And then he was gone.

This had all happened very quickly and Christabel was bewildered and deeply frightened. She found a taxi and went home, trying to think what she must do next. She would tell Rufus that she loved Paul and wished to be his wife; but she would also have to tell Rufus about the ring, and this nastiness sickened her. . . .

Mr. Hardy sat in their hotel living room, studying a Roman coin under a magnifying glass. It was very fine, of the time of Hadrian, and he had acquired it today. He did not raise his head to greet his wife but said, "Christabel, come and look at this beauty. I'm told there isn't another one like it outside the Vatican museum."

"Rufus—"

"My dear?" But still he did not raise his eyes from his find.

How can I, Christabel thought, how can I ever tell him anything? He does not even know I am alive.

"I lost my ring," Christabel said, and burst into tears.

At once, Mr. Hardy was on his feet and holding his arm around his wife's shoulders and saying, "But, my dear, it's nothing to cry about. Now please. Don't. Christabel, really it doesn't matter. The ring is insured. My dear, you mustn't be so upset about it. Which ring was it? I will order another tomorrow. I had no idea you liked that ring so much. My poor little baby, come here, sit down, don't even think about the ring any more."

So Christabel, feeling both helpless and criminal, allowed herself to be soothed and said nothing of Paul, or love, or her passionate wish to become a poor painter's wife. . . .

In the morning, after a sleepless night, Christabel went back to the studio by the river. She burst into Paul's room and found him making breakfast over his electric hot plate.

"Christabel," he said, "what are you doing here? What has happened?"

Christabel ran to his arms and pressed against him, sobbing out an incoherent story about a blackmailer and a diamond and how she could not tell Rufus that she loved Paul and so Paul would have to come with her and tell Rufus himself and wasn't it all too awful to think of anyone so wicked and terrible as to have followed her and made an ugly story of her great love.

"What?" said Count Paul Gradinski.

So Christabel explained it all again. "And then I will come here and live with you," she said, "and I will make breakfast and wash your shirts. It will be so wonderful to be poor with you. We will be happy all our lives."

ABOVE her head, beyond her sight, a look of mingled dismay and distaste settled on Paul Gradinski's face. He let her finish and then he pushed her gently from him. "Christabel, listen to me. It is no fun to starve in a garret, believe me. I know. It is anything but fun. I was wrong to kiss you and I am ashamed, and all last night I blamed myself. But I will do you no more harm. You are not going to ruin your life for me. I will not allow it."

Now she was crying as if her heart would break, crying for the loss of her hope and her love. "You do not love me. I thought you loved me."

"It is because I love you too much," Paul Gradinski said, with calm nobility. "This is not a life I would allow a woman I loved to share."

"But I want to be poor," she cried.

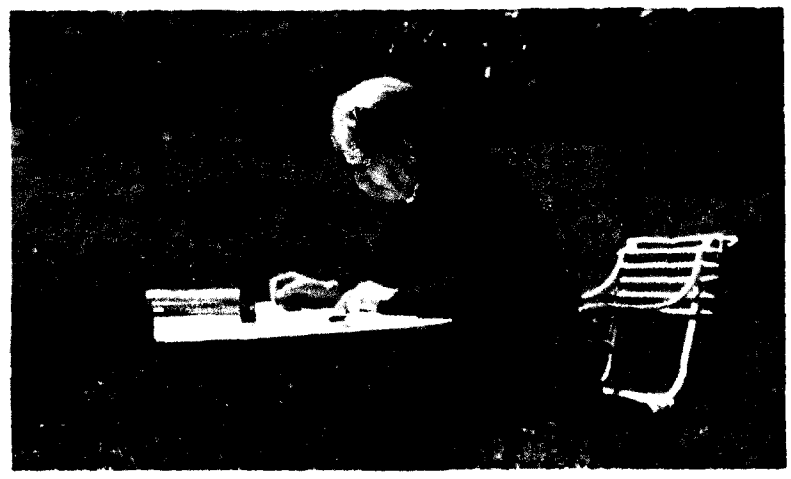
And I do not, he thought, repelled by her now; and I do not mean to be if I can possibly help it.

Who Writes to Dr

PHILOSOPHER to the mind, physician to the body, preacher to the soul, musician to the spirit, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, more frequently than any other man, has been called the world's greatest living person.

The doctor, eighty years old on January 14th, spends most of his days at Lambaréné, French Equatorial Africa, where he administers the 500-bed hospital he built for the natives. But every two years or so he returns for a few months to the tiny village of Gunsbach in his native Alsac France. From there he travels abo Europe, lecturing and holding orga recitals to raise funds to continue h medical missionary work.

Schweitzer's fame is so great th Gunsbach's young postman, Franc Xavier Panzer, estimates the doct receives about 15,000 letters a year i Alsace and an equal number at Lan baréné. Many are business letter which have to do with the purchase material for the hospital. Others a



SAM ROSENBERG

Dr. Albert Schweitzer answers a letter in his garden at Alsace

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"Bathe your eyes, Christabel," he said, "and tidy your hair, and I will take you to your hotel. You must not stay here. And you must not come again; you must go back to your husband. This is anguish for me, but it is the only honorable way."

She dragged her feet across the bare room and closed herself in the dingy, dark bathroom. She was blinded by tears and broken by misery. He loved her and he was too proud to let her share his poverty. Men were all hopeless, one way or another—Rufus with his insane hobbies, Paul with his insane pride—too rich or too poor. They thought about everything except a woman's need for love.

HER head had started to ache unbearably and she felt sick and lost and entirely alone. She bathed her eyes, and still her head throbbed with drumming pain. She opened the medicine chest above the washbowl, dimly thinking she would find some aspirins to stop this torment. There were no aspirins unless Paul kept them in that little round leather box—it looked like a pillbox. She opened the box, with the pain making red flashes before her eyes, and saw a jumbled collection of collar studs, sleeping pills, a paper clip, two safety pins and, in this motley nest, a ring—a glimmering pear-shaped diamond ring.

"Are you all right, Christabel?" Paul called from the studio.

She did not answer. Slowly and coldly she painted her mouth, powdered her face, combed her hair. Slowly and coldly she put the ring on her right hand. Then she opened the door and walked across the room to Paul. "Good-by," she said, and held out her right hand to be kissed. As Paul raised her hand to his lips, he saw the ring. He let her hand fall and they stood there, white-faced and rigid, as enemies.

"Say something," Christabel commanded, in a new, cold voice.

"There is nothing to say."

Suddenly Christabel tore the ring from her finger and threw it at him. "Take it!" she said. "Take it and keep it! Since it's all you ever wanted!"

Paul Gradinski stooped to pick up the beautiful ring. "Yes, I will keep it," he said thoughtfully. "It is very small payment for the lesson you have learned. You might have fallen into the hands of a much worse man, and I shudder to think what it would have cost you. I am only an amateur scoundrel, so you can be grateful. And now you will stop being a silly romantic little fool and go back to your good husband."

"Oh," Christabel said, and she could not find words to describe her humiliation and her disgust. "Oh, how could I ever?"

"That's right," Paul Gradinski said, tossing the ring lightly in his hand. "How could you ever? I hope you have the sense not to again. So now go home, Christabel, and be very sweet to Mr. Hardy."

Christabel fled from the studio. She did not know whether she was more wretched because she had been made a fool, or because her heart was broken. She cried bitterly in the taxi, for her dream of love was nothing but a sordid mistake; and then she stopped crying and began to be furiously angry—but not with Paul, with Mr. Hardy. Rufus was responsible for all this. If Rufus were a man, instead of a maniac collector of expensive junk, none of this would have happened and she would not have been robbed and insulted and mocked, and kissed only because she had diamond rings.

She swept into their rooms and there was Rufus, studying a thick tome on the coinage of the reign of Tiberius. His glasses shone in the morning sun and he said vaguely, "Hello, my dear," but went on reading. Christabel crossed the room and wrenched the clean octagonal glasses from his nose and threw them onto the floor and stamped on them.

Mr. Hardy jumped up, but Christabel had already run into his bedroom, where he found her, wildly tearing his clothes out of the closet. She was making a pile of the neat pepper-and-salt suits and kicking the pile with all her might.

"Stop it!" Mr. Hardy shouted.

"I will not," Christabel said. "Your hateful glasses, your hateful old-man suits!"

Mr. Hardy took her by the shoulders and his hands were not gentle, nor were his eyes. He shook her so that her teeth rattled, and he said, "What have you been doing?"

CHRISTABEL saw that this tall and convincingly strong man was not stooping and not looking mild and paternal; he was looking black with anger and quite capable of choking her, and she was delighted. "What do you care?" she said defiantly. "Just now you care about Roman coins, and next month Heaven knows *what* you'll care about, but it won't be me—you don't even know you *have* a wife!"

"Oh, don't I?" Mr. Hardy said, and she knew his hands would leave bruises on her skin. "I know I have a wife and I know she is mine and I mean to keep her. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," Christabel replied, feeling better.

"I have been too good to you," Mr. Hardy said grimly.

"Yes," Christabel replied, feeling a lot better.

"You need a good beating," Mr. Hardy said through clenched teeth.

"Yes," Christabel said, perfectly enchanted.

"And six children to keep you busy," Mr. Hardy said threateningly.

"Yes," Christabel sighed.

"And to remind you that I am your husband," Mr. Hardy said fiercely.

"Oh, yes."

And Mr. Hardy, asserting his rights angrily, roughly and possessively, kissed his wife as he never had before.

Yes, Christabel went on saying in her mind, yes, yes, oh, yes. Then she said, "Rufus—"

"What?" Mr. Hardy said, in a not very friendly voice.

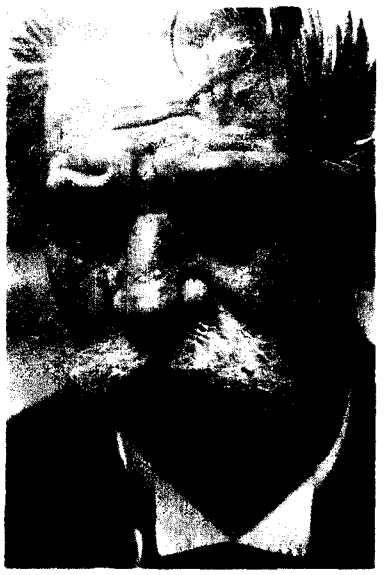
"I wish I weren't your wife."

"What?" Mr. Hardy said, and his hands were again harsh on her shoulders, and he looked as if he meant to hit her, good and hard.

"I wish I were your hobby," Christabel said wistfully.

Mr. Hardy laughed. This was rare for him. He roared with laughter. He picked Christabel up in his arms and spun around the room, shouting with laughter. He covered her with kisses, still laughing. And then he said, "My beautiful little hobby! Christabel, Christabel, you don't know what you're in for." —MARTHA GELLHORN

chweitzer?



eries from individuals everywhere
ıo want to volunteer their services
Lambaréné (most have to be de-
ned because of the limited facilities
r living and working at the hos-
:al). But the great majority of let-
·s pose questions on religion, art,
ısic and the doctor's published ideas
his philosophy of the Reverence
Life.

Many of the doctor's letters in
ımbaréné, where he is now, are an-
·ered by three nurses, who work
them every evening and all day
nday after their medical chores.
hweitzer tries to add a footnote to
ch. No matter how hard he and his
ıff try, however, hundreds of letters
ch month are doomed to remain un-
swered. There just is not time in
e doctor's 18-hour workday, and
e periods that can be spared by his
les, to handle the ever-increasing
·od of correspondence.

Which letters receive no reply? The
essages from important acquaint-
ces, good friends, business associ-
es and relatives.

"Those who know the position in
ıich I find myself and who realize
at I must sacrifice hours to other
rrespondence often get no an-
·ers," he says. "But strangers, who
ve no insight into my life, could be-
ve that indifference or my desire for comfort is responsible for my failure to reply. I always try to spare people whom I do not know such a disappointment."

Not long ago, a man who knew the distinguished medical missionary well complained to his wife that he had received no reply to a question he had posed in two letters.

His wife understood. "The doctor has paid you a great compliment. It means that he counts you among his intimate friends, who forgive his silence."

Albert Schweitzer's decision to forget his friends for a moment, in order to help the strangers who call upon him, is perhaps a measure of the philosopher who has been called saint.

—SAM ROSENBERG

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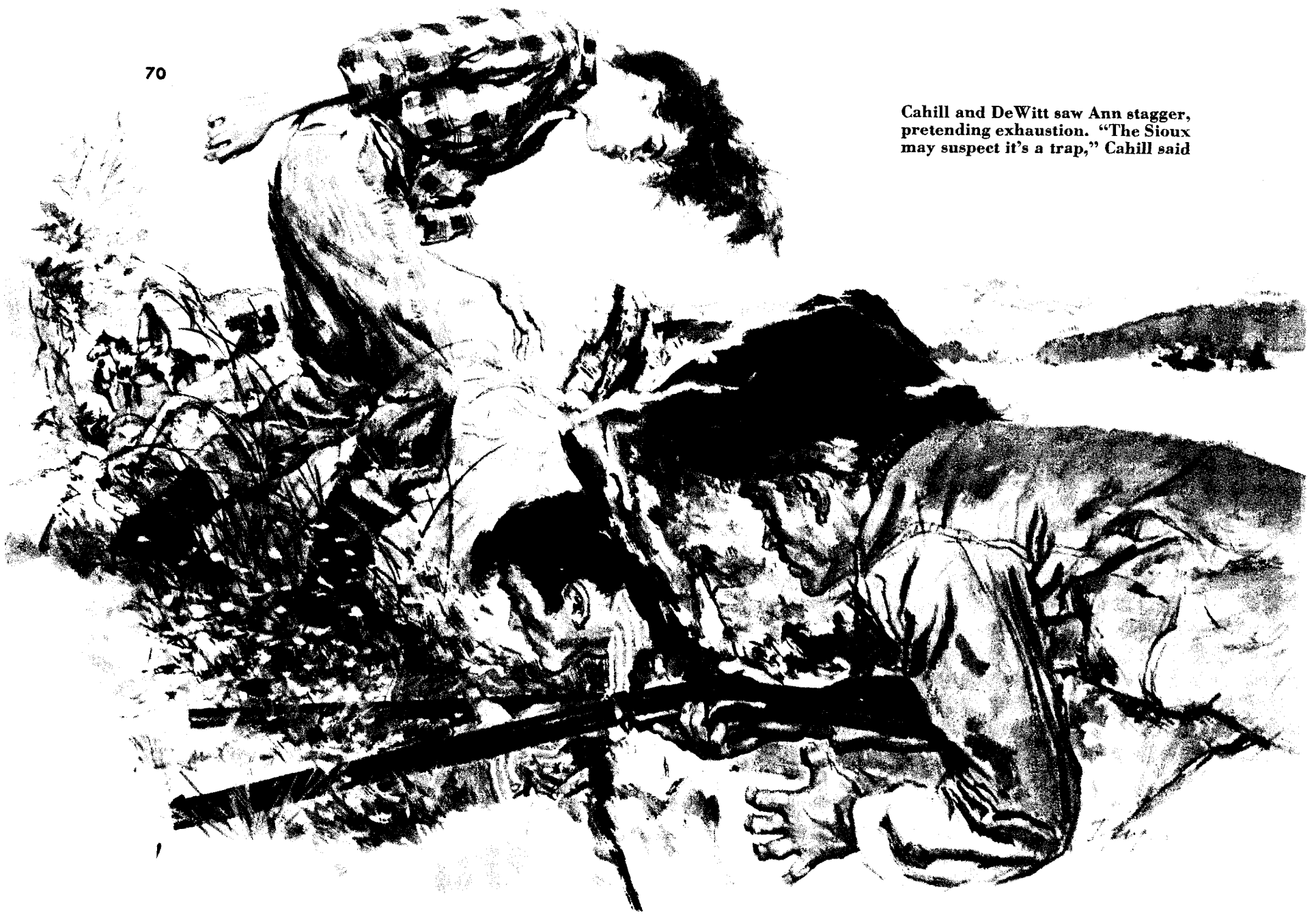

Cahill and DeWitt saw Ann stagger, pretending exhaustion. "The Sioux may suspect it's a trap," Cahill said

Rawhide River

Someone was after Cahill, trying to kill him, determined to beat him to the gold

The Last of Three Parts

The Story: BRITT CAHILL had come to St. Louis for one reason only: to get a private map that would lead him to ZACK RICHARDS. Britt had been hunting Richards for three years—ever since Richards had run him out of town by accusing him of starting a warehouse fire, killing the watchman and robbing the safe. Britt was certain that Richards, a rival steamboat owner, had accused him only to protect himself—for Richards had deliberately sunk Britt's boat and claimed it was an accident. Recently Britt had learned that a boatload of Richards' gold had sunk on the Missouri River, and that Richards had sent a map of the site to his daughter, ANN, in St. Louis. Ann Richards planned to go to her father at once—aboard the Dakota Queen, headed up the Missouri. Surreptitiously Britt boarded the boat too, and visited his former fiancée, LEILA ORMSBY. Leila's father, WALKER ORMSBY, was co-owner of the Dakota Queen with MEAD JARRETT, once Zack Richards' steamboat pilot. Britt told Leila of the map and his plan to find Richards. Then, as he was leaving the boat, someone shot him. Wounded and forced to stow away, Britt took refuge in the cabin of an old friend, SHERRY DEAN, a fiery gambling-house entertainer. Another passenger—PHILIP DEWITT, a young Boston doctor—treated his wounds. Sherry took an instant dislike to DeWitt, and Britt later learned that when Sherry had been Mollie O'Toole, a poor girl in Boston, she had been jilted by a blue blood like DeWitt. Meantime, Leila told Jarrett and her father about the map and the sunken gold. Ann Richards' luggage was ransacked soon afterward, and later the map was stolen. Knowing of the enmity between Britt and her father, Ann believed Britt was the thief and was after her father's gold. Then, when the Dakota Queen was beyond Council Bluffs, the Sioux attacked; all but a handful of the passengers and crew were killed. In backing away from the shore the Dakota Queen struck a snag and began to sink.

BRITT raced below and found the crewmen gazing into the trap door that opened into the shallow hold under the foredeck. Water boiled among the cargo that was stowed in the hold. The encounter with the snag had ripped the Dakota Queen's hull.

"Get tarps, oakum, clothing—anything that will help plug that hole," Britt yelled. "Hustle!"

Working quickly, Britt managed to find the hole and, by cramming in wadding, slowed the inrush of water. But he could not stem it entirely. Walker Ormsby, pasty-faced, had appeared, and Mead Jarrett came hurrying from above, having turned the wheel over to a crewman. Full darkness had come now. By lantern light they studied the ominous boil of water in the hold.

Britt gazed around. The Dakota Queen was moving downstream at bare steerageway. The south shore was black and almost imperceptible,

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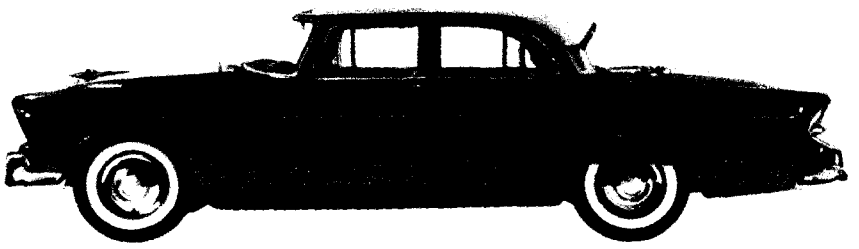

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for the river ran wide here and the moon had not yet risen. But Britt was sure the Sioux were there in the darkness, following the progress of the Dakota Queen, keeping her in sight.

"How much time do you figure we've got, Cahill?" Jarrett said.

"Half an hour at best. She's sinking. We ought to steam ahead at full speed as long as we can. Once we've built up some distance we'll sink her in deep water and take to shore and hide."

"That's our only hope," Jarrett said. "And a damned slim chance at best."

Walker Ormsby had listened, not comprehending. Now he understood. "You—you can't sink her!" he cried. "We'll beach her some place where—"

Britt eyed him coldly. "The Sioux are likely following us along the shore," he said. "If we pull away at full ahead, they'll probably take it for granted that we're escaping out of reach. But if this boat is above water at daybreak, they'll spot her sure. None of us would live through the day."

Walker Ormsby began to mutter some frantic objection, but Jarrett snapped contemptuously: "Hold your breath. You know damned well you'd drown your own mother if it meant saving your scalp!" Jarrett then hurried above to take the wheel.

Britt organized the crew for the task of abandoning the boat. Philip DeWitt was in the lounge caring for the wounded, with the help of Ann Richards and Sherry. Leila was there too, pacing about with a look of panic still in her eyes.

She came rushing to Britt. "Mead says the boat is sinking," she said frantically. "But we're safe, aren't we, Britt?"

Britt disengaged her fingers, which clutched his arm. "Get a grip on yourself, Leila," he said. Then he turned to DeWitt. "Four bad cases?" he asked.

"Three now," DeWitt murmured. "One just died. And another is going. Two of the crewmen, Maxwell and Eilers, are in bad shape, but should recover."

Britt tallied the total strength of the survivors: twelve men—two seriously wounded—and three women. He turned to Ann Richards. "It would be best if you women dressed in men's clothes before going ashore," he said.

THE Dakota Queen had only three small skiffs aboard. Britt had them carried to the foredeck, where he stocked them with food, cooking utensils, guns and ammunition. He saw to it that each boat had extra oars, stout poles, and lengths of line.

The steamboat's minutes were numbered. She was down by the head, and Jarrett had slowed the pace, for fear of driving her under.

"Take soundings," Britt ordered, for Walker Ormsby was too fear-stricken to fulfill his duties as captain.

A crewman went to the prow and threw the weighted measuring line. "Mark four!" he called.

"Four fathoms," Britt said. "We need at least twelve. We've got to find a hole."

The line went out again. "Half twain!" the leadsman said, panic in his voice. Then, in a moment, he said, "Mark twain!" That was only some twelve feet of water.

The foredeck of the Dakota Queen was almost at river level. If she sank here in shallow water, at daylight her upper decks and stacks would be visible for miles.

Suddenly the leadsman called excitedly, "Six fathoms!"

Britt looked around. Ann Richards, Leila and Sherry had come from above. All wore men's trousers and shirts, and they had their hair stuffed into men's hats.

"No bottom!" the leadsman yelled triumphantly. "We're over a hole!"

Britt ordered the boat held over this deep area, then had the boilers blown. The wheel slowed and stopped, and the boat drifted in darkness.

As the skiffs were slid into the river, the Dakota Queen began to sag sickly, wearily to starboard. "Abandon!" Britt yelled. "She's going!"

He lifted Ann and Sherry into the skiff that contained the two wounded crewmen, Maxwell and Eilers. DeWitt also boarded this craft. Leila was with Jarrett and her father in another skiff, which also carried two deck hands.

Britt followed DeWitt aboard the skiff with Ann, Sherry and the two wounded men, shoving the craft clear. He and DeWitt seized the oars and began pulling desperately.

The Dakota Queen heeled farther over. Then the stacks broke free of their own weight and crashed into the river only a score of feet from the skiff. Soot flew in a choking cloud and a wave of foam and water almost overwhelmed the small craft.

BRITT'S vision cleared in time to see the steamboat's decks tilt high, looming gigantically against the stars. Steam burst explosively from the river as the boilers went under. Then she was gone, buried beneath the yellow Missouri, her grave marked by eddies.

Britt and the doctor continued to strain at the oars. Their boat was small and overloaded. Nearby Britt saw the skiff containing Jarrett and his party. The third skiff, with four men, had disappeared in the darkness.

Britt drew a sigh of relief as they finally escaped from the current into quieter, shallow water.

Mead Jarrett's boat loomed alongside and they waited, listening and peering for the third craft. But it did not appear. They began calling cautiously. No answer came.

"They'll never show up," Jarrett said. "They'll have a better chance of making it back to Council Bluffs if they're not handicapped by women and wounded men, and they know it."

Britt finally had to concede that Jarrett was right. The four men had evidently deserted them.

"What do we do now?" DeWitt said.

"We'll head upstream," Jarrett said.

"Upstream? But—"

"If the Indians learn the steamboat sank, they'll likely search downstream, figuring we took to small boats and would follow the easiest way. By heading upriver we'll be bucking the current, but Fort Buford is less than a hundred miles away, and we ought to make it in three or four days by traveling mostly at night."

"Jarrett's right again," Britt said.

He saw Ann Richards look at him sharply. He knew she was gladdened by Jarrett's decision: somewhere between this point and Fort Buford she might find her father. But she assumed that the decision also fitted in with Britt's plans to steal her father's gold.

"I'll lead the way," Jarrett said.

The two deck hands in Jarrett's boat took the oars, and Jarrett and Ormsby handled poles. Britt and Philip DeWitt soon found they could not keep pace with the bigger, more lightly laden skiff, and Jarrett's boat vanished ahead.

They struggled onward for another two hours. Then Jarrett's voice came irritably from the black brush on shore. "Where in hell have you been?" Jarrett's party had found a small clearing in the thickets back from the river's edge, and they had pulled their skiff into the brush well out of sight.

Wearily Britt and DeWitt landed and carried the two wounded men to the site of the makeshift camp. Suddenly DeWitt stumbled and collapsed limply.

Britt bent over and started to lift the young doctor. Then he stopped abruptly. His hands had encountered caked, half-dried blood. "He's wounded!" Britt said.

Sherry came with a rush, uttering a little choked cry. Ann Richards hurried to the skiff and returned with a lantern. "Spread blankets on the ground," Britt said. "And shield the light."

He touched a sulphur match to the wick, then bent over the doctor. Ann Richards brought a pail of water, and between them they worked the blood-stiffened shirt free from DeWitt's body. They came upon a hastily contrived bandage. Beneath that was an ugly injury. Britt's fingers explored the wound.

"What is it?" Sherry asked fearfully.

"Arrowhead," Britt said. "Deep in the muscles under his armpit. He's carried it for hours and not mentioned it.

DeWitt looked up at him, a half-hearted grin on his gray lips. "It looks as if it's your turn to play doctor, Cahill," he said. "That thing has to be removed at once, before it starts real trouble. My bag is in the boat. You'll find all the instruments you need. I'll tell you how to go about it."

Sherry got the medical bag and opened it.

"The hypodermic needle first," Britt told her.

DeWitt shook his head. "There's no morphia. I used it all—earlier. The laudanum too."

Leila Ormsby, who had been watching, shrank away, moving off into the darkness, a sick look on her face. Ann and Sherry remained at Britt's side. "You'll need help," Ann said.

"I will," Britt said. "And thanks!" He laid out scalpel, probe and forceps. "Give him something to grip," he instructed. "Keep his arms spread."

Ann put small cottonwood limbs into DeWitt's hands.

Britt bent over his patient. "You're a game man, Phil," he said. There was a softness in his tone, and he realized this was the first time he had called the doctor by his given name.

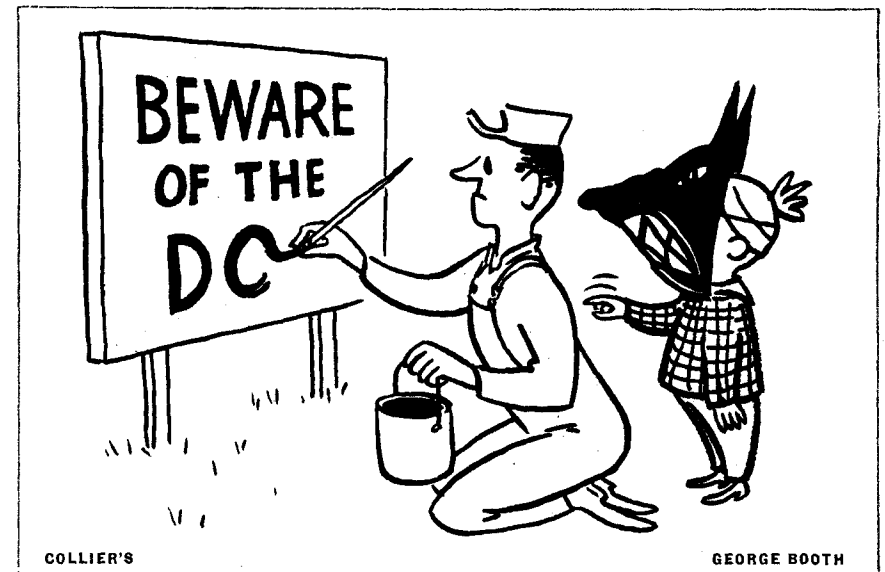
Britt worked silently and quickly, following DeWitt's halting instructions. Mead Jarrett moved up so that he could watch. As usual when he was concentrating, he had a deck of cards in his hand. He riffled the cards absently and expertly. A thin smile was on his lips.

Ann, white-faced, tried to close her ears to the doctor's moans of pain and fastened her attention on Jarrett's slim, sensitive fingers as he toyed with the cards. Even in that moment of great tension the thought came to her that his hands were as deft as a woman's.

Deft as a woman! The idea struck her with sudden, startling impact: it was exactly the thought she had had about the person who had searched her luggage for the map. She glanced quickly at Jarrett's face, a wild, new discovery dawning in her mind.

Then Britt's voice brought her back to the present. "All right," he said exhaustedly, "I've got it."

He had removed the arrowhead. DeWitt was now unconscious. Ann prepared a surgical needle and suture. "Sherry and I can do this better than you," she told Britt. The amazed look of discovery was still in her eyes. . . .



COLLIER'S GEORGE BOOTH

There was no sign of Indians at dawn, and the plains remained quiet as the day advanced.

Philip had spent a feverish night, with Sherry giving him constant care, but after the shock of the surgery wore off he recuperated rapidly. By mid-afternoon he was on his feet.

The two wounded crewmen improved also. Hank Eilers, with a bullet-broken arm and a lance slash, was able to move about a little with help; but Sam Maxwell, with a deep hatchet gash in his side, was still too weak to walk.

Leila, reassured by the absence of danger during the day, lapsed into sullen complaining. Looking at her, Britt realized that the Leila he had known had never really existed: she had been only the creation of his own mind.

THE long day dragged by. Jarrett spent the time dozing or dealing endless hands of poker to imaginary opponents. Walker Ormsby was feeling the lack of whisky and beginning to shake. Their two deck hands amused themselves by ogling Sherry and Ann as they prepared the meals.

Darkness came at last. Britt stood the first guard and was relieved at nine o'clock by Jarrett.

Returning to camp, Britt tiptoed among the sleepers and found his own blanket. Sherry and Ann Richards lay under the same blanket nearby, with DeWitt and Maxwell and Eilers just beyond them. DeWitt was muttering feverishly, and Britt saw Sherry reach out and draw the blanket over him.

On the opposite side of the moon-

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dappled clearing were Leila, her father and the others of Jarrett's boat party. Thus, Britt reflected, were their forces divided.

He got under his blanket. Presently he sensed that Ann Richards was awake and facing toward him, gazing at him in the darkness. He felt a sudden longing to go to her, to learn if her lips really held the warmth and peace they seemed to promise. Then, startled, he realized that such thoughts were disloyal to the purpose to which he was dedicated. The map was lost. It was perhaps now at the bottom of the Missouri River, for the odds were that the person who had stolen it from Ann Richards, and had twice tried to assassinate him, had died in the Indian fight. But he still meant to find Zack Richards—somewhere, somehow.

DAYBREAK, gray and cold, was lighting the brush when Britt awoke. He lay a moment looking up at the colorless sky, and all through him was an intuitive sense of great danger.

He sat up. The places where Jarrett and the others had slept were vacant. Even their blankets were gone. He got to his feet and ran through the brush to the river's edge. Both skiffs were gone.

He ran back to camp. Ann was up. "Look!" she screamed when she saw Britt. "Look!"

A short distance from their camp, a column of black smoke was rising, a dark finger that would point out their location to the Sioux.

Britt fought through the thickets toward this new danger point. Above camp were sand flats and islands of brush, against which driftwood had gathered during past floods. It was one of these heaps of driftwood that had been set afire. The tangle of damp logs and dead brush smoldered rather than burned, sending up a thick smoke.

Britt began tearing the pyre apart. Philip DeWitt came at a stumbling run, followed by Ann and Sherry. The four of them worked frantically, kicking and beating, dragging smoking logs to the nearby river, piling sand on others.

When the last curl of smoke was snuffed out, they looked at one another, grimy and panting. "Jarrett!" Britt said hoarsely. "He—they deserted us and left this smoke sign so that the Sioux would come to investigate."

Full daybreak was coming now, and Britt looked eastward, where the Sioux village lay. "We'll have to shift camp at once," he said.

They all knew their situation. Handicapped as they were by two wounded men, they could not hope to escape far on foot.

They hurried to the camp, where Hank Eilers and Sam Maxwell were waiting anxiously. Jarrett and his party had made almost a clean sweep of the food. But Britt and Philip still had their rifles and six-shooters, which they had kept close at their sides while they slept, along with a handful of extra shells. And Ann Richards had the six-shooter Britt had given her in St. Louis.

Britt carried Sam Maxwell in his arms. The women and Philip followed, helping Eilers and bringing the blankets and the food that remained.

About a mile upriver, Britt discovered a dry coulee that came in from the south. He led the way up this until it narrowed to a defile a dozen feet wide and just deep enough to hide them. "This is as good as we'll find," he said.

To the west, their position was flanked by open sagebrush flats for nearly a mile. Eastward the situation was not so good. A low rocky ridge jutted some two hundred yards away. It cut off their view and would offer cover to any enemy that approached from that direction.

"I could understand Jarrett's party quitting us to save their own hides," Philip said to Britt. "They can move faster than we can. But why take both boats? And why this treachery of trying to bring the Indians down on us?"

"They likely don't care to have us live to tell how they deserted women and wounded men," Britt said.

"Jarrett had another reason, I'm sure," Ann Richards said quietly. "He needed both boats to carry the gold."

Britt turned quickly, staring at her.

Ann nodded. "Jarrett has the map," she said. "I'm positive of it. He's the one who took it from me that night in my cabin. At first I believed you did it, Cahill. And I believed Sherry was the person who had ransacked my belongings. But the truth began to dawn on me only yesterday. I wish I knew how Jarrett heard about the map."

"I know," Britt said, his voice heavy. "I told Leila about it that night in St. Louis, just before I was shot. You see, I was in love with her. I trusted her. I told her I meant to follow you until you led me to your father."

Ann Richards' eyes were dark. "Why do you hate my father, Cahill?" she demanded. "Is it because our steamboat sank your Northern Star that night? Don't you understand how Dad regretted that accident?"

"Accident!" Britt said scornfully. "My boat was sunk deliberately."

"You can't believe that," she said. "Why, Dad wasn't even at the wheel. He was asleep in his cabin. Mead was in the pilothouse when it happened."

"Jarrett?" Britt was incredulous.

"Dad had been on duty all day and all evening," she said. "I insisted that he have some rest. The fog was thinning, and he believed it was safe to turn the wheel over to Jarrett."

"Then why didn't Jarrett act to—"

"He testified at the inquiry that he didn't have time. He said our boat emerged from a wall of fog and the Northern Star was directly across our course. Jarrett said you apparently had become confused in the fog."

BRITT stared at her. In the three years since the collision, he had never once questioned his belief that Zack Richards had been in the pilothouse that night. And he had never heard what had gone on at the inquiry.

"Jarrett lied," he said finally. "He was the one who was off course. And he could have avoided the Northern Star if he had only . . ." His voice trailed off. He was thinking that even if Jarrett *had* been at the wheel, he had probably been following Zack Richards' orders.

To give the devil his due, Britt thought, Richards had probably intended only to remove him as a competitor by wrecking his steamboat. The heavy loss of life had probably not entered into his calculations.

But when Zack Richards had found himself facing prison or hanging if it could be proved that the sinking was deliberate, and then had been ruined financially by the fire that followed, he had seen to it that Britt could never confront him and accuse him.

Britt almost spoke these accusations, but the look in Ann's eyes stopped him.

"Cahill," she said, her voice shaking, "whatever you believe about my father is wrong. You can't fight each other. You both are determined—"

"Mead Jarrett is a determined man too," Britt reminded her. "Would you prefer that *he* find your father and the gold—rather than me?"

Ann gazed at him, torn by doubt.

"You must have studied the map," Britt went on. "You must have some idea where that Mackinaw boat sank."

She looked at him for a moment longer. "Yes," she said abruptly. "Dad's instructions said the place was on the south shore of the Missouri River about a day's journey by small boat below Fort Buford, and at a point where a tiny stream, blocked by beaver dams, joins the main river. The stream is called the Beaverkill."

"The Beaverkill?" Britt repeated. He was silent for a moment, and then he said: "The Beaverkill joins the Missouri about forty miles from here—forty miles as the river flows. But the distance should be considerably less by land—thirty miles, perhaps. The river swings north here, then loops south again. If we could cut directly across the neck of the curve, we could reach the Beaverkill ahead of Jarrett."

THERE was a bleak silence. With Maxwell virtually helpless and Eilers in no shape to stand a fast march—and with the Sioux to consider—thirty miles might as well be a thousand.

Britt voiced his thoughts aloud. "Jarrett and his bunch will have their troubles handling two boats. But this stretch of the river is a little easier, and they should make fair headway. Chances are they'll keep going most of the day, camp during the heat of the afternoon, then set out again after moonrise tonight. They might reach the Beaverkill by tomorrow morning."

Ann sighed heavily. Sherry and Philip watched Britt but said nothing.

"We'll move on tonight," Britt said reluctantly. "That's the best we can do. Travel on foot in daylight would be suicide within Sioux hunting."

Presently Britt and Philip climbed up the ridge that marked the eastern boundary of their campsite. On the crest of the ridge they found a spot among the rocks that afforded them a wide view of the country to the east. They settled down to keep watch for any Sioux in the vicinity.

The hours crawled by. The sun began to beat down mercilessly. Ann Richards joined them finally. "Three pairs of eyes are better than two," she said. "I couldn't stand the waiting."

Philip grinned at her. "You at least add beauty to our little party," he said. "But you'll find this monotonous."

Britt made a warning gesture and reached for his rifle. Something had moved among the brush in the basin below them. In a moment Britt relaxed. "Only an elk," he said.

Another hot hour passed. Britt was always keenly conscious of Ann Richards' nearness. She had arranged her hair in two tight coils pinned at the nape of her neck. She lay on her stomach, between Britt and Philip, wriggling now and then to a new position on the rocky surface.

Suddenly Britt again whispered a word of caution. Something was moving in the basin. This time it was not an elk. "Don't move," he said. "Sioux!"

Peering between rocks he watched an Indian ride into plain view. Then another came out, and a third. One led an empty pack pony. They all carried rifles, and two had bows and quivers of arrows slung on their backs.

"They're trailing the elk," Britt whispered. "If we only could get our hands on those horses!"

But the three Sioux were too far

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away. Any attempt to capture them would only scatter them, he knew, and bring other Sioux to the scene.

Suddenly Ann began crawling away, staying on the side of the ridge away from the Indians. "I'll try to decoy them within reach," she whispered over her shoulder. "Follow me, but stay out of sight."

Britt started to order her to return, but she got to her feet and was running along the slant toward lower ground to their left. He looked at Philip helplessly. Then they both hurried after her.

The point toward which Ann was descending was an arm of the bigger basin through which the three Sioux were riding. As she ran, Britt saw her loosen her braids. Her chestnut hair tumbled over her shoulders, glinting in the hot sunlight. Then she emerged from the shelter of the ridge, and Britt knew that she must be in view of the Indians.

He dragged Philip down to hiding amid some small boulders, and they crawled ahead until they were little more than a hundred feet from Ann. "She's knows they've seen her," Britt whispered. "Maybe they'll suspect it's a trap."

ANN began to pretend utter exhaustion. She fell, got up again, staggered on a few more yards. Then she fell on her face and lay in the open draw.

Minutes passed and no sound came. Britt felt his throat grow taut and dry.

Ann dragged herself to her feet again, took a few uncertain steps, then fell once more. Never once did she look in the direction of the three Sioux. Britt knew that required a supreme effort of will. She was acting the part of a lost woman, placing before them a prize that would be hard to resist—a young white woman to capture.

Britt could hear the drumming of his own heart. If the Sioux guessed she was a decoy, they would shoot her.

Then came a faint sound from the brush. Britt and Philip did not dare lift their heads. Then a scuffing sound came, startlingly near, and Britt saw one of the Indians dart to the cover of a boulder to the right.

Ann's trap was working. Britt now glimpsed a second Indian moving in. Presently he sighted the third one. They had left their horses and were closing in on foot. They had spread out and were becoming less wary as they converged on the girl.

Britt and Philip waited until the three Sioux were almost upon Ann. Then they got to their feet, their rifles in their hands. "Hola!" Britt yelled.

The Indians stopped, turning and looking in confusion. They stiffened, expecting to be shot.

Ann got to her feet and ran to join Britt and Philip.

"Drop your guns!" Britt ordered. The Indians glanced about, seeking some way out. Then one turned and attempted to run for cover. Britt squeezed the trigger, firing low. Even now he could not bring himself to kill the running warrior—for all the advantage was in his favor.

The bullet struck the Sioux in the leg, and he went down in full stride.

Britt swung the rifle back on the other two. "Drop your guns!" he said again. They dropped their rifles and stood straight and tense, waiting.

Britt and Philip ran to them and stripped them of their bows and scalping knives. Britt judged they could hardly be older than eighteen. . . .

The shot had brought Sherry from the coulee. Hank Eilers, using a stick for support, came hobbling after her.

Britt ran to the bigger basin and found the horses tethered among scrub cedar. Three of the animals carried Army brands. The fourth was the Indian pack pony.

Ann came to help him, and they led the horses by braided rawhide picket lines to where the others waited. Philip was improvising a tourniquet for the wounded warrior.

"We're leaving here—pulling out at once," Britt said. "If we're lucky, we may make it to the Beaverkill in time to head off Jarrett."

"But Maxwell can't ride," Philip DeWitt said.

"That Indian pony has been broken to pull travois," Britt said. "See the marks on its flanks?"

"Travois?" Phil questioned blankly.

"That's an Indian rig of drag poles pulled by a pony. We can make one and tie Maxwell to the frame." He paused a moment and then said: "We'll have to gamble that the Sioux don't hit our trail too early in the game. If we're still alive at nightfall, we'll have a fighting chance."

After Britt had made a rough travois frame, lashed together with blanket strips, he bound the prisoners and then tethered them to trees.

Philip watched him with a quizzical smile. "You're a merciful man, Cahill," he said.

"Meaning what?" Britt asked absently, busy with a final strengthening of the travois frame.

Philip glanced at Ann Richards, who was within earshot. "You're supposed to have murdered a man for profit, Cahill," he said, "yet you spare the lives of these Sioux. It doesn't follow."

Sherry sniffed. "Why, Dr. Philip Schuyler DeWitt!" she exclaimed bitingly. "Is it common sense you're beginning to show—or do my ears deceive me? Could it be there is something in you besides thin blue blood and stuffing?"

Philip suddenly swung around and advanced on Sherry. She saw the anger in his dark eyes. "Don't you dare—" she cried.

"I've stood your scorn long enough," he said.

"Hold on, Phil!" Britt called. "You'll pop those stitches."

But Philip had swung Sherry across his knee and was vigorously applying the palm of his hand. "There!" he said in a moment, and stood her on her feet.

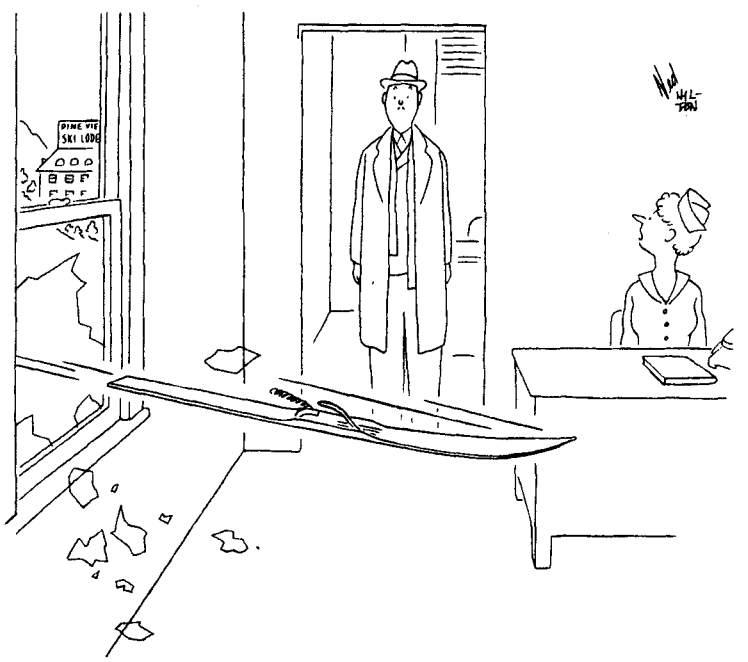
Tears of pain and outrage were in Sherry's eyes. She yelled furiously at Britt, "And what kind of a man are you, to let this brute humiliate a lady?"

Philip spoke jeeringly. "Since when did flannel-mouthed Mollie O'Toole earn the right to call herself a lady?"

Sherry was shocked into silence. Then she glared accusingly at Britt. "No!" Philip snapped. "Cahill didn't tell me. I happened to be in the church that day in Boston when you got jilted."

When Sherry did not reply, Philip went on: "That was the first time I had ever seen you, Mollie O'Toole. I didn't see you again until I happened to visit Pierre's gambling house in St. Louis one night not long ago—and heard Sherry Dean sing. I learned Sherry Dean was leaving for Montana aboard the Dakota Queen. I—I decided to go to Montana too." He turned to Britt. "I know how it is between you and Mollie," he said wearily. "I wish you both all the happiness in the world."

Then he walked away. Sherry stood staring after him, a strange bafflement in her eyes. Britt saw that same futility in Ann Richards' expression.



COLLIER'S **"Better not go to lunch just yet, Doctor . . ."** NED HILTON

THEY made Sam Maxwell as comfortable as possible on the travois. Britt lifted Ann and Sherry onto one of the horses, and helped Hank Eilers onto a second animal.

He guided the way on foot. Philip, mounted bareback on the third horse, led the pony that dragged the travois.

Britt knew that their only hope was to put distance between them and the Sioux war village. But progress was slow, for they were forced to veer and zigzag in order to take advantage of what cover they could find.

The land grew increasingly rough, broken by ridges and coulees from which Indians might appear at any moment. The river left them as it swung northward in its long loop. The sage-covered flats shimmered in the fierce glare of the midafternoon sun.

But the long day waned, and no Sioux appeared. At dusk they found a small stream and rested there until the moon was bright. Then they pushed on again.

Darkness brought relief from the heat, but it brought other problems. Unable to sight clearly their route ahead, they found themselves at times in blind draws, or confronted by impassable ledges. They often had to backtrack to look for a feasible path west. The horses began to tire, and the women and Philip were walking the greater part of the time. Sam Maxwell was only half conscious, and Eilers rode like a collapsing bag.

Midnight passed. Ann stumbled in the darkness and fell. Britt lifted her to her feet. She leaned against him, surrendering her doubts for a moment to her weariness. Then, slowly, she straightened and drew away. She said, "I'm sorry, Britt, for—for everything!"

Daybreak was near when Britt suddenly stopped. "Smell it?" he exclaimed. "The river! We're nearing it again!" By daylight they could see the glint of the river in the distance.

THE main channel of the Missouri was still some two miles away. It was flanked by a brushy, swampy flood channel nearly half a mile wide. Islands and promontories rose above this area, thickly grown with willows and wild-currant and chokecherry brush.

A small stream joined the swamp to their left. "That," Britt said, "is the Beaverkill!"

He saw the look in Ann's face as she gazed at this wild river lowland. Here, within her reach at last, after all these weeks, was perhaps the answer to her father's fate.

Studying the tangled brush, Britt could understand why Zack Richards had taken such pains to map the location of the sunken Mackinaw boat in detail. The craft probably had been crushed by ice and sunk somewhere in the backwater during the spring freshet. Without exact instructions, a man might search this maze for a lifetime and never find what he sought.

Silent now, they moved forward again, heading for the river brush. The same question was in all their minds: Had they won the race with Jarrett?

They were near the thickets when Britt uttered an exclamation and pointed. Nearly half a mile to their right, a long, timbered ridge rose above the river bottom. From beyond that hogback, a puff of smoke was rising.

"A cook fire!" Britt said excitedly. "No Indian would make that mistake. It's Jarrett and his party!"

They made their way into the brushy river bottom. Finding a stopping point, they lifted Maxwell from the travois and helped Eilers from his horse.

Britt and Philip picked up their rifles. "First, we'll locate them," Britt said. "If it *is* Jarrett, then we'll figure out what to do. If they hear us before we want them to, they'll be ready for us. Let's go, Phil."

" 'Tis a long way from Boston that you've come, Philip Schuyler DeWitt," Sherry whispered. "I pray that you live to see your home again."

Philip looked at her, a sudden, shining joy in his expression. He walked to her, took her in his arms and kissed her. "At least," he said roughly, "you'll have that to remember me by, Mollie O'Toole." Then he released her. "Maybe you don't have all the luck after all, Cahill," he said.

Britt led the way through the thickets, heading in the direction of the smoke they had sighted earlier. Eventually, faint sounds began to drift to them. Then a man's voice came in an exultant yell. "I got it! I got it! Look!"

Another man spoke sharply, "Quit that screeching, you infernal idiot." That voice, Britt knew, belonged to

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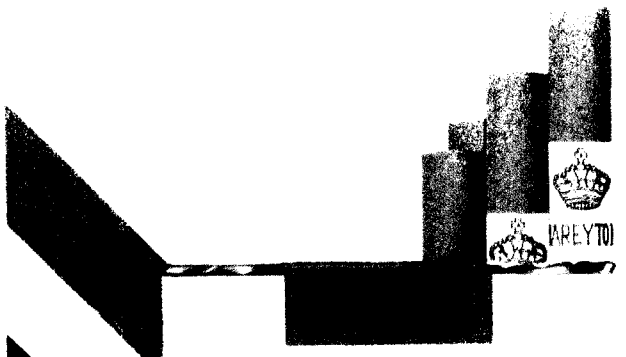

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Mead Jarrett. He was beyond the ridge, but the words carried clearly.

Britt and Philip reached the base of the ridge, and then, crawling through brush and timber, they made their way to the crest.

The ridge sloped down to a sizable slough, formed by backwater from the main river. To their left and below them on the shore, cooking utensils and blankets lay near the water-drenched ashes of a fire.

On the far side of the slough two skiffs floated in shallow, reed-grown water among stumps and deadfalls. Mead Jarrett stood erect in one boat, holding it in place with a pole thrust into the river bottom. With him were Walker Ormsby and Leila.

The other skiff lay a dozen feet away. One of the deck hands was in it, and the other stood alongside in waist-deep water.

"All right," Jarrett was saying. "Get the rest of it. And be careful. Those buckskin pokes are rotten and will burst like that first one. Here's a blanket. Slip it under each bag before you try to lift it. Then hand them up to me."

THE deck hand in the water took the blanket, ducked and scrabbled around under water for a time. Then he brought up the dripping blanket, which was wrapped around some heavy object that required effort on Jarrett's part as he swung it aboard.

The operation was repeated again and again. The man in the water must be standing on the sunken Mackinaw boat, Britt decided, and he was retrieving the rotting buckskin pokes, loaded with gold, from the mud-filled hull.

"We'll wait until they come ashore," Britt whispered to Philip.

Behind them, and to their right, a man appeared without sound from the thickets. He was wild-looking, with a matted, graying beard on his lean jaws. His clothes were in rags, and he used a notched stick as a crutch, for his left leg had been broken not long before.

Zack Richards had a six-shooter in his hand. When he recognized Britt, his sunken eyes widened in surprise. Then his expression became grim as his mind raced back three years to that night in St. Louis when he had seen the accumulation of his lifetime go up in flames. He lifted the gun, bringing it to bear squarely on Britt. Neither Britt nor Philip was aware of the nearness of death, for they were absorbed in watching the scene in the backwater.

Zack Richards had endured two months in this wilderness, with constant danger from the Indians, with scarcely enough food to keep him alive. Zack had cared for his broken leg, making his own splints and binding them in place with pliable roots and green doeskin and strips from his own clothing.

Several times he had tried to flag down passing steamboats or Mackinaws carrying men down-river, but he had been ignored. All craft were wary of being lured into ambush. Then, today, two small boats had appeared, landing at daybreak on this point of land that overlooked the spot where his gold-laden Mackinaw had gone down. He had recognized Mead Jarrett and the Ormsbys. He had not made his presence known at once, for there had been something in their attitudes that had warned him to take care. He had waited, biding his time, while Jarrett began recovering the gold from the slough.

And now, even more amazingly, Britt Cahill and another man, whom he did not know, had come out of the wilderness to this spot. He kept his gun trained on Britt for long, bitter seconds.

Then he heard someone else approaching. He retreated soundlessly into the thickets again, lowering the hammer of his gun. He watched another figure, moving cautiously, emerge from the brush and crawl to where Britt Cahill and the other man lay watching Jarrett's party in the boats.

It was then that Zack Richards recognized the third arrival. He was stunned. He drew in his breath to shout, but held it. This creature in muddy, men's clothing was his own daughter.

Britt looked at Ann and pointed silently toward the skiffs. He heard her gasp as she realized what was happening. He motioned her to remain silent.

COLLIER'S **"Have you fellows been waiting long?"** GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Presently the recovery of the gold was completed. The man in the water was breathing hard from his exertions. "Make sure," Jarrett said impatiently.

"I tell you there ain't no more," the man snarled. "We got every last ounce of it. If'n you don't believe me, git your own fine feet wet, an' take a look for yourself, Mead."

The man started to pull himself aboard the skiff in which his companion stood. Mead Jarrett, without a word, drew his six-shooter, and, as precisely as he would shoot at a target, killed both the deck hands with two quick, successive bullets. Staggering crazily, the men toppled, one after the other, into the muddy water.

BRITT heard Ann catch her breath in horror. Philip was staring at Jarrett in disbelief.

Leila Ormsby and her father also seemed horror-stricken. They gazed unbelievingly at the water where the two men had vanished from sight.

Jarrett said in a voice of thoughtful concern, "There may have been Sioux within hearing of those shots. We'll move to the north shore at once. I doubt if any hostiles are on the far side of the river."

Leila screamed then—wildly, horribly. She recoiled from Jarrett, scrambling away from him to the prow, where she pressed close against her father. She screamed again, and Jarrett stepped along the boat and slapped her savagely across the mouth. "Stop it!" he said coldly. "Stop it!" He sat at the oars then and swung the skiff to overtake the second boat, which was drifting slowly away.

"You wouldn't have wanted to split the gold with them either—and you know it, Leila," he said in a moment. "Grab the painter of that skiff, Ormsby. We'll tow it to shore, gather our camp outfit and distribute the cargo more evenly, and then cross the river. We should make it up to Fort Buford in two or three days."

WALKER ORMSBY obeyed mechanically. Jarrett rowed ashore, stepped out and grounded both craft. Leila still crouched rigidly in the boat. "Come ashore while we rearrange the load," Jarrett said impatiently.

Leila, moving like a sleepwalker, stumbled to dry land. Her father followed. It was evident they both expected to suffer the same fate as the deck hands.

Britt got up and stepped into the open, his six-shooter in his hand. "Jarrett!" he yelled.

Mead Jarrett whirled and stared incredulously at Britt and at Philip and Ann Richards. Then his sharp mind accepted the situation and acted instantly to meet it. Even before Jarrett moved, Britt realized his own mistake: he should have bided his time a moment longer. For Leila stood only a few paces from Jarrett. Instantly the man glided to his left, so that she was now between him and Britt. Thus shielded, Jarrett backed swiftly toward the boulders and brush a few yards away.

Leila stood motionless, gazing in terror at Britt. Beyond her, Britt saw Jarrett's gun come up. He dived aside in a twisting fall as Jarrett fired; and then he rolled to the scant shelter of a foot-high ridge of moss-covered rock.

He was yelling to Philip and Ann to take cover. Jarrett fired a second time, and a third, and Britt saw the young doctor pitch forward on his face, roll over on his side. Jarrett's last bullet had found a target.

Britt saw Ann had taken cover back of a tree nearby. Jarrett had now reached the brush. Leila, suddenly aroused from her paralysis of fear, turned and ran out of the line of fire.

Britt fired twice, but Jarrett had gone to cover among boulders. Britt's position was untenable now. He rose and raced to take shelter back of a tree. Jarrett fired again, and Britt felt the tug of a bullet along his sleeve.

There was silence for a moment. Walker Ormsby cowered near the beached skiffs, gibbering in fear. Leila had fled into the thickets in the opposite direction.

Philip DeWitt lay in the open, motionless. A streak of blood showed on his temple. Ann still huddled back of a tree, fifty feet to Britt's right. She was looking at Philip, her eyes wide with concern.

Someone was racing through the brush on the crest of the ridge. A voice called frantically. It was Sherry, who had followed their trail through the swamp. She burst into view. Britt shouted a warning, but she did not heed. She had seen Philip.

She ran to where he lay and knelt, huddling over him, rocking in grief. "Oh, my darling, my darling," she whispered. "I loved you. I loved you and now I've lost you."

Jarrett could have shot Sherry—Ann also—for she had left shelter and hurried to Sherry's side. But he had no bullets to waste on women.

Britt glimpsed him retreating deeper into the timber. Jarrett's purpose was to flank him, or drive him into the open. Britt copied his tactics, keeping pace relentlessly with him, never giving him a chance for a certain shot.

"No, Britt!" Ann called. "He'll trap you—kill you!" But Britt kept moving, leaping from boulder to tree, from deadfall to brush clump.

Jarrett again sighted him and fired. The bullet tore bark from a tree within an inch of Britt's eyes.

Britt fired back instantly, and the slug ricocheted from a boulder a split second after Jarrett's head had vanished behind it.

Jarrett retreated once more, with greater wariness. Presently they traded shots again, and again their bullets missed only by seconds.

"Who's the killer now?" Jarrett called. There was a tinny edge of panic in his voice.

"You can always come out with your hands up, Mead," Britt called back. "That's your only other choice."

Jarrett's answer was three fast bullets. But again a tree protected Britt. Both men reloaded.

NOW Jarrett's strategy was to attempt to break past Britt and make toward the camp, for he was trapped on a narrowing spine of land that jutted into the main river. Soon he would be able to retreat no farther.

But always Britt outmaneuvered him and herded him toward the river, toward the inevitable moment when he must come to bay.

Jarrett understood this now and made his last rush, heading for an outcrop of boulders overgrown with chokecherry and wild-currant brush, which stood in a small grass clearing. It would be a strong position, unassailable for a lone opponent once Jarrett found a vantage point there.

Britt saw this and responded instantly. He burst from the brush as Jarrett was making his run.

Jarrett fired twice, but was moving too fast to aim accurately as he scrambled over boulders, seeking a crevice to shield him. One bullet burned Britt's cheek; the other missed.

Then Britt had covered the open ground and was among the brush and boulders too, scarcely thirty feet from where Jarrett had dropped out of sight. He did not stop. He had the advantage of momentum. He vaulted a rock, circled another and drove ahead, crashing through the brush.

And then Jarrett, his nerve shaken at last, made his mistake. Like a flushed rabbit, he broke from the shelter he had taken. He emerged only a dozen feet ahead.

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Britt saw the gambler's frenzied eyes, saw the way he was gasping for breath, saw the disorder of his blond hair.

The range was almost point-blank, and both of them fired. Jarrett missed again—but Britt did not. Jarrett's body was thrown violently back, his head jerking.

BRITT became aware of the harsh sound of his own breathing. The dry reek of powder smoke was in his nostrils. Numbly he realized he was alive—almost unscathed. A thin trickle of blood ran from the bullet graze on his cheekbone. An instant before he had given himself up for dead. He had never dreamed that Jarrett would miss at that close range.

And then Ann Richards was running toward him.

"You're alive!" she cried wildly. "You're—" And then she fainted, sinking to earth with a small, fading sigh.

Britt walked unsteadily to where she lay. He bent, lifted her in his arms, and carried her through the brush back toward the point where the fight had started.

She stirred presently and looked up at him. For a time they gazed at each other. Then Britt kissed her, holding her fiercely against him, feeling her mouth respond on his.

In a moment she drew away. "I can walk now—alone," she said. And so Britt set her on her feet, and they walked in silence back to camp.

As they came into view of the boats, Britt looked up, and Ann gave a little cry of thankfulness. Philip DeWitt was sitting up. Sherry held him, his head against her breast, her face radiant.

"The bullet only barked my skull," Philip said shakily. "A slight concussion. Knocked me cold for a few minutes."

Leila and her father huddled by the boats. They gazed at Britt dully. They did not have to be told that Jarrett was dead.

Then Zack Richards stepped from the thickets a dozen yards from Britt. He had his gun in his hand.

"Ann!" he said.

Ann stared at the bearded, ragged figure. "Dad! Oh, Dad!" she cried and started to rush toward him. Then she remembered. She stopped and swung around, looking wildly at Britt.

Britt was gazing at Zack Richards, and all the injustice that he had endured was back in his heart, all the bitterness. "Why did you do it, Richards?" he demanded, his voice flat. "Why did you lie about me?"

Ann stepped between them. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. "No! This—this can't happen. I couldn't bear to have you two—" She could not go on.

Britt made no move toward his gun. For three years he had looked forward to the day when he would meet Zack Richards, face to face, choke the truth from him, then put a bullet in him. Now that day had come, and he could not go through with it. He could not bring such grief to the girl he had held in his arms a moment ago.

Zack Richards' sunken eyes were fiercely, keenly alive. He looked from his daughter to Britt and back again, perplexed. "Lie?" he said, his voice rusty with long disuse. "What do you mean by that, Cahill? I should kill you. You destroyed me that night in St. Louis, and murdered my watchman. Now I find you fighting to the death with another man for the gold that belongs to me. What do you mean, lie?"

Britt wheeled abruptly to walk away from all this, to escape from this situation which he felt he could never solve. But suddenly he stopped. Walker Ormsby, standing a short distance away, was staring at Zack Richards, and there was a sick and terrible fear in his face. In a moment Ormsby turned and headed in a blind, stumbling panic for the brush.

Britt overtook him in long strides, grasping his shoulders and swinging him violently around. He stared into Walker Ormsby's eyes, seeing for the first time the treachery and duplicity of the man.

"Walker," he said slowly. *"You're* the man I've been after for three years, aren't you?"

The only sound was the terrified wheeze of Ormsby's breathing.

"You were the one who told the police I was an arsonist and a murderer and a thief," Britt went on. *"You* were the one who put lynchers on my trail. You—you and Jarrett."

Ann came running toward him. "Britt!" she cried. "I took it for granted that you *knew* it was Walker Ormsby. I—I never dreamed that *this* was why you hated my father."

Britt shook his head dazedly. "Why was I so blind?" he said huskily. "It was all plain enough, if I only would have let myself see it." He still gripped Walker Ormsby. "You and Jarrett," he said. "You two worked together." His hands tightened on Walker Ormsby's throat. "And then, when I showed up alive that night in St. Louis, Jarrett shot me because he never wanted me to confront Zack Richards and compare notes. And he tried to kill me later on, aboard the Dakota Queen."

Britt's fingers were tightening on the man's throat. He became aware that Ann was struggling desperately to loosen his grip. "Don't—oh, don't, Britt!" she was pleading. "Don't kill him! He isn't worth it!"

Britt came back to sanity. He released Walker Ormsby and stepped back. Ormsby sagged to the ground.

"Ormsby, I'll see to it that you stand trial for what you've done," Zack Richards said.

Britt wiped his face with his sleeve. He glanced at Leila, seeing her colorless face, which held fear and vindictiveness and defiance—but no shame.

He faced Zack Richards again. "For three years I wanted to kill you, Richards," he said. "Thank God I was spared that, at least."

"And I, too, will thank God always," Ann said, her voice quavering. She went to him and placed a hand on each side of his face and stood gazing up at him for a long time. She said gently, "I thank God, too, that I was wrong when I believed you loved Sherry. I thank God it was Philip that Sherry loved. I love her like a sister, and I loved Philip like a brother—but that is not the way I feel toward you, Britt Cahill."

She rose on tiptoe and kissed him fiercely. His arms went around her, pressing her against him, never wanting to free her.

ZACK RICHARDS finally spoke: "Seems to me we better move out of here and try to cross the river. Lots of shooting lately. Some Sioux might show up to take a look!"

"By the saints!" Sherry cried. "'Tis a steamboat!" She was on her feet, pointing toward the river.

A stern-wheeler was rounding into sight, bound upstream. She carried the Army pennant on her staff. As she drew nearer, Britt saw that she was loaded with troops—reinforcements for the forts in the upper country.

Sherry and Philip and Zack Richards hurried through the timber to where the ridge overlooked the river and began waving and shouting. Britt, with Ann's hand in his, followed. Together they watched the packet veer toward them and come edging in for a landing to pick them up.

Britt thought of Hank Eilers and Sam Maxwell, who must be waiting in a fever of anxiety back in the river brush. And he thought of the gold that belonged to Zack Richards, which must also be loaded aboard the steamboat.

But what he said was, "We'll be in Fort Buford tomorrow. And by tomorrow night you'll be a bride, Ann."

"It will be a long wait," Ann said, her eyes sparkling.

"'Twill be a double wedding," Sherry said, kissing Philip. "Imagine the likes of Mollie O'Toole marrying Philip Schuyler DeWitt!"

Behind them, Leila Ormsby and her father stood almost forgotten as the steamboat dropped its stage plank into the brush on this wild shore.

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Into Surgery for: "NOT AS A

Actors and crew of a best-seller-on-film absorb the drama and techniques of medical life in the operating rooms and wards of real-life hospitals

Director Kramer and Olivia de Havilland whisper intently, Broderick Crawford and a surgeon look on, while anesthetist readies equipment before the start of an actual operation at a Los Angeles hospital

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STRANGER"

By STANLEY KRAMER

THIRTY-FIVE operations, several autopsies and 15 months ago, I bought the screen rights to a sprawling, 948-page novel called Not as a Stranger. Transferring one medium to another—a book into a movie—is always difficult. But with Not as a Stranger there was an added hazard. How could we possibly convey on the screen the sense of reality that flowed so easily through Morton Thompson's novel?

As three million or so readers already know, it's a story about a young, dedicated doctor and the problems of romance and marriage that can happen only to a medical man. Thompson, who died a few months before his book was published and became a best seller, was a bug on medicine. It was his hobby. There was an intimacy with the subject which reflected itself on every page.

In my first conference with the script writers, Ed and Edna Anhalt, a disconcerting fact kept nudging us: how could we gain in a few months what Thompson had spent years accumulating? There was one obvious short cut: to go ourselves into the world of the doctor.

The decision was not made merely to familiarize ourselves with the routine. I felt it was acutely necessary for all of us—the writers, the actors and myself as director—to experience the more subtle emotions and tensions that move beneath the surface and create the drama we were after. Four Los Angeles hospitals helped us with our "training."

I think we learned a great deal. We took our meals with doctors and

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Producer-director Stanley Kramer (top), stars Olivia de Havilland, Robert Mitchum

In practice session between operations Mitchum tries technique of "percussing" (tapping) chest wall of actor Crawford

Operation to remove tumor from patient's lung begins. Actors and director, masked and gowned like real surgeons and nurses, mingle with operating staff. Mitchum is in foreground, Olivia with nurse and anesthetist at rear, Kramer, Crawford at right

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Movie medicos spent long, footsore hours learning to pass instrument

Weary pseudo surgeons Crawford and Kramer experience emotional letdown when the operation is finished. With them, right, is Doctor Morton Maxwell, technical adviser for Not as a Stranger

nurses, watched them in the operating room and in the wards. Gradually, our perspective altered. Until then, although I had made several pictures in hospitals, I had a conventional attitude toward the profession. When a doctor pulled you through, he was a god. When he cloaked himself in the mystery of his calling or his bill was too high, he was suspect.

Now we began to see doctors as men who make miracles, but who also make mistakes because they are no less human than their patients. And we came to realize that they are perhaps the only group of men whose profession confronts them daily with the awful alternatives of life and death. This may explain their seeming callousness on occasion. Once, halfway through a touch-and-go heart operation that lasted for most of the day, the surgeon stopped and asked if anybody knew the score of a ball game. We were shocked. But later we understood how human a thing it was to do.

As early as the script stage such discoveries became part of the film. From similar incidents the Anhalts fashioned one whole sequence that leans on action for its main emotional impact. In the scene the medical students are told that the patient has no sensation and is paralyzed below the waist because of a spinal cord tumor. If this tumor can be removed without injuring the spinal cord, the patient will be able to walk again. The surgeon jabs a needle into the bare sole of the patient's foot. No reaction. He operates. Finished, the surgeon announces: "The operation was a success. Now let's see if it helped the patient." He again jabs a needle into the patient's foot. This time it jerks upward. The surgeon pulls the mask from his face and wipes off his heavy perspiration. Without our background of hospital experience, I'm sure the Anhalts couldn't have written the scene with so much impact.

Casting was completed only a few weeks before shooting was scheduled to begin. I had a good script. And now I had a group of gifted actors, the best I could find: Robert Mitchum was to play Dr. Lucas Marsh, and Olivia de Havilland, Kristina, the nurse he marries and, in mid-success, tends to forget. Frank Sinatra, Broderick Crawford, Gloria Grahame, Charles Bickford and Myron McCormick also had important roles.

The hospital authorities who had helped in the preparation of the script extended this same courtesy to the actors preparing for their parts.

Book Learning Is Not Enough

Playing a role is like telling a joke; you've got to understand it to tell it well. As Olivia remarked after her first operating-room session, "I read the script, studied books on nursing, learned operating techniques and terminology. But if I'd stopped there and assumed I then knew something about hospital life, it would have been like looking at the surface of the sea without being aware of the life that goes on underneath."

And so the principals plunged into the swarming life of the hospital. Only three—whose roles, for one reason or another, didn't require this intensive briefing—skipped the sessions. Sinatra plays Lucas' caustic but loyal doctor friend, Alfred Boone, and Myron McCormick is Dr. Snider. Both are roles which depend as much on human relationships as on medical values. Gloria Grahame has a nonmedical part.

The actors watched abdominal operations, surgery for cancer, the removal of a tumor from the spinal cord, emergency appendectomies, and complex heart operations.

Olivia went about her assignment with a driving persistence. She got up at 6:00 A.M., day after day, to spend six hours in an operating room, talked endlessly with the nurses, then rushed to the studio for evening rehearsals. One nurse told me, "If that's a sample of the glamorous life of a movie star, she can have it."

Robert Mitchum also took the experience stoically. "Everybody was surprised and, if you ask me, disgusted that none of us fainted or got sick," he said one day. One of the surgeons, as he raised the scalpel for a first incision, turned to Olivia and Bob and said, "If you faint, I'd appreciate it if you'd faint backward." The scalpel fell. Nobody fainted.

In this way the actors were learning —and feeling—all the things which no one could tell them.

There was an eight-year-old boy. His right thumb was flopped grotesquely over on the side of his hand, useless. The surgeon opened the lad's arm, pulled from it a tendon and attached it to the thumb. Suddenly the thumb moved, and it was apparent that it was the boy himself moving it. The expression on the child's face changed as he realized it, too. A glance at the surgeon's face, and it was like hearing a Gregorian chant and seeing a World Series game won at the same time. We wanted to cheer for medicine.

At rehearsals I would overhear the cast discussing their experiences. They talked about—and remembered—the casualness and intimacy in tone of voice in use among the surgeons and nurses. Olivia observed that it was vitally important for the nurses to hear what the doctors were saying. So when she was in the operation-room scenes before the camera, she tucked back her hair under her cap to hear better.

Evolution of a Perfect Nurse

Without any prompting from me, Olivia also kept three nurses under constant scrutiny. In one she was impressed by her calmness, in another, by her swiftness, and in a third, by her alertness. From a blend of these three she created Kristina, the perfect nurse.

One point that worried us was whether patients and surgeons might be uncomfortable with outsiders present. The surgeons' attitudes ranged from tolerant indifference to understanding acceptance so long as they were convinced we understood the necessary precautions.

Dr. Morton H. Maxwell, our chief technical adviser, briefed the actors beforehand. "Never touch anything in the operating field, never get between any piece of equipment and the operating table, never get into physical contact with the surgeons and nurses, don't interrupt the surgeon during critical periods; and if you talk, talk in a whisper." We were a little surprised at that last edict, but Dr. Maxwell explained that a great part of surgery is thinking, and loud talk could be distracting. We were, of course, required to wear the proper caps, gowns and masks, and for certain operations sterilized cloth boots over our shoes.

As for the patients, recently a surgeon at one hospital jokingly told me they were having trouble in surgery these days because some patients demanded to know why they couldn't have Olivia or Bob, Brod Crawford or Charles Bickford in the operating gallery, the way previous patients had. I suppose everybody is a ham at heart. One nurse told me: "Before we'd wheel some of our patients into the operating room, they'd primp up before a mirror. They seemed more concerned about the way they looked in front of the actors than about their operation."

In addition to learning the subtleties of their roles, it was also necessary, of course, for the actors to acquire skill in the mechanics of the profession. Dr. Maxwell, who checked the actors between operations and other briefing sessions, was astonished at the speed with which Bob Mitchum learned to percuss a chest wall, tie sutures and handle surgical clamps. The actors used doctors and each other to perfect techniques, practiced with instruments at home at night. Dr. Maxwell commented that Bob learned in hours what it required medical students weeks to master.

To copy is, of course, elementary to an accomplished actor. But Bob went further than that. He wanted to know why a surgeon holds his hands so far away from his body while being helped on with his gloves. He wanted to know

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...d take pulses like professionals

why he keeps his elbows out in such a peculiar position when he walks around, and why he keeps his back to others as he circulates around the operating room. His questions sparked a brief course by Dr. Maxwell on the principles of sterility in any operating room. And so when Bob went before the cameras, his acting carried unusual authority.

Brod Crawford spent considerable time with Dr. Maxwell and with the chief of pathology, who taught him how to handle microscopes and slides. He also learned about autopsies, made one precipitous trip to the autopsy room for "on-the-spot" research.

Sometimes, our advisers felt the actors learned their technical lessons too well. Olivia, for example, became so adept at passing instruments with rhythm and precision she never fumbled. Her perfection brought a protest from one of our technical advisers that if it was realism we wanted, this would never do—no scrub nurse would be that proficient. There had to be an occasional break in the rhythm; sometimes an instrument might fall to the floor. But, in my opinion as a director, errors would have detracted from the dramatic impact, so I prevailed and permitted Olivia no fumbles.

In one instance, it worked the other way around. The script called for Charles Bickford, who plays Dave Runkleman, the small-town doctor who typifies every family doctor you ever knew, to simulate a heart attack. I wanted this scene to be in tune with the rest of the picture, played in low key and with no great dramatics. Bickford protested and said he'd witnessed a heart attack once and this was his big scene—the quivering face, the clutching of the chest, the contorted body, the anguished face, the cold perspiration. Dr. Maxwell backed him up, so I yielded. Charles played the scene with all the stops out.

How Movie-Goers Should React

Was all the preliminary research worth the effort? As the director, I think it was. It is not enough for an audience to appreciate the skill of a performance or admire the sets. One should forget that these are performances, that these buildings exist only on a sound stage. The proscenium should vanish. The movie-goer should no longer be conscious whether the screen is wide or narrow. Only then does the audience become a participant in the story. Only then does the play become not a mimicry of life, but take on a life of its own. At least, this is the end toward which we aim.

Sitting behind the cameras, watching the faces of the actors in an operating scene, I sometimes felt a momentary surprise when the scene came to an end, when Lucas Marsh again became Robert Mitchum and the patient an extra. Then I realized if I felt that way, the realism we were striving for in the film had come through.

Mitchum and Frank Sinatra as medical students in operating room scene from United Artists release, Not as a Stranger

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The Good Partner Idea

IN THE "good partner policy" the United States and Latin America have a starting point from which to proceed with the building of a stronger hemisphere. The pace and quality of the job will depend upon what depth of meaning is attached to the word "partner."

During the recent Inter-American economic conference in Brazil much emphasis was placed —not unexpectedly—upon dollar aid from the United States government. Some such aid is doubtless necessary. But dollar aid cannot provide the basis for the kind of partnership that is needed among the Americas. A far more durable foundation was suggested by Mexico's Minister of Finance, Antonio Carrillo Flores, who declared that primary responsibility must rest with each country for its own economic development, and added: "We demand and defend the right to carry it out within our own freedom and our way of living."

Mutual respect must be the basis of this partnership—respect by North Americans for the dignity of their neighbors; respect by Latin Americans for those freedoms upon which their own strength must be built. That respect has been in short supply until now. The lack must be made up, by intelligent effort on either side, before the partnership can be made effective.

The first obligation upon North Americans is to broaden and deepen their knowledge of Latin America—fresh respect will rise, inevitably, from that knowledge.

The more than 160,000,000 people of Latin America are inheritors of cultures strikingly like our own. They yield nothing to us in the quality and variety of their music, literature and art; in the cleanliness and beauty of their cities; in the character of their universities; in the quality of their manners, their morals, their ideals.

Like ourselves they are mainly people of European stock, whose ancestors left Europe generally for the same reasons as ours, and gained independence by similar means and for the same deep motives. Their ancestors, along with our own, read and were stirred by John Locke, Tom Paine and Montesquieu. Their revolutions came a little later than our own, but followed the same pattern. Their heroes—Simón Bolívar and José de San Martín and, in Mexico, the priests Miguel Hidalgo and José Maria Morelos—stand in history with our founding fathers. The doctrines of our Constitution are followed faithfully in theirs.

The differences between their development and ours stem mainly from the relative lag in the pace of their industrialization. They come to us now for the immense help we can give them —with our investment capital and our skills— in building an industrial economy. There is no reason they should come hat in hand, for their gains will also be our gains—in physical strength, in mutual trade, in better living standards to provide the spiritual fortifications of human dignity in the mutual defense against the assaults of Communism. Surely there is good reason for us to deal with these proud, cultured, sensitive people as equals, and to acknowledge their right to their own customs, their own spiritual independence, their own free way of life.

There is equivalent need for Latin Americans to validate their side of the partnership, and the most direct opportunity is in the area of commercial relations.

Latin Americans can show their good faith by providing strong assurances against expropriation, and for equitable taxation, fair profits and free competition; by putting their own money on the line alongside the dollars that come from abroad. These are manifests of attachment to democratic principle of no less importance than the safeguarding of the rights and freedoms of their own people. Democracy is indivisible, and a government careless of one set of rights is likely to be careless of all others.

Happily for the future of the hemisphere, longheaded people both north and south of the Rio Grande are working effectively to bridge the gap in inter-American understanding.

There is great promise in the project of Eric Johnston's International Advisory Board to bring together in New Orleans in February some 200 leading Latin-American businessmen and an equivalent number of United States businessmen, to thrash over mutual needs and ways and means of co-operation.

In Latin America farsighted chiefs of state are making independent strides toward the same ends. President Odría of Peru has long since put into effective practice his doctrine that self-help and freedom of enterprise are preferable to state controls and supplications for foreign loans. President Rojas of Colombia has followed the same course in slashing penalties and restrictions on foreign capital. Brazil's President Café Filho is replacing the chaotic policies of the late Getulio Vargas with a sound program of combating inflation and excessive nationalism, and establishing a climate attractive to foreign investment. Policies such as these, while claiming less attention than the fascistic operations of Argentina's Perón or the leftism of the lately deposed government of Guatemala, warrant the hope that a good partnership of solid merit can be established.

In so far as these policies promise an enduring concern for the integrity of private enterprise, they offer a far better solution to the Latin Americans' dollar problem than can be hoped for through government handouts. For the era of the handout is almost over in any case, while American private investors stand ready and eager to plow their resources into Latin America, wherever stability and fair play can be assured.

But financial gain is only the beginning of the benefits, to both sides, from such policies. Commercial intercourse opens broad avenues to understanding between peoples, and commercial co-operation conducted on a solid basis of mutual trust will go far toward cementing a broader mutual respect among the Americas. A partnership built on such a foundation can create not only the world's greatest powerhouse of economic and physical strength, but also the world's safest sanctuary of freedom for individuals and nations.

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